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MANUFACTURING STATIONERS
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44-46 LOMBARD ST., TORONTO

University of St. Michael's College
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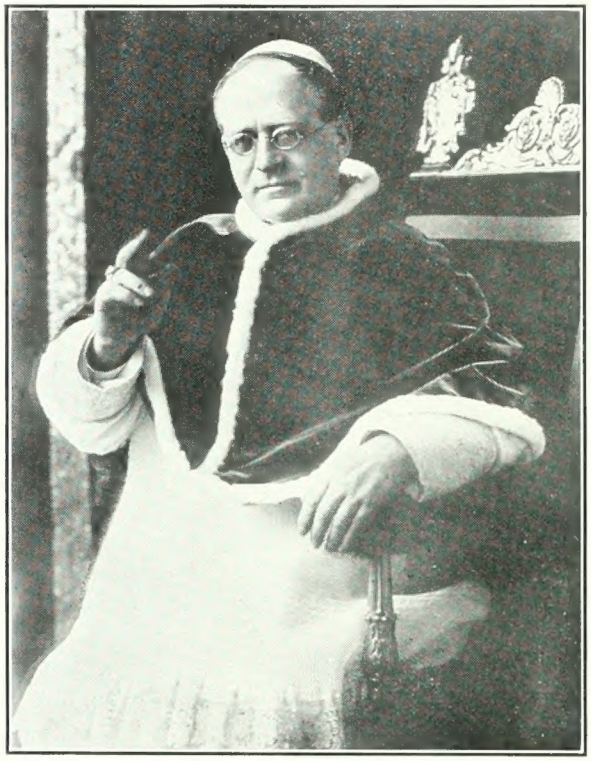
CONTENTS

122. Pope Pius XI ..... Frontispiece.
125. Immaculate ..... Rev. J. B. Dollard, Litt.D.
126. The Late Reverend Olivier Mathieu .....
127. In Memoria Aeterna Exit Justus ..... Mother M. Ernestine, I.B.V.M.
128. In Memoriam ..... Myrle Kildea.
129. Tributes to the Late Archbishop Mathieu ..... Caroline Hamel.
131. Rest ..... Mother M. Agatha, I.B.V.M.
131. For You Know Not in What Hour ..... Naomi Anglin.
132. The Ontario Chapter International Federation of Catholic Alumnae ..... Mrs. Harry T. Roesler.
135. Follow the Star! ..... Helen Radigan.
136. Pope Pius IX .....
137. The Feast of the Immaculate Conception at Loretto Abbey .. Mary Heavener.
138. Mary Ward .....
139. Loretto Abbey Sodalists .....
139. Happy New Year, Reader! ..... Marjorie Leary.
140. Executive, Loretto Abbey College School .....
140. An Incident in the Life of Bernadette of Lourdes ..... Alice Guenette.
141. The Motive ..... Annie Froh.
141. A Winter Sunset ..... Mary D'Aoust.
142. College Notes .....
143. Initiation ..... Margaret E. McLaughlin, 3T2.
144. The Love of a Girl ..... Patsy Laird.
145. Epiphany ..... Margaret Gillen.
145. Lecture by Theodore Maynard .....
145. The Star ..... Persis Owen.
146. Rundfahrt Durch Vassar ..... Victoria Mueller, M.A.
147. A Cassandre ..... Ruthmary Treacy, 3T2.
148. The Life in Letters of Simplicia Borgia .....
150. The First Snow of the Year ..... Nora McIlroy.
151. Gloria in Excelsis Deo ..... Mary Bootle.
152. The Belated Christmas Gift ..... Elizabeth Felix.
153. Life and Times of Right Rev. Alexander MacDonell ..... Katherine Stewart.
156. The Exile ..... Virginia Whitehead.
157. The Eleventh Hour ..... Eunice Kuntz.
158. A Royal and Loyal Pupil of Loretto ..... Catherine Macklin.
158. By the Fireside ..... Monica Gaunt.
159. "Ab Utrisque Acriter Pugnatum Est" ..... Catherine Boland.
160. It Whispers to Me ..... Jane Elinor Rankin.
162. In the Lands of St. Patrick and St. George ..... Isabel Hannan.
164. By the Fireside ..... Lottie Lawless.
164. Gold Pines ..... Mary Wilkins.
165. Evening ..... Jean McEachern.
166. In the Land of Hiawatha ..... Loretto Milbauer.
167. The Mission Page .....
168. Alumnae Notes .....
172. School Chronicles .....



Most Holy Father

The Superior and members of Loretto Abbey Toronto, America, humbly prostrate to kiss Your Holiness foot, fervently beg the Jubilee Blessing, for their community and college and plenary indulgence at the hour of death.

Rome, March 1929.

Pius PP. XI

To Our Holy Father
Pope Pius XI,
Christ's Vicar on Earth,
in filial affection
we dedicate this number of the "Rainbow"
on this the fiftieth anniversary of
his ordination to the holy priesthood

December twentieth,
nineteen hundred and twenty-nine

Loretto Abbey, Toronto

Loretto Abbey College and Schools, Toronto.
Loretto Academy, Niagara Falls, Ontario.
Loretto Academy, Hamilton, Ontario.
Loretto Academy, Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan.
Loretto Academy, Sedley, Saskatchewan.
St. Bride Convent, Chicago.
Loretto Academy, Guelph, Ontario.
Loretto Academy, Stratford, Ontario.
Loretto Academy, Englewood, Chicago.
Loretto Academy, Woodlawn, Chicago.
St. Mary's School, Saskatoon, Saskatchewan.
St. Cecilia's Convent, Toronto.
Loretto Convent, Sioux Lookout, Ontario.

LORETTO RAINBOW

Earth's noblest thing—a woman perfected.

VOL. XXXVI. TORONTO, JANUARY, 1930 No. 3

Immaculate!

By Reverend James B. Dollard, Litt.D.

Immaculate! the word was spoken clear
By the Almighty, long ere Time began;
When in the Mind Divine salvation's plan
Took form; for then God saw the future clear
Even as the present. Ere the prophet-seer
Exclaimed:—"Send down the Just One from Above;
"Let thirsty Earth be dewed with tears of love,"
She, stainless, was decreed, to calm our fear!

Immaculate! to whom then shall we go,
But unto Mary for example bright,
Keeping our souls and bodies chaste and pure?
Through her from Christ what priceless graces flow!
Enthroned by Him she shines in lambent light,
To Heaven a joy;—to Earth a refuge sure!

Note: The 8th of December was the Diamond Jubilee of the Promulgation of the Dogma of the Immaculate Conception, which memorable event took place on Dec. 8th, 1854.

THE LATE MOST REVEREND OLIVIER ELZEAR MATHIEU,
Archbishop of Regina.

IN MEMORIA AETERNA ERIT JUSTUS

By Mother M. Ernestine, I.B.V.M.

Loretto Convent, Sedley, Sask

Did any other great man of Canada, I wonder, receive so many beautiful tributes from men of all classes and creeds, as did the late, loved Archbishop Mathieu of Regina. And what was the note in each testimony? His gentleness, his kindness, courtesy and charity to everyone. I add a tribute from Loretto, Sedley, to the kindness and simplicity of this great man, the simplicity which Our Lord must have meant when He said, "Whosoever shall humble himself as this little child, he is the greater in the kingdom of heaven."

One of the most pleasant memories of the early days in our little Western mission is the visit of the kind Archbishop to our humble convent in Sedley. Each time we called to see him in Regina during our first months in the West, he spoke of coming to see us. His "I want to go to Sedley to see you," was more than a kind, courteous phrase. He wanted to come, and he did come, shortly after our Eucharistic King made our little four-roomed house His humble abode.

Accompanied by his secretary, Reverend A. Charest, the Archbishop arrived on the evening train. They were driven by the pastor, Reverend A. J. Janssen, to the Church of Our Lady of Grace, where the school children were assembled for Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. I can see him still, this princely prelate, so simple of heart, as he stood on the steps of the Church after Benediction, surrounded by the children, whom he loved, blessing them, talking to them, and giving to each a medal and a holy picture. Nor were the "older children," the Grandmas and Grandpas who stood a little distance off, gazing at the children, overlooked.

Later in the evening we had the pleasure of welcoming him to our little Convent, where for an hour he chatted and talked, as a father with his children, for everyone was a child in Archbishop Mathieu's presence. Before leaving he said, "I will say Mass for you here in the morning." The Archbishop to say Mass in our tiny Chapel, scarcely seven feet square! Next morning, His Grace said Mass at seven o'clock and then a second Mass was said by Father Charest, who accompanied him. What an honour for a little Community of five!

Breakfast followed. The table was laid in the room which served as Community room, dining-room, kitchen, and sometimes parlor. We laughingly told His Grace that he was to have breakfast in our "library," as the table was beside the bookcase. A screen had been placed between the table and the kitchen stove, but the Archbishop was not going to be shut out by a screen; he had to see our "kitchen," and know just how we managed. I think he enjoyed his breakfast, perhaps better than if it had been served in a grand dining hall.

His next visit was on the occasion of the blessing and formal opening of the present Loretto Convent, in January, 1924. That is a visit which will always remain in the memory of those of us who were privileged to be present, when His Grace, in cope and mitre, assisted by Reverend A. J. Janssen, and the visiting clergy

solemnly blessed the new Convent. At that time, we were honored by having him as our guest for the three days of his stay.

His last visit on the opening day of school in September, 1926, was also a special visit to the Convent. Again he said Mass for us, this time in the beautiful chapel of the new Convent. Later he visited each classroom, and as usual won the hearts of the children by his kindness and simplicity. On his return to Regina the same evening, he sent back to us a beautiful portrait of himself, which hangs to-day in the parlor, a souvenir of the last visit to Loretto of our beloved Archbishop Mathieu.

IN MEMORIAM

The long, noble life of our beloved Archbishop Mathieu is over! Esteemed and loved, he has passed from this earth to his eternal reward. It was on the evening of October the twenty-sixth that the last feeble flame of life flickered and died, and the soul of the great Archbishop was borne to meet its Maker. The country mourns his passing, and the prayer of the Church, "Requiem aeternam dona ei, Domine," awakes the echoing plea of the people, "Et lux perpetua luceat ei."

Few Canadians have attained the homage and respect given our late prelate, a homage independent of race, creed, or social distinction. From many nations come tributes to this great man—so lofty, so renowned, and withal so humble. The celebration a year ago of his Golden Jubilee in the priesthood was an occasion for an outpouring of nation-wide respect and admiration. To unite in conferring "Honour, honour, honour, eternal honour to his name" is the privilege of those of us who knew personally this great scholar, educator, and churchman.

We have called him a great scholar. A brief glance over his career affords ample proof for this statement. Ordained in 1878, he had already earned the degree of Doctor of Theology. In the same year he was appointed to a post at that famous seat of learning, Laval University. Many other scholastic honours followed in quick succession. Finally, in 1911, he was forced to lay aside that phase of his life's work in order to assume the responsibility of the Archdiocese of Regina.

The new appointment brought to him many trials and hardships, but he fearlessly followed the call of duty, and his sacrifices were at least partially repaid by the loyal devotion of his Western flock. His Grace grew to love the West, his adopted home. Indeed he came to be commonly known as "Saskatchewan's grand old man." He spent his years labouring for our good, and the many churches, schools and colleges erected in his time are silent witnesses of the zeal that urged him to safeguard the future of his people by placing education in capable hands.

Being, as we have said, a great churchman, he did all in his power to dispel narrow bigotry, and to spread charity. But it was not for his achievements alone that Archbishop Mathieu was honoured. It was some indefinable quality in his character that endeared him to thousands. His sincerity, his simplicity, and his tenderness attracted people from all walks of life. So far reaching was his influence that it has been acknowledged by Catholics and non-Catholics alike. The following quotation from a tribute paid to His Grace by the Hon.

ourable J. G. Gardiner, former Premier of Saskatchewan, shows with what respect he was regarded by those outside the Church: "He asks nothing, he seeks nothing, but that men should worship God and live at peace with one another. When he lays down his task, it will be said by all that he served his fellowmen, his country, and his God. What greater tribute could mortal man desire?"

When we ponder on what a life of charity Archbishop Mathieu led and how he used his every talent for those entrusted to his care, we can easily understand why he was able to meet death so calmly, why he even prayed for release from this world.

The little children whom he loved so tenderly will never again hear the soothing, encouraging voice of their saintly friend and father. The hands raised so often in blessing are folded forever. He has been called from us, but urging us onward to the fulfilment of loftier ideals his spirit remains and the memory of one whose

"Life was gentle, and the elements
So mix'd in him that nature might stand up
And say to all the world: 'This was a man'."

Myrle Kildea, '28,
Loretto Convent, Sedley, Sask.

TRIBUTES TO THE LATE ARCHBISHOP MATHIEU

On the occasion, a year ago, of the Golden Jubilee of the late Monsigneur O. E. Mathieu, Archbishop of Regina and Metropolitan of Saskatchewan, a little book in his honour, "Gesta Dei," was printed for private circulation. It was a collection of personal tributes by distinguished men the world over. From this book I have made a brief survey of his life.

"One touch of fire and all the rest is mystery," wrote Longfellow. Monsigneur Mathieu had in him this touch of fire. It tinged his whole life with a strange glow, lighting up situations, institutions and men associated with him. His name will live forever in Canada like Champlain, Laval, Laurier. Lord Lovat said of him:

"What more stirring than the call of hero-blood across the centuries! Monseigneur Mathieu has recalled to us the vigour of the Normans. What a race! With William and Tancred we discover them a thousand years ago. With Coeur de-Lion, Godfroi, Joan of Arc, we find them in the soul of the great crusades. In America we have in Huronia the vine-covered ruins of Fort Ste. Marie, builded by Brébeuf and his fellow-Normans in 1633, a monument to the world's greatest epic of dauntless heroism. Quebec, too, has that Norman masonry in the seminary Laval, fashioned into its very rock. And now in the Western prairie we have this great-hearted Norman, Oliver Elzear Mathieu, jousting right lustily for his Christ and endowing a new people with a granite-like tradition. All honour to this great friend of the Empire!"

Of the Quebec Tercentenary Sir George Garneau writes: "Canada will long cherish the memory of the royal banquet at Petit Cap where Monseigneur Mathieu, with all the rare gifts of graciousness which are his, was host to the most distinguished gathering yet witnessed in America. France was there—so, too, the United States—in the person of Vice Presi-

dent Fairbanks;—but the all-significant thing was that the British Empire was there with its King (then Prince of Wales), and its representatives from South Africa, Australia, New Zealand and Newfoundland.

"When I think of the great work of Monseigneur Mathieu in Western Canada, my mind often carries back to the Quebec of 1908 and to the rugged idealism of Eary Grey. Grey was such an inspiration to us all. Perhaps the story is told somehow by the flowers in the Battlefield Park which annually spell out in their loveliness the Grey legend: 'De bon vouloir servir Dieu at le Roi.' That certainly has been the spirit of Monseigneur Mathieu."

Years afterwards came opportunity to exercise that 'Mathieu' spirit in a national sense. It was war-time—not a pageant—and Canadian national unity was at stake to an extent not now realized. At the invitation of Sir Robert Borden, Monseigneur Mathieu came from the West to intervene. Such was the spirit of conciliation he displayed that Sir Robert Borden has gone on record that it averted a situation of incalculable danger to all Canada. The university youth of Quebec replied with a rush to the colours, and in the following Victory Loan, Quebec as a Province doubled its objective. Monseigneur Mathieu won the congratulations of the press of the Empire.

A significant word of warning for Canadians was voiced by that beloved and great Canadian, Sir Hugh John MacDonald: "Apart altogether from the witchery with which Monseigneur Mathieu's kindliness has wreathed itself around our hearts, his life argument for racial harmony must be hearkened to if the great federal experiment of 1867 is to endure."

Honours were heaped upon him. In bestowing the LL.D., honoris causa, of the University of Saskatchewan, President Walter Murray likened Monseigneur Mathieu's work in Laval University to that of Jowett in Oxford. In July, 1928, a huge delegation from the University of Montreal visited His Grace to bestow a similar honour, Canon Emile Chartier stating that to Monseigneur Mathieu the University of Montreal largely owed its existence and identity. McGill University also conferred an LL.D. in recognition of his efforts for a more united Canada. Similar honours had previously been conferred by the Universities of Toronto, Ottawa, Antigonish, and Queen's. In 1902 he was created Companion of the Order of St. Michael and St. George and was recently made by France a Commander of the Legion of Honour. No recognition, however, gave the great-hearted prelate more genuine gratification than the personal message sent to him last year on the occasion of his Golden Jubilee in the Holy Priesthood, by His Holiness, Pope Pius XI.:

"To you spontaneous affection has gone from all ranks and creeds for the holiness, gentleness and tactful sagacity characterizing your activities, many of highest office, in your long years of priesthood. Memory will not efface your record in the Seminary of Quebec nor your far-reaching influence in Laval University. For Regina, however, in the discharge of your duties as Chief Pastor, you have been altogether magnificent."

Few Canadians have enjoyed association in thought and mind with so many people as Archbishop Mathieu. Peculiarly outstanding was his intimacy with King George. Becoming acquainted with the Abbe Mathieu back in 1902 when he himself was Duke of York, the King made him a personal friend. In 1908 as Prince of Wales he had him accompany him on a tour trip through Quebec. Twice within the

past year, notwithstanding his own serious condition, His Majesty made inquiry through Lord Stamfordshire about his old friend's health. Sir Wilfred Laurier was another of his intimates.

Loretto loses in him a saintly Founder whose name will ever be associated with Sedley, where this Laval of the West gave Loretto glad welcome to the prairies, and a friend who never failed in his annual pilgrimage to his old Quebec, to visit our Loretto Abbey.

Caroline Hamel 3T2

REST.

By Mother M. Acadia, I.B.V.M.

Rest is not idleness
It is poise,
Harmonious action
No discord, noise;
In between, heart-beats
Sipping the joys
Found but in Jesus.

Rest is a service
Motherlike, wide,
Balanced by love
Of the Crucified,
Counting no costs,
But full satisfied
Just to have Jesus.

Do not the Angels
And Saints in this wise
In that lovely white rose,
Dante's Paradise,
Work out God's bidding
All through the skies,
Resting in Jesus.

FOR YOU KNOW NOT IN WHAT HOUR—

Heart be brave and do not waver
When the sedge dies from the shore,
When it blooms in Spring be braver,
It will die for ever more.

Heart be strong when longer, longer
Winter nights of darkness close;
But in summer, heart be stronger
For the fading of the rose.

Heart be true when 'round about you
Is no love, no faith in you;
But with friends who do not doubt you
O be steadfast, heart, be true!

Naomi Anglin,3T3.

Editor's Note: Miss Naomi Anglin's poem, "Tapestry," which appeared in the Christmas number of the "Varsity," won a First Prize in the competition open to all students of the University of Toronto. We take this opportunity of congratulating her.

THE ONTARIO CHAPTER INTERNATIONAL FEDERATION OF CATHOLIC ALUMNAE

By the Governor,

MRS. HARRY T. ROESLER,

Loretto Alumnae, Loretto Abbey, Armour Heights.

We all remember when we were at school there was a Sister to whom we were especially devoted, whose teaching and influence have not been confined to school-days, and whose prayers and interest have followed us into our various paths in life. Our environment and associations of those early formative years meant more toward shaping our futures than we can ever know. How much helpful appreciation have we shown for that devoted interest and for the warmth of welcome accorded us each time we visit our Alma Mater! We may say there is little we can do for the Sisters individually, and this is so; but we can do a great deal for the Community they represent and whose welfare and advancement is their greatest pride and endeavour.

It was with such thoughts in mind that thirty one years ago a group of loyal Loretto pupils formed an Alumnae with the two-fold object of furthering the interests of their school and of Catholic education, and of bringing together by regular social contact the friends of school-days. Throughout the Province of Ontario other convent pupils have formed associations, and to-day in the Ontario Chapter we have thirteen alumnae associations. In 1921 the International Federation of Catholic Alumnae, with headquarters in Washington, D.C., an organization comprising 80,000 alumnae members of the various Catholic Colleges and Convents in the United States, invited the Alumnae of Ontario to federate with them. At Newman Hall, Toronto, on September 7th, 1921, the Ontario Chapter of the I.F.C.A. came into existence. Present on that occasion were: Mrs. Robert Devine, Ottawa, Trustee for Canada; Mrs. H. T. Kelly, Past First Vice-President; Mrs. Ambrose Small, Past Governor of Ontario; the late Mrs. J. J. Cassidy, and Mrs. E. P. Kelly, the appointed Governor; and representatives of the affiliated alumnae. The Provinces of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Quebec, Manitoba, and Ontario, are now federated with the I.F.C.A., and the Governors of these Provincial units attend the I.F.C.A. Conventions.

For many years it has been the earnest wish of His Grace, Archbishop Neil McNeil of Toronto, that these Canadian provinces unite and form a National organization. At the Ontario Chapter Convention of 1924 the following resolution was endorsed by the meeting: "Whereas the Ontario Chapter of the International Federation of Catholic Alumnae is part of an organization known as the International Federation of Catholic Alumnae, and we in Canada are not federated nationally, but provincially, and our problems are but vaguely understood by the United States, we are of the opinion that Canadian alumnae should be first organized nationally and then federated with the United States national organization. Therefore be it resolved that the Ontario Chapter proceed to take the initiative to ascertain whether the Alumnae of other provinces desire

to organize a federation of Catholic Alumnae of Canada." Madam Belanger, of Ottawa, and Mrs. E. P. Kelly of Toronto, have worked untiringly and accomplished a great deal, as evidenced by their survey reports at the last Ontario Chapter Convention held at St. Joseph's College, Toronto, in September, 1929. Present at this Convention were delegates from the Provinces of British Columbia and Saskatchewan, who brought messages of support for a National federation. This makes seven Provinces of Canada ready for a National federation, and while the work is proceeding slowly we sincerely hope that the time of realization is not far distant.

While many of the activities of the I.F.C.A. in the United States are works covered by our splendid national organization, the Catholic Women's League of Canada, to which most Alumnae members belong, there are two features of the I.F.C.A. that appeal strongly to our Canadian alumnae. The first is the custom of Saturday Communion after the First Friday, in honour of the Blessed Virgin; this is a spiritual custom that we desire to emulate. The second is the practical character of the Federation evidenced in the Education Fund, the purpose of which is to provide Sisters with the opportunity of advanced study which means so much to our schools. By awarding scholarships the Federation not only aids the Sisters in their work, but stimulates others—organizations and individuals to make similar provision for the furtherance of Catholic education. The Ontario Chapter hopes in the future to establish scholarships for the Sisters and pupils whose convent alumnae associations are affiliated with our Chapter. At present the Ontario chapter centres its efforts on the advancement of education, and we would draw the attention of those who are not familiar with our work to the results achieved through our endeavours.

Mt. St. Vincent College, Halifax, N.S., generously donated a scholarship, through the Nova Scotia Chapter, offering free tuition, residence, and board to any religious of any Order in Canada or the United States. The Ontario Chapter offered this scholarship to the various communities, and at present a Sister of Rideau St. Convent, Ottawa, is taking advantage of this award. The Ursuline Convent, Chatham, also offers two scholarships for complete courses at Brescia Hall, London, to be assigned to two religious of any place or Order affiliated with the I.F.C.A. Two Religious are now taking advantage of these generous scholarships.

Last year an Essay Contest for all pupils attending Convents affiliated with the Chapter was won by Miss Angela Prue, St. Joseph's College, Toronto; Miss Betty McCabe of the Ursuline Convent, Chatham, and Miss Emelie Campeau of St. Mary's Academy, stood second and third. A similar contest is now being prepared, the rules for which will shortly reach the convent schools. If the best short story in this contest merits the approval of the publishers, it will be printed in the Canadian Home Journal.

A few years ago honour and distinction came to the Ontario Chapter through the late Mrs. J. J. Cassidy, who in competition with alumnae members of the United States and Canada, won the prize for the best I.F.C.A. insignia, which is now used on all official documents of the I.F.C.A.

Miss Mary Mallon of Loretto Abbey College Alumnae has for a number of years held the position of co-editor on the International Bulletin. Every Alumnae in the Ontario Chapter contributed materially to the success

of Canadian Day at the International Convention at Niagara Falls, when the thirteen associations were hostesses at the tea in honour of the delegates, given in the Clifton Hotel.

Alma Mater Association, Windsor, awards a fully paid-up $1,000.00 scholarship for St. Mary's Day School.

St. Ursula's Alumnae, "The Pines," Chatham, presents a yearly gold medal for Domestic Science.

Notre Dame Alumnae Association, Ottawa, presents two medals to the graduating class, one for English in the French course, and the other for French in the English course.

The Cercle d'Youville Alumnae (French speaking), Rideau St., Ottawa, gives a $100 scholarship to the French girl attaining the highest standing in the graduating class. The d'Youville Alumnae (English speaking), also of Rideau St. Convent, Ottawa, gives a similar scholarship to an English girl. They also donate the Camper Memorial prize for Literature.

The Alumnae of Mary Immaculate, Notre Dame Convent, Pembroke, donate an annual scholarship for English Literature, which is open to the students of the Junior Matriculation and Entrance to Normal School classes.

St. Joseph's Alumnae, Toronto, awards to the highest candidate in Matriculation in the College or High School, a scholarship of $75.00 yearly, plus a $10.00 cash prize.

Loretto Alumnae, Mt. St. Mary's, Hamilton, gives two scholarships of $80.00 each, and last year provided a series of educational lectures on Canadian writers and poets.

Loretto Alumnae, Stratford, presents a gold medal to the pupil standing highest in Normal Entrance Examination.

Loretto College Alumnae, Brunswick Ave., Toronto, donates a $75.00 scholarship to a graduate for post-graduate work, upon application from a scholarship committee.

Notre Dame Alumnae, Kingston, is especially interested in sponsoring classes in Physical Culture and Elocution, and the expense of the teacher's salary for these subjects is borne by the Alumnae members.

The Loretto Alumnae, Toronto, presents a scholarship of $75.00, which is the University fee, plus a $25.00 cash prize, to any pupil in any Ontario convent taught by Loretto Sisters, provided she obtain at Junior Matricutation at least nine honours, six of which are to be first or second class, or an aggregate standing of 70%. A group of former pupils of Loretto contributed generously towards the furnishing of the Reception Room at Loretto Abbey, Armour Heights. In anticipation of the building of a new Abbey, the Loretto Alumnae six years ago established a fund for the furnishing of a library—to be known as the "Loretto Alumnae Room." Each year a portion of the funds raised through Alumnae activities is placed in the Library Fund for this purpose.

From this list of scholarships, prizes and contributions by each Alumnae to its Alma Mater, you will observe what is being done by the various associations in the Ontario Chapter, for the furtherance of Catholic education. The accomplishment of the purpose for which your Alumnae was formed requires the hearty co-operation of every former pupil. Are you an ardent supporter of your Alumnae activities, and do you personally help maintain the dignity and usefulness of your Alumnae?

FOLLOW THE STAR!

THE three wise men followed the star—therein lay their wisdom. Their steadfastness in so doing has immortalized them. Such a venture must have seemed to their fellow-citizens the height of folly; but what a glorious folly it proved to be! Because they had the courage to be fools in the eyes of men they have been remembered through all the ages and the sensible, sane men of their generation have long since passed into a kind oblivion.

The star still shines brightly, beckoning us to follow it. It is there, a shimmering, beautiful thing, high, high up beyond man's reach—something we can never touch. Sometimes a sublime madness possesses us and we think we have it in our grasp; only to realize that it is far, far beyond. Sometimes we lose sight of it completely, just as the wise men did.

Unless we keep it before our minds and follow it faithfully we can never achieve real happiness.

The star itself is elusive, something simple yet complex, something known to us all, yet indefinable.

In order to follow it we must have almost blind courage, because the road is rough and strange. The wise men knew not their goal—but they followed trustingly. We poor mortals, blinded by false lights, do not know what makes for our happiness and do well to profit by the example of the men of the East and trustingly keep our eyes on the star.

This business of following the star is more than just "playing the game." It is shining idealism curiously combined with practical realism.

The wise men were idealists in that they had vision to see the star and the desire to follow it. But their preparations for their journey showed them realists too. And if we would follow the star we must emulate them in this too.

They spent generously to procure for themselves a caravan strong enough for their hazardous journey. We, too, must spend generously of ourselves if we would build a character of sufficient strength for our journey.

They risked their lives, their reputation, and their fortune. We too must be prepared to act with seemingly reckless abandon if we want happiness. Great happiness speeds quickly past and while we hesitate to count the cost it sometimes is irretrievably lost.

Let us be of the few wise, rather than with the many sensible men! Let our folly be the sublime folly that forces us, as it did those immortal philosophers of old, to follow the star—"a light that shineth in a dark place, until the day dawn, and the day-star arise in our hearts."

Helen Radigan, '30

POPE PIUS IX

who, seventy-five years ago, proclaimed the Dogma of the Immaculate Conception

THE moment of the proclamation is thus described in a life of the Pope: "At this moment the scene in St. Peter's was solemn and impressive in the extreme. There stood the august successor of St. Peter, the head of a Church which had endured persecution for nineteen centuries and was still triumphant; the tempests then agitating the world and the waves of opposition were wasting their harmless fury around the base of the rock. Around him knelt venerable bishops, his brethren in the episcopacy. He then read from the document which had been prepared for the promulgation of this doctrine, in a clear, distinct, audible voice, amid a silence the more impressive because of the multitude of people. When he came to that part which is purely doctrine, the definition, namely that God by a special Providence had, through the merits of Jesus Christ, preserved the Virgin Mary from every stain of sin, his voice grew tremulous with emotion, and his cheeks were bedewed with tears of tenderness and joy. Then the great hymn of praise and thanksgiving, *Te Deum Laudamus*, was raised under the mighty dome of St. Peter's and sustained by forty thousand voices. In the meantime the bells from the towers of the three hundred churches in Rome announced the joyful tidings to the expectant population; and from town to town, and from village to hamlet and remote rustic parishes went forth the news that at last by the supreme authority of the Church, it was no longer a belief of individual choice or affection, but a doctrine of the Catholic Church, that Mary, the Virgin Mother of the Son of God, among other prerogatives of divine grace, had been conceived without a stain of sin."

May we not believe that as grace came in the beginning by Mary so a new effulgence of its Divine Power came from the promulgation of this dogma. It was the same Pope Pius IX who fostered the devotion to the Sacred Heart and had the whole world consecrated to the Sacred Heart of Jesus on June 16th, 1875. A renewed devotion to the Blessed Eucharist, a fresh zeal for the work of the Missions, a new appreciation of the place of the Holy Spirit in the individual Catholic life, may not all these be the fruit of Our Blessed Mother's acknowledged sinlessness?

THE FEAST OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION AT LORETTO ABBEY

On the afternoon of Sunday, Dec. 8th, a weekly visitor sitting in the reception room of our Abbey, asked why on this particular visit to the school she should hear from the long corridors the voices of the students singing the praises of our Blessed Mother. Was this Sunday different from any other? Why the white dresses? And what did the pale blue sashes signify?

The answer was that our School is one of the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary, and we, as Loretto girls, are under her special care and protection, and are on our part especially devoted to her. And this Sunday was not only the Feast of the Immaculate Conception, but the Diamond Jubilee of the promulgation of this dogma. And so at a quarter to three o'clock the girls, singing the Litany of Loretto, made their way in procession to the statue of Our Lady, where the President of the Sodality read an act of consecration to the Mother of God, and then continuing the Litany, proceeded to the Chapel where Benediction was followed by a reception into the Sodality. It was a sweet and happy hour for both "old" and "new" members of Mary's little band. Afterwards in the refectory, decorated with the white and blue of Loretto, we sat down to a lovely banquet prepared in honour of the day by our ever thoughtful and earnest guardians, the Religious of the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary. During the evening an entertainment was given by the older members of the Sodality. "Ave Maria" was sung by a chorus, there was a play, a string quartette and several beautiful piano and vocal numbers by some of our musical sodalists. The chorus, "Ave Maria Stella," was followed by the reading of a paper explaining the origin of this lovely legend. Several other interesting papers on devotion to Our Blessed Mother were also read. And it was sweet to think that in other Loretto schools similar ceremonies were taking place. It seemed to draw us all more closely together.

Thus came to a close this great day in our lives, and it was a tired but happy school of girls that retired that night. For in the excitement of the procession, the concert, the banquet, we had not lost sight of the reason and the significance of it all, the fact behind the festivity. We did it all to honour Our Blessed Mother. And now the great day is gone and for another year we must live up to the promises we have made to her. We must strive to make our Sodality an active body, we must be true to the ideals of our Alma Mater, for it is by being true "children of Loretto" with all that that phrase implies to the Loretto girl, that we shall bring glory to Mary, the Virgin Mother of God and through her to her Divine Son.

Mary Heavener, Form IV.,
Loretto Abbey, Armour Heights, Toronto.

MARY WARD (1585-1645).

FOUNDRESS OF THE INSTITUTE OF THE B.V.M.

LORETTO ABBEY SODALISTS.

Happy New Year! Reader

There's a New Year's wish in our hearts for you,
An age-old thought, yet ever new—
We'd warm your hearts at friendship's fire,
Enkindle within you new desire,
We'd have you forget the days that are gone,
Nor mourn their passing—but carry on
With soaring spirit, uplifted head,
Down through the years with firm, brave tread,
We'd swing closed the gate on the yester years,
And on petty hopes, and needless fears;
We'd have for you ever better things,
And to taste the joy that achievement brings;
And, extending our thoughts to far and near,
We wish our readers—A Glad New Year!

Marjorie Leary,
Loretto High School, Englewood, Chicago.

Executive of the Loretto Abbey College School, Brunswick Avenue, Toronto, Unit of the Canadian Catholic Students' Mission Crusade.

Left to Right, standing: Misses Mary McConvey, Secretary; Sheila O'Gorman, I.C; Patricia Callen, Press Representative; Catherine Moriarty, President; Evelyn Murphy, I.B; Mary Brohman, Vice-President; Patricia Flood, II.A; Marguerite Landreville, II.B; Mary Wallace, Treasurer; Mary Bootte, III.B; Rita Byrnes, I.A.

AN INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF BERNADETTE OF LOURDES.

No doubt every Catholic girl is acquainted with the story of Bernadette of Lourdes, the story of how our Blessed Mother appeared to her within the Grotto beside the River Gave, in that obscure village called Lourdes.

It was during the fourth apparition, I believe, as Bernadette knelt reciting her rosary, that an incident occurred, the recollection of which always brings strength and courage to my soul. Bernadette heard most terrifying voices that seemed to rise from the very bosom of the earth, in the direction of the River Gave. She heard them vociferating and contradicting each other as the voices of an infuriated mob. Suddenly the leader shouted "Save yourselves, save yourselves." At the sound of this exclamation the celestial lady lifted her head and frowned as she gazed toward the river. Upon this simple movement the terrified voices fled in all directions.

The multitude present at this scene knew nothing of what had happened, but Bernadette revealed it to her mother and her aunt as they strolled homeward to their humble abode. Here Our Lady wished to teach us her sovereign power when, at one glance, she put to flight the powers of darkness.

Who could ever fear who keeps this incident in mind, or who ever be vanquished unless he lose sight of this powerful and ever-ready defender?

Alice Guenette, '31.
Loretto Academy,
Sault Ste. Marie, Mich.

THE MOTIVE.

It was snowing lightly and the whole world lay in splendour, that late December day. Hurrying down the street came Margarette and Teresa, returning from the meeting of the Girls' Club. All the girls had planned on doing something for the sick and poor this Christmas. So this was the topic of these two girls' conversation as they wended their way home that afternoon.

Teresa's parents, unlike those of Margarette, were by no means wealthy. That night their daughter could not fall asleep; she was thinking too deeply what she could do to help the good cause. Gradually she drifted into a peaceful sleep. Very indistinctly she saw a young girl sitting on a sofa surrounded by books from which she was cutting pictures and short stories. A beautiful lady, in white with blue sash, stood beside her and seemed to be telling to her. Then slowly everything vanished.

Early next morning Teresa woke, still remembering her dream. After doing her morning's work, she went in search of old "Messengers" and odd pieces of cloth.

The following afternoon Teresa spent at home using her nimble fingers in making picture and story-books, rag dolls and animals.

Margarette was a girl of a different disposition. She did not worry much about what she would do. She simply went to her father and asked for money to buy things for the poor. Being an only child, her father did not refuse her anything. On the following days Margarette went shopping, buying articles of clothing, food, and playthings. She then went to see Teresa, who welcomed her eagerly and showed her the things she had made. Then both set to work to wrap up the presents. For Teresa it had been fun making these articles, but it would be more fun delivering them.

The day before Christmas arrived at last. In the afternoon Margarette took her presents in a large basket to the poor section of the town. To every place she went she brought cheerfulness and happiness. Everybody was thanking her and asking God to bless her.

That evening Teresa, dressed in a dark, inconspicuous coat and hat, took her humble presents and secretly set out to deliver them at the doors of people she knew to be very poor. As quietly as she had come, so did she leave. No word of personal thanks did she get from anyone.

That night as Teresa and Margarette were kneeling before the Crib, peace and happiness surrounded them. But Teresa had the deeper feeling of happiness because she had done the charitable deeds for the love of God alone, while Margarette had done them partly for human praise and thanks.

Annie Froh, Grade XII.,
Loretto Convent, Sedley, Sask.

A WINTER SUNSET.

Behind the snow-clad hills,
Across the ice-bound bay,
The sun, a ball of fire,
Slowly sinks away.

All the broad horizon
Reflects the ruddy hue,
But the skies above retain
Their clear celestial blue.

Clothed in dazzling whiteness,
The whole world seems to blush,
Conscious of its beauty
Beneath this sunset's flush.

Mary D'Aoust, Form III.,
Loretto Abbey, Armour Heights, Toronto.

COLLEGE NOTES

The question was recently raised in University circles whether or not extra curricular activities have any educational value. By extra-curricular, we gather, was meant anything not definitely laid down in the course of studies. As usual, the time-worn ghosts were raised: "What is an education?" "Why am I at college?" After some argument it was decided that education as we know it to-day is only training in some definite science by a prescribed course of study—which can well be gotten out of college. Whereas a liberal education is the development and refinement of all the faculties, and this is the chief end of a good university. Aside from acquiring facts, the intelligent student wishes to develop his intellect by associating with thinking minds, to accumulate ideas and to form a personality. Consequently under our present system the student finds that extra-curricular activities are absolutely necessary. Good breeding is training in the amenities and courtesies of life, especially by associating with those who practice them. Particularly in a ladies' college is this admitted as one of the special aims in education. For this reason the more or less formal functions about the College are distinctly pleasurable.

The first of the season was the Sophomores' reception of the Freshettes at a banquet significantly green. The Sophomores made their new wards too thoroughly at home, even to providing them with their usual milk diet in convenient containers.

The Seniors entertained at an Old-English dinner, which was one of the most charming we have seen, with its happy decorations of crimson candles, brass, and dark green fir. Lady Falconer, the guest of honour, was introduced by Miss Geraldine Maloney, and spoke to us on the dreams of youth which are really youth's ideals. No progress is ever made where ideals do not hold sway, and the whole charm of any gathering of young people for her, she said, lay in the idealistic view of life which filled their atmosphere. Miss Helen Radigan continued the same thought. Her message was, "If you, the undergraduate years, but catch the torch and carry it higher and see that it burns more brightly, rest assured that you will find in us sincere and grateful admiration."

Mr. Theodore Maynard and Reverend Father McCorkell, President of St. Michael's, were the guests of the Seniors at dinner. Later in the evening Mr. Maynard gave a recital of his poems with comment. Precious to us are these chances of meeting practical learning in its highest form.

The Sodality Reception was held on the Feast of the Immaculate Conception. Afterwards there was a banquet for the new members. The speeches at the banquet were stories in connection with several Feasts of the Blessed Virgin and were given by members of the executive. Reverend Father Burke, Newman Hall, who officiated at the Reception, and Reverend Father Roach, St. Michael's College, were the guests of honour.

Tea in itself is an excellent institution. Did you ever notice that people appear in a roster hue at four-thirty of an afternoon?

Occasionally we have guests, and it was with distinct pleasure that we had Miss Barry, one of the founders of the Canadian Authors' Club, who spoke to us of the functions of that society.

We entertained the Queen's debaters and

a few debating representatives from the different colleges. We have since heard undergraduates express the wish that more opportunities were afforded for the mingling of students in different colleges, faculties and universities, that we might hear of their different customs and views on matters common to us all.

There was a tea at Newman in honour of the Freshettes at which the girls on the Newman executive were the hostesses. It was a delightful affair and the Freshies experienced for the first time the great advantage of Newman Club.

Later in the year there was another tea in the Club, at which the Freshettes were presented to Mrs. F. P. O'Connor.

The very enterprising Sophomores gave a bridge and tea for the philanthropic purpose of refurnishing the Common Room. It was so very enjoyable that we all have wished that such occurred at least once a week.

The Juniors entertained the Frosh at bridge one evening at the College. It was very informal and the friendship of those present was effectively sealed.

Two nights later the Alumnae entertained the women undergraduates at Bridge at St. Joseph's College, and the Freshmen were finally admitted to the freemasonry of the women students of St. Michael's.

But perhaps the friendliest and certainly the most hilariously enjoyable was an impromptu masquerade held one Friday night, a tribute to its originator, Miss Ruthmary Treacy.

But there is another side to our activities, perhaps more broadening than the others. On the fourteenth of December the annual Christmas Tree celebration was held for some sixty underprivileged children. After such a day our education as hostesses should be complete.

A Junior.

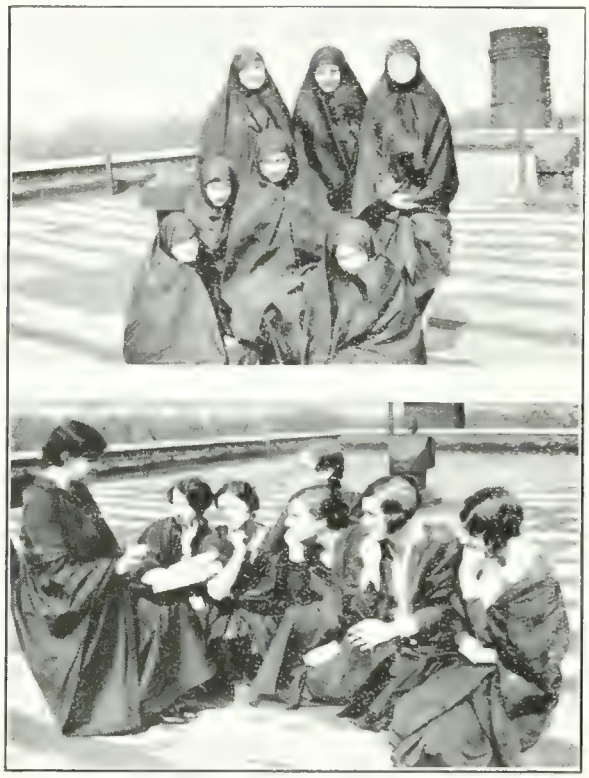
INITIATION.

It has occurred to me to wonder just how often a Freshman has tried to write a description, an article, or what-have-you, on initiation. The subject is one sacred to Freshmen, it seems, and has been discussed from every angle, pro and con, until nothing has been left unsaid. Wherefore, acting as wisely as is permitted any Freshman, I shall cease racking my brain for some original way to present it.

I pounce upon the word original. Initiation is the least original event that can be imagined. I mean no offense to the Sophomores. They do their best, poor dears, but expressing myself frankly, if somewhat foolhardily, initiation appears to me to be the barbaric and highly amusing way the Sophomores have of making the Freshman feel at home when entering college.

They command one to walk up and down endless flights of stairs, scrub one's face with a particularly pungent brand of soap, delight in making one trot a doll the length of a hall, witnessing the spectacle and at the same time displaying keen appreciation of their own idea of humour. And all this work is done with the good intention of making us feel at home, showing us a part of College Life—laughter, very loud laughter!

But the most remarkable thing of all is that the Freshmen perform. Don't misunderstand me; I don't mean that they should rebel, or anything of that sort. The Sophs must be humoured. I mean that in spite of the amusement the Freshies get out of the proceedings, they gamely "play up," let the company at large and the Sophs in particular believe them to be inexperienced, docile, brainless individuals, cowering under the lash of Sophomore tyranny, while secretly and among themselves they grasp the subtle humour of the



Above: Trying Our Vocations
Below: Preparing for "Faculty Day"

situation and are vastly amused at the antics of their so-called tormentors.

They obey the edicts issued by their (shall I say?) superiors, go through the ceremony of having their faces polished without murmur, or if they murmur, it is because it is the correct thing to do; the Frosh with a little spirit is great prey. She causes quite a grave consultation among the tormentors, who after much pondering, decide that a sign shall be placed upon the Frosh's back, bearing the ignominious title "REBELLIOUS FROSH." What a fate!

And why do we do this? Because the obliging Frosh simply wishes to give the Sophs some innocent pleasure, something to occupy their minds and keep them out of mischief, but what is more important, to give herself and the other Freshmen a thing that may be laughed at with a rather pitying humour, the absurd antics of the wise and learned Sophomores.

But sad and lamentable as this is meant to seem, the unkindest blow of all is that an unrelenting fate hypnotizes us into performing the same rites, going through the same absurd antics, assuming that all-knowing and unbearable attitude that each Sophomore manages to acquire.

You would think that our experience would teach us. But no, we will laugh with great glee at our own notion of humour, laboriously think up a performance quite as stupid and tedious as was thought up for us, at the same time believing ourselves unsurpassed in originality, and brilliancy, and in all providing as much amusement for the class of 3T4 as was provided for us.

Why, even now, the complete program for initiation has been made, and if I do say so myself, who really shouldn't, *this* initiation *is* going to be good.

Margaret E. McLaughlin, 3T2.

THE LOVE OF A GIRL.

Girl's love is gossamer;
Girl's love is flame;
Breathtaking sweetness
With never a name;
Wild, tender, passionate
Fresh as spring rain;
Terribly tragic,
Shattered by pain;
Frail and evasive,
Liable to swirl
Wrapt all in mystery,
The love of a girl.

Patsy Laird

EPIPHANY.

I sing of gleaming desert sands,
A guiding star, and caravans,
And three Wise Men who hopeful came
That they might learn, and then, proclaim
Unto their peoples far and near
The Infant Saviour's advent here.

Evading Herod's shrewd presence,
To David's city turned they thence
With gifts of splendour they had brought,
Costly, fit for a King, they thought
They found Him, not a Prince of earth,
An unknown Child of humble birth.

But in their trusting hearts they knew
The Star's bright summons had been true.
What wanted God of worldly bliss?
Already everything was His.
Egyptian, Greek, and Moor adored,
The Gentiles first to know Our Lord.

Margaret Gillen,
Loretto Academy, Hamilton.

LECTURE BY THEODORE MAYNARD.

Mr. Theodore Maynard, in the group of lectures delivered at Loretto Abbey College, on November 27th-30th, proved himself not only a poet of charm and spiritual insight, but a critic of unusual discernment. The lectures on Milton and Wordsworth united a scholarly judgment, a poet's appreciation of poetic qualities and a luminous evaluation of the contribution each one had made to life and letters. A delightful flow of humour is not the least of Mr. Maynard's gifts as a lecturer. The importance of hearing such a masterly survey of a poet's thought and art by a poet and one who has formed his estimate in the light of absolute values was appreciated by the large body of students who were present.

MR. THEODORE MAYNARD

Mr. Maynard's readings from his own poetry on Thursday evening included "The World's Miser," "Exile," "Tides" and a number of other selections from his more recent and unpublished verse. His fervent Catholicity imparts a warmth and tenderness to his verses which can come only from that "Love that moves the sun in heaven and all the stars."

Georgetown University is fortunate in possessing Mr. Maynard on its permanent staff.

THE STAR.

The Wise Men rose from sleep one night,
Beholding in the Eastern sky
A Star whose radiant, wond'rous light
Shone from God's love, on high.

And now a light of that selfsame kind
Shines down upon me from above,
My grateful heart prays it may find
My soul worthy to welcome love.

Persis Owen,
Loretto Academy, Niagara Falls, Ont.

Rundfahrt Durch Vassar.

(Excerpts from letters from Miss Victoria Mueller, M.A., 2TS, Loretto Abbey College, now instructress in German at Vassar College).

. . . I enjoy it all ever so much. The actual lecturing is a delight. *All* our courses are given *in* German and it works out quite well. I have two beginning classes (they call it "Baby German" here, or "Baby Spanish," if you are just beginning a course), a Second Year Course, a Third Year Course, and two advanced courses in Classical Literature and Modern Literature, in all fourteen hours of lectures, three of which are surveys of History of German Literature, which demand rather a large amount of preparation. But it is splendid for me. Dr. Stroebe, the head of the department, seems quite satisfied and even condescended to inform me last week (she observes in our classes to the nervousness both of us and of the "new members" that I had "ein gewissen talent fur Unterrichten." I hope her opinion remains fixed.

The College buildings are all spread out over a huge campus of hundreds of acres. You approach through an archway through Taylor Hall, which contains the Art Gallery, small Auditorium, etc., to the central driveway which leads directly to Mail Hall. You make a bee sweep, come under a huge portico, and here you are!

Main Hall is, as its name denotes, the centre of things, and here are the administration offices, post office and residence for the Seniors, some Freshmen and some Faculty. I live in the main building, where I have already a circle of most entertaining and charming "get together's." The girls are very responsive in class and in all activities. Wealth here being the usual thing, and immense wealth not at all unusual, the girls do a great deal to their rooms, and make them the well collected sitting apartments. My room is very nice, however; let me think how large—about like 31 in L.A.C., I think, perhaps larger, as I have a broad window-seat, nice high chiffoneer-dresser, desk, two jade green willow chairs (painted by myself) jade green and orange hangings, varied coloured rug, some nice batik hangings, covers for bed and cot which I get in Checko-Slovakia, a big jar full of huge fragrant pine boughs, a jar of azaleas and now a mass (isn't that what the society news call them?) of yellow and gold 'mums and oak leaves which one of my pupils sent me yesterday because I have a cold; bookcases, tea table and equipment—we have just had tea and you could smell the cinnamon toast from away down the hall if you were only here. That isn't allowed for the girls, but then you see we are faculty! Shades of greatness! But you can see that I am very comfortable and you can imagine that I do not have to work all the time—but still most of the time.

Campus ways are most informal, and although the girls have most beautiful clothes, on week days in class they appear in anything from riding habits to overalls, and all wear tennis shoes or sport shoes of all kinds with flat heels all day long. I do not think the girls have as many leaves as L.A.C. people, but here the College is so isolated that there is not the demand, I suppose. But week-end leaves are popular now in the football season.

There are myriads of clubs of all descriptions: Glee club, choir, dramatic, and the experimental theatre, where the girls write plays and produce them. We have already had two performances. Each "Year" gives a party to the Freshmen, a "party" consisting of an impromptu play of the musical comedy type. Last week the Sophomores gave a party representing a "movies" company "shooting" scenes on the campus to depict the introduction of a

Freshman to various phases of college life. It was very cleverly done. The German Club is active. They did me the honour of electing me honorary president! Debating is in great favour here. Yale men come to Vassar to debate and teams from other girls' colleges.

We have a college newspaper called the "Miscellannery," published twice a week, which has a very clever, if quite local, Champus Chat—a worthy contemporary of our own Toronto Cat.

The girls have a free choice of subjects here and you may if you wish begin a subject in your Senior Year. So I have in "Baby" German, Seniors, Juniors, down to Freshmen. That is the way with many of our classes, as some come with much German, some with less and some begin. The girls work hard, long and much. The standard is high, so you can demand almost anything and you nearly always get it.

We had our first fall of snow the other day and the campus, which is filled with evergreen trees, looks simply lovely. The library is in Hart House style—if ever I feel lonely I just go out and have a peep at it—and the architecture of the buildings is on the whole very pleasing.

I am also visiting all sorts of classes for experience. They have the system here of teaching languages almost entirely in the language studied. The girls acquire remarkable fluency. The examinations also are written in the language studied, so all the papers I mark are in German and not as bad German as you might expect.

* * * * *

We are always so well and constantly entertained here that there is small need to go away, but I have attended the opera in New York. Vassar has a box at the Metropolitan and now I am flitting off for a week-end at Kingston.

We are not quite an Adamless Eden at Vassar, having each week-end a large influx of the strong sex, who, always in the minority, are most amusing.

Now, haven't I done my duty? If I have, do write and tell me so, and fulfil yours by telling me all about everything—if I haven't, write me anyway, if it is only to grumble.

Love to all the girls.

Victoria.

A CASSANDRE.

A Translation From Ronsard.

My fair one, let us go to view the rose
Which but this morning we did see disclose
Its robe of deepest crimson to the sun;
Has it yet lost beneath the evening dew
Its lovely folds of glowing ruby hue
Of satin like the cheek of my fair one?

Alas, see how within this fleeting space
Its petals it has strewn about the place,
Its tender crimson beauty has let fall.
O truly nature is a mistress stern
Since this fair flower must perish in its turn
Which opened but this morning fair and tall.

Then, dearest, to thy lover's words give ear
Now while thy youth grows lovelier every year
And ever thou are changeable and new,
'Twill never be again without alloy;
Old age may tarnish even such as you.

Ruthmary Treac[illegible]

The Life in Letters of Simplicia Borgia

Loretto Abbey College,
Dec. 16, 1929.

My dearest mother,

I know I've just been awful for not writing sooner, but I've been terribly busy. It's fierce around here at this time of year; every one works so hard. We have a term exam in almost every subject.

And I was going to write the other night, but we had to go to a debate and I had to do an essay and was up till about twelve o'clock! I'm working terribly hard. The debate was nice, but queer. It was all about husbands careers. The careers won by a majority, but I think husbands are really more important don't you? I was kind of scared to say so though.

Then one night there was a big poet here from the States. He was just simply wonderful. He recited a poem on a dead horse; it was beautiful. It reminded me of our poor old Bessie. I almost cried when he told us about the buttercups coming out of its eye sockets and the daisies growing in its ribs. I talked about it to the "Class in Staffies," who thinks *she's* so literary, but she just glared at me and said: "Horrors! Such crass ignorance and lack of appreciation of poetry! I, in my English lecture, unimaginative clod!" That's how they talk. I hope I never get like that. I think I'm getting poetical anyway. And I got his autograph.

Besides they gave prizes and one girl got just dozens. I think they should be more evenly divided; it doesn't seem fair.

And we sang songs, which were very nice except that they were all in Latin and in one piece they didn't sing together at all. They called it a "Cannon." After I heard it I knew what the man meant in "All Quiet On The Western Front." I couldn't understand it before.

And O we had the most marvellous Christmas Tree too and it made all the little children so happy. There was a tree and a Santa Claus and peanut-butter sandwiches and dolls for the little girls and cocoa and everything and toys and story books and O it was grand!

I'll be glad to be home for Christmas. Tell dad I really don't want anything, but I had to have my watch fixed again and my fur coat is terribly worn at the cuffs. Of course it could be mended, but I'm afraid that it wouldn't last. All the girls here have real evening dresses and there's a big dance in January and I felt silly at the last banquet, in your old blue silk with sleeves.

I have a paper in English to do and an exercise in Spanish and its nine o'clock.

Your loving daughter,

Simplicia.

P.S.—Give my love to dad.

Loretto Abbey College,
Sunday.

Dear Tomus:

It was so sweet of you to answer my letter so soon. But I was awfully surprised because I know you are terribly busy. It came special delivery Saturday just as I was leaving for the tea-dance and I was so excited I lost it and didn't find it until Monday.

And then I was so busy I just didn't have a chance to answer it. It's awfully different here from what it is at home you know. There are so many wonderful things to do and the people are just heaps more exciting too.

The boys go to teas, and they all are simply marvellous dancers. And they're so polite and say such nice things. Of course I know they don't mean them all, but I like it.

The Seniors gave a banquet to the school one night. It was lovely, all old-Englishy, with roast-beef and red candles in brass sticks. You'd like the roast-beef; I thought of you when I was eating it.

In one of the speeches they said always to hope for better things over the next hill. Lady Falconer gave it. I liked her very much.

One of the Seniors said something about catching the torch and making it burn more brightly. So our year is saving to buy a new lamp for the college.

The Juniors gave a bridge for our year, you know they are our sister year. But I had an essay and didn't go. I was sorry after because everybody said it was an awfully nice party.

If you are very busy I won't mind if you don't write right away.

Sincerely,

Simplicia Borgia.

Sunday night.

Darlingest Genana:

I'm terribly sorry I didn't write you sooner, but I've been awfully busy.

It was simply marvellous. I had the best time. We all went to the masquerade, to the big one they had in Hart House. I had the sweetest costume, it was pink and blue. I was an old-fashioned lady. Only the waist was so tight I couldn't breathe and the hoops were so big I couldn't dance in the crowd. I was with the best looking boy from St. Mike's, only he didn't dance very well, and we had the best programme; only we couldn't find anyone. But I had a marvellous time.

One of the grads from here went as a cow-lady and carried a big gun, but it didn't go off. The Head of the House Committee went in a very original costume, she was a fair-haired gypsy.

And then one night they did the cleverest thing. They had a debate. It was all about careers and husbands. All the girls voted for careers, but upstairs afterwards they all said they really wanted husbands. But the only one who admitted it downstairs was the President of Fourth Year. She gave an awfully good speech on it. I thought she was right. Now that we're college women we thought we should think about these things, so we freshies talked it over and I decided on the kind of a man I'd like for a husband. I saw him over at Newman Club, only he didn't know me; he's kind of short-sighted. He's tall and has curly hair and has big blue eyes and the cutest little mustache, it's black too. He's the best talker only he's so clever I don't know what he's talking about and he sings just beautifully in a big bass voice. And mind you he almost

danced with me once only it turned out to be the girl behind me.

He's not a bit like Tomus. You know Gemma dear, I just don't know what to do about Tomus. He's simply darling to me and such a nice boy, but now that I've seen my ideal and I've been around so much down here it's just the worst thing to have to write to him. I never know what to say. You always liked Tomus. So maybe if I stop writing to him he'll start taking you out because he could always talk to you about me anyway.

Some of the girls around here think they know more than the rest of us, but the one that do aren't so clever at all. There was a Literary Society meeting and they were terribly dumb. They talked all the time and didn't even say what they meant. One of them moved that a committee "sit" on the constitution Did you ever hear of anything so silly? The President squelched them only it didn't do much good. Somebody said the President looked like Prince Albert only she went to a masquerade here as Napoleon and one of the English professors thought she was Milton, but I think she's sweet, just like Colleen Moore.

O Gemma, the worst thing happened one night it was just terrible! It was nearly eleven o'clock and some of the girls were making a big noise. As I was going to my room I saw the dean and I jumped in the nearest door, which was the wrong one. And do you know what I saw? There were two skinny girls in bathrobes, with brooms, and a short fat one sweeping a cushion madly around the floor with a whisk, and an ordinary sized one in a gown just standing there with her hand up. When she saw me she said in a deep voice, "You've interrupted our curling match," and fell over a heater. I was dumb with fright and screamed. Then they carefully wrapped me up in an eiderdown and put me in the clothes-closet. I stayed there till everything was quiet then I peeked out. Two of them were lying on each of the single beds, stiff and not making a sound. They weren't looking my way so I got out as quickly as I could. I would have gone home, but things were just the same as always the next morning. They must have been Seniors. It was awfully queer.

I just must be off.

Best love,

Simplicia.

P.S. I'd love to have you here. I miss you so.

S.B.

THE FIRST SNOW OF THE YEAR.

Hurrah! hurrah! the snow is here,
The first good snow-storm of the year;
Fluttering down the big flakes come
Sparkling and glittering in the sun.

Soon will the ground be white with snow,
And out then with our sleds we'll go,
Out to the hills, all merry and gay,
The first good snow-storm. Hurrah! Hurrah!

Nora McIlroy

Loretto Academy, Stratford, Ont.

GLORIA IN EXCELSIS DEO

Outside, the twilight fell over the sharp, cold world beneath the grey frosty sky, but inside the dim little church there was peace and warmth. Soft darkness shrouded all the interior of this quiet haven. On the altar the dim lights flickered and above the crib a large lone star shed downwards its radiance, guiding the worshipper to the feet of the Queen Mother and her Baby King. Through the dim recesses of the church the soft harmonies of the organ floated over the peace-laden air. "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace to men of good will." Shadowy figures reverently came and went. O the wonder, the beauty, the sublime mystery told by that tiny crib, by the two miniature figures before the hay-filled manger, where wise Kings of the Orient offer their gifts!

Is it the twilight hour which makes so sweet this adoration? Is it this hour of prayer that casts it's spell over those who drop for the moment the cares of daily life as they bow before the crib? Is it the calm, peaceful interior of the blessed church with the dimmed lights and the fragrant Christmas flowers? Or is it not rather the simplicity in majesty that draws each yearning soul to the manger above which is the awe-inspiring inscription: "Gloria in Excelsis Deo!"

The children go up the aisle and kneel there with solemn joined hands. A little school boy understands in his own way this Baby King, his eyes open wide before this divine mystery in its lovely details. By his side kneels a little girl, eyeing that Baby, loving it, wishing to hold it. Innocent adoration that Christ so loves! Will some of these children, like His friends of Nazareth, turn away from their King as they learn more of the smiling Baby's life? O surely not if they remember the pleading little outstretched hands.

Here kneels a young mother with a child by her side. She understands better than the others, more clearly, more poignantly, that touching scene. She shares something of the joy of the Blessed Virgin Mother rapt in the ecstasy of the angels' song: "Gloria in Excelsis Deo!"

The tired business man, lured by the quiet peace, enters slowly. He who fears the majesty of God Almighty bows before the helpless Babe. Perhaps he too is another Joseph who has safely guarded and guided his family. Perhaps his children are now in homes of their own, and he is lonely. Perhaps some of them are already with the Infant King, and he is seeking comfort here beneath the "Gloria in Excelsis Deo!"

And now there kneels an old lady, bent and grey, with tear-worn eyes. Perhaps she is thinking of cribs like this in the long ago, cribs she has seen and loved and then perhaps forgotten during the many trials and storms of her long life. Now in the peace of the tranquil sunset of her days she kneels before the smiling Infant King, pondering how all things work together for the good of those who love God, as she too whispers the glad refrain: "Gloria in Excelsis Deo!"

A prosperous elderly couple approach. Their faces, their whole aspect would indicate that the material things of life have not brought peace and contentment to their souls. The Divine Infant smiles to them. Their unsatisfied, worry-worn faces soften and in their

hearts they too ponder the words above them: "Gloria in Excelsis Deo!"

Above the crib the star which first called the three symbolic Gentiles across burning sands and trackless wastes, still shines down on the world, and still the Infant King draws on and on through life those who would wander from the path stretching ever onwards and upwards to where he stands awaiting us with 'that peace which the world cannot give.' O Infant King, may the chant which your angels sang on that glorious night echo forever around the world and reach the heart of every one of your subjects: "Gloria in Excelsis Deo!"

Mary Bootle, Form III,
Loretto Abbey College School, Brunswick Ave.

THE BELATED CHRISTMAS GIFT.

It had been three months since the accident. Little Joan would never walk again, the doctors said, but her perents were good Catholics and hope never left them. Joan was seven. She had been told she would receive her first Holy Communion the following May, and had been anxiously awaiting that time. But when the accident happened she wondered if she would still be allowed to receive her first Holy Communion in May. She would. Father Murphy had said so.

As the days slowly passed a great desire grew in Joan's heart that she might receive Him on Christmas Day. Joan told Mother this, and Mother smiled, that understanding, loving smile. Only five short days until Christmas and Joan was praying very innocently and earnestly in her little bed when Mother came in and said: "Joan, on Christmas Day I shall have a big surprise for you, a wonderful Christmas gift."

Joan was very curious, of course, and asked what it was many a time, but Mother's only answer was, "You'll see."

The wonderful, longed-for day came at last. Joan, on awakening, saw the beautiful Christmas tree with the many packages underneath it. They were all put upon her bed and she opened them rapidly, but they were all gifts that she had somewhat expected. The big surprise—it wasn't among them! "No," Mother said. "To-morrow. Patience!"

Joan said many prayers that day, for the poor, and in thanksgiving for such a good home, though she *was* a cripple.

The next morning about nine o'clock she awakened to see Mother fixing the little table beside her bed with candles and a crucifix. Surprised, she asked the meaning of this, and Mother softly answered, "Your Gift has come, dear, though a little late."

As Mother stepped out of the room Father Murphy walked serenely in. Joan's heart beat very fast. Was the little Jesus really coming into her heart?

Father heard her first confession, a most sincere one. Then he called her father and mother in, and Joan received her dear Lord at last.

Joan was radiant. She turned over the blankets of her bed, got up unsteadily, and knelt down before the little crucifix. She was cured!

And her first thought was to thank Him for that "belated Christmas Gift."

Elizabeth Felix, Grade VIII.,
St. Bride's School, Chicago.

LIFE AND TIMES OF RIGHT REV. ALEXANDER MACDONELL

FIRST BISHOP OF KINGSTON

"Imagine a river which rises from a small source in a great mountain range. It grows as it flows on its course, owing to the numerous tributaries that empty into it. Then, suddenly, it divides and the branches flow in different directions. By dividing, it is able to bring its benefits to a greater extent of country."

This quotation is taken from a lecture given to the Historical Society, at Kingston, by Rev. Father Brady, who considered such a river symbolic of the life and work of the Honourable the Right Reverend Alexander MacDonell, the first Catholic Bishop of Upper Canada. In this essay, it will be my task to show that the life, work and aims of this holy bishop can be summed up in four words: God and Church, Country and Fellow-men.

The Right Reverend Alexander MacDonell was born at Glen Urquhart, near Lock Ness, Inverness-shire, Scotland, on July 17th, 1760. He received his early education at Bourblach on Loch Morar. From an early age he gave evidence of being destined for the priesthood, and therefore he was sent to the Scots' Colleges at Paris and at Valladolid in Spain, where he war ordained priest on February 16th, 1787. For the next five years he was stationed as missionary priest in the Highlands of Scotland. Economic conditions had undergone a change because Glasgow had become a great industrial centre, and the landlords, who found it more profitable to raise sheep than men, had begun a policy of wholesale eviction. Father MacDonell led his consequently homeless people to Glasgow, where he acted as their chief and obtained employment for them in factories; but the following year Britain declared war against the French Republic, and the consequent depression threw the Highlanders out of employment again. The only avenue open to them was the army or the militia, but as these men were Catholics and would be obliged to take an oath odious to their convictions, even this was closed to them.

Father MacDonell's genius for organization showed itself when he offered to form his clan into a Catholic regiment. The offer was accepted, and in 1794 the Glengarry Fencible Army was established by Father MacDonell, and though it was contrary to the law, he was appointed Chaplain, thus becoming the first Catholic Chaplain in a British army since the Reformation, and one of the greatest army chaplains that ever lived.

The regiment was despatched to the Isle of Guernsey and later to Ireland, when rebellion broke out there. An American Bishop has given this testimony to the Chaplain's service, and to the Irish people's gratitude: "The memory of Father MacDonell is as green in those regions as the fields they cultivate. That holy and chivalrous priest saved the lives of many innocent Irishmen and was a ministering angel of peace to them." By his endeavours the country had become as peaceable and quiet as it had been turbulent and restless.

At the close of the rebellion, Father MacDonell was called to London, in the interest of the regiment, and was at the same time commissioned by the Bishops of Ireland to make known to the British Government their sentiments in regard to the proposed legislative union of Great Britain and Ireland.

During the peace of 1802 the Glengarry

Regiment was disbanded, and its members were reduced to want and penury, because the Scottish manufacturing trade had been so circumscribed by the recent war that the Highlanders could not find employment in their own country. Father MacDonell began to entertain the hope that he might establish a claim upon the government, so far, at least, as to obtain for them grants of land in Upper Canada, where many of their friends were settled on lands given as rewards for services rendered during the American Revolutionary War. Knowing this, Father MacDonell went to London about the year 1802, to lay before the Premier, the Right Hon. Henry Addington, the claims of the disbanded Highlanders.

Mr. Addington received Father MacDonell with great cordiality, complimented him on the bravery and loyalty of his countrymen, and assured him that nothing would give him greater pleasure than to afford substantial proof of his goodwill towards His Majesty's subjects, the Highlanders, who were always ready to come at their country's call, and who were the only class of whom a complaint had never been heard. Mr. Addington further assured Father MacDonell that nothing gave him deeper cause for regret than to see such subjects struggling against circumstances so adverse that they must leave their native land and seek in a new country a living for themselves, their wives and their children.

In March, 1803, Father MacDonell obtained the Sign Manual for a grant of land for every officer and soldier of the Glengarry Regiment. When the fact became known the Highland proprietors took alarm and tried by various means to prevent their people from emigrating. Nevertheless Father MacDonell triumphed, and in 1803 and 1804 brought out large numbers of Catholic Highlanders to Glengarry, in Upper Canada. Arriving at York, now Toronto, in November, 1804, he proceeded to settle the people on the lands granted by the British Government, patent deeds for which he obtained later lest his people should suffer the loss of them in any way. He himself was assigned to the mission of St. Raphael's, in Glengarry, which he made his headquarters for twenty-five years, though his home was everywhere in the province. On his arrival he found three priests in the province, but by 1806 he was left in charge of the whole of Upper Canada except a French parish at Sandwich, without the assistance of a single priest. This condition lasted for ten years, and during that time he became acquainted with every settlement in the province.

Hardships were many, for he was obliged to travel over the country from the province line of Lower Canada to Lake Superior, carrying the requisites for Mass and for the administration of the Sacraments, sometimes on horseback, sometimes in Indian birch-canoes, and sometimes on foot, living among the savages and sharing such fare as they afforded, crossing the great lakes and rivers and even descending the Rapids of the St. Lawrence in their dangerous craft.

Not only to his God was he a tower of strength, but to his country, for during the War of 1812 his powerful influence was successfully used in rousing the martial spirit of his countrymen. He was constantly in the field, participating in the privations and fatigues of the private soldier.

In 1816 Father MacDonell returned to England to confer with Lord Bathurst, the Colonial Secretary. Part of his mission was to induce the Home Government to favour the measure, proposed by the Bishop of Quebec, for the division of that diocese, which comprised the

whole of the present Dominion. Lord Bathurst preferred to have vicars-general with episcopal powers appointed where needed, rather than have diocesan sees established. Upper Canada was consequently set apart from the See of Quebec as a Vicariate Apostolic in 1817, and ten years later Father MacDonell was appointed Vicar-Apostolic, his consecration as Bishop of Regina taking place in the Ursuline Chapel, Quebec, on December 31st, 1820. A significant incident was the gift to Bishop MacDonell of a magnificent episcopal ring, by King George IV. Six years later, on February 14th, 1826, the long-standing objection to creating the See of Kingston was removed, and the Vicariate was raised to a Bishopric by Leo XII., Father MacDonell becoming the first Bishop of Upper Canada, with his See at Kingston. But whether he was a Bishop or a priest made no difference to him as far as his work was concerned.

His work was clear to him: to build schools and churches; to bring in or to educate priests, and to obtain teachers; for next to priestly and episcopal ministrations, Bishop MacDonell took the deepest interest in founding Catholic schools and in securing for them Catholic teachers. He may therefore be said to have laid the foundation for Catholic Separate Schools in Upper Canada, which was achieved just fifty years after he, as Vicar-General and Pastor of St. Raphael's, petitioned the English Parliament for aid in providing for Catholic education. Up to 1816 the only schools in Canada, apart from eight district schools conducted by Church of England clergymen, were taught by American teachers of strong anti-British tendencies. Therefore, to establish a system of primary, secondary, and university education for the Catholics in Upper Canada was another part of his mission to England in 1816. He succeeded so far as to bring back with him three priests and three secondary-school teachers. Through his constant endeavours the number of teachers and priests increased gradually, so that by 1833 he was able to write to Sir John Colborne, through whose instrumentality he had received from the Government a grant for the building of churches, which, however, was not permanent: "I have the consolation to reckon this day twenty Catholic priests and thirty-five churches either finished or in progress, and I have educated, mostly at my own expense, nearly forty clergy and ecclesiastics."

All this involved difficulties, the chief of which was money. Nevertheless, from time to time his heart was gladdened and his burden eased by the kindness and interest of his friends, through whose generosity the Catholic churches in Peterborough, Guelph, Kingston, York, Cornwall, and many other places were erected. God had blessed his efforts with success.

In 1836 Canada was again in peril. This, Bishop MacDonell had foreseen, and he urged every citizen to exert the utmost efforts to help in crushing this rebellion. As a proof of the gigantic power of Bishop MacDonell, Major-General Sir George Arthur, who was in charge of Upper Canada, asked him to delay a proposed trip to Europe, as his services were needed at home. No less than four regiments of Glengarry Militia were raised in the Eastern District alone, independent of other corps, and their services were instrumental in suppressing several insurrections and in protecting the loyal and peaceable in various other parts of the two provinces. It was owing to his active interest in the welfare and defense of the province that Bishop MacDonell was called to the Legislative Council by King George IV. He

also secured more grants of land and money for Catholic schools and churches, which were discontinued later owing to the remonstrances of William Lyon McKenzie and other members of the Radical party in Upper Canada. It was even alleged that Bishop MacDonell had misappropriated money given to him for educational and missionary purposes, but he ably proved that far from being guilty of this offence, he had spent £13,000 sterling of his own money for these ends. The accusation was a trial indeed for Bishop MacDonell, but bravely as was his wont, he surmounted this ordeal: "So far from repining at the cruel and continued persecution by my enemies, I pray God to give me patience to suffer for justice' sake, and to forgive them for their unjust and unmerited conduct towards me."

In the early summer of 1839 Bishop MacDonell left Kingston on a visit to London—the last visit he was to make—in connection with emigration from the Highlands, and the establishment of a College for the priesthood. While in Ireland he contracted a severe cold which proved fatal, and at Dumfries, on January 14th, 1840, he passed peacefully away. His remains were placed in the crypt of St. Margaret's Convent Chapel, Edinburgh; but twenty-one years later, Bishop Horan of Kingston brought his body to Canada and placed it in his Cathedral in Kingston.

So ended the life of the revered "Apostle of Ontario." Like the little mountain stream, he had journeyed on, giving gladly and freely, teaching a lesson in how to live truly and nobly to countless numbers who would in turn teach that lesson to others; spreading Christianity and love of God, until at last his mission was fulfilled, and like the river he had heard,

"The deep lave of the broad ocean wave
And the River at last met the Sea."

Katherine Stewart,
Loretto Academy, Stratford.

THE EXILE.

My Jesus, on the Altar,
Art Thou not lonesome when
People just pass by Thee
And never will come in?

They build Thee lovely churches
With spires and steeples tall;
But statues aren't much company,
Nor pictures on the wall.

Thou hast a golden throne-room
With a wondrous golden gate,
Where courtiers may pay homage
Before Thy gorgeous state.

But in spite of all this treasure
Ah, wouldst Thou rather be
In the little wooden stable,
With some shepherds praising Thee?

Ah! Jesus, if we loved Thee
As we really, truly ought,
We never would pass by Thee—
This is what Thou has taught:

"Leave all you have and follow Me;
Leave all behind and come."
My Jesus, I am coming now,
I'm coming, coming Home.

Virginia Wildehead, '31
Loretto High School, Englewood, Chicago

THE ELEVENTH HOUR.

It was Christmas Eve. Holiday spirit was in the air. The snow was lazily falling as everyone wishes it to fall on this night of nights. People were hurrying to and fro, carrying bundles under their arms and wondering if they had missed anyone in their last minute shopping. The shop-windows were gorgeously decorated in their festive array of red-and-green, with holly and mistletoe and suggestive presents for every member of the family. The toy-shops exhibited the very latest toys—fire-engines, electric trains, dolls, playhouses—everything a child's heart desires.

In the midst of this gay bustling crowd, Jane Young found her way, laden with parcels, busy with her own thoughts. Why couldn't Grandmother ever forgive Daddy for marrying Mother? Why should she still be angry after all these years. Since the death of their parents Jane and Billy had had to fight their own way, or rather Jane alone had had to fight the way for the little crippled brother many years younger than herself. Her one ambition was to see his poor little back made well and strong and Billy running, jumping, and skating like other boys. Surely God would answer her prayers—soon. Grannie, with all her wealth, should surely help them.

But they were doing famously on her secretary's salary and the little money their parents had left them. They had a comfortable apartment where they lived simply and happily together. She devoted most of her time at home to Billy, at least until nine o'clock, for that was every little boy's bed-time. They would sit before the fireplace, Billy on his couch, Jane in a big chair near him, reading to him, or hearing him read and spell while she sewed. Sometimes fudge, pop-corn, or roasted apples were the evening's programme. Jane and Billy had many friends too, and many pleasant evenings were spent in the living room of the little apartment.

Her stop at last! It was good to get out into the cold, bracing air of this winter evening—and Billy would be waiting for her. It was snowing heavily now. How beautiful the world looked, all pure and white, to welcome the Babe of Bethlehem. If only Billy were well enough to go to Mass in the morning. How he would love it all! the Mass, the Christmas Crib, the singing. Perhaps some day he could.

Jane carefully left her parcels in the hall. Mrs. Murray said the tree had come and her Pat would bring it up whenever Jane wanted it. When Billy would be well tucked in bed and sound asleep there would be plenty of time to transform the apartment.

"Hello, Sis!" came the voice from the couch, as Jane opened the door. "Come on in and meet a friend of mine!"

Jane was too astonished to do anything but gasp. For beside Billy sat a woman who looked like Grandmother—why, it was Grandmother! Jane knew her from the photographs. But she was not the stern, haughty woman Jane had imagined—not now—but a picture of motherliness as she sat playing "Rummy" with Billy—his favorite card-game.

"Why, Grandmother!" was all Jane could say as she was gathered into those motherly outstretched arms.

Tears, much talking, laughing, and then tears again, followed—interrupted by Billy's "Grannie is going to take me to a hospital right after the holidays, and we're going to live at her place, and I'm going to have Daddy's room. Won't that be great?" All this was too much for poor tired Jane—too good to be true.

"Listen, Jane. Just think of it!" rattled on the excited boy. "Christmas at Grannie's! And we're going to have turkey and, and everything—everything like Daddy had when he was a boy! And we're going right away, right away to-night!"

That night at Midnight Mass, while the bells pealed out their joyful tidings, Jane knelt beside her Grandmother. They had left the apartment and all it had meant to them. It seemed very far behind her now. Pat could dispose of the little Christmas tree as he pleased—a far more beautiful one was waiting for Billy. Nothing seemed to matter now. Her long responsibility was over. Grandmother would care for them both. Together she and Jane had long ago tucked Billy into a huge postered bed in a beautiful room in the great house; together they had put the last touches to the tree, the table, the fire-place, and tied the mistletoe with a red ribbon under the hall light. And now they were here together at Mass, thanking God, praying for Billy's cure, while through the hushed silence of the church broke the sweet, solemn strains of the organ—"O Holy Night!"

Eunice Kuntz,
Loretto Academy, Niagara Falls, Ont.

A ROYAL AND A LOYAL PUPIL OF LORETTO.

In a recent issue of the "Ave Maria" (Nov. 9th, 1929), there is an article of particular interest to Loretto pupils. It is "Rome, the Eternal," by her Royal Highness, Infanta Paz de Bourbon, daughter of Queen Isabella II of Spain, wife of a Bavarian Prince, and aunt of the reigning King of Spain, Alfonso XIII. In it she recounts her three visits to the Eternal City, once as a child with her mother, in 1873, when Queen Isabella and her children were living in France, exiles from Spain after the revolution of 1868; again in 1902, during the pontificate of Leo XIII.; finally in 1922 for the Eucharistic Congress of that year. Before the Eucharistic Congress an international Congress of Catholic Women took place and her Royal Highness was its President. She speaks of the personal kindness during her stay in Rome, of our Loretto Nuns, "whom," she says, "we call 'English' in Bavaria, and 'Irish' in Spain." She continues: "These nuns, to whom Luis I., King of Bavaria, had given a wing of the Palace of Nymphenberg as a college, have taken part in all the events of my life during the forty years we have lived under the same roof. My daughter was educated there, and I myself went to the Convent to take German lessons." The Princess speaks of the trials and vicissitudes of her life, of the earthly powers she has seen rise and fall, and concludes with these words worthy of a true daughter of Loretto: "Storms may rage, and all things fall, one thing alone remains firm—the Rock of Peter. Eternal Rome."

Catherine Macklin, Form III.,
Loretto Abbey College School,
Brunswick Ave., Toronto.

BY THE FIRESIDE

Let others seek for empty joys
At dance or concert, show or play,
I like a winter eve away
Far from the great world's idle noise;
Twixt book and song the hours divide,
Happy at home by the fireside.

Monica Gaunt, Form III.,
Loretto Academy, Stratford, Ont.

At the very latest moment of going to press we learn finally to our great disappointment that the Chronicle, poems, and articles from one of our most important schools—Loretto Academy, Woodlawn, Chicago—have gone astray in the congested Christmas mails and cannot be traced in time for this number. A night letter tells us of a Shakespearian Recital of the Merchant of Venice and Macbeth given by Mr. H. Witte early in November; a successful and enthusiastic Christmas Sale conducted by the students on Dec. 6th; some warmly contested volley ball games, the Seniors being victorious in our inter-class games, and our School team victorious against St. Xaviers; and last but not least the celebration of the jubilee of the Immaculate Conception and a reception into the Sodality, conducted by Reverend Father Basil. Our imagination could enlarge on all these events, but we would not be able to supply the individual and characteristic touches which events at Woodlawn have, and which are so ably given by the capable and gifted editor, Miss Marion Moylan. And so we must regretfully close this chronicle and ask our readers to wait until our next number for a fitting representation of the School who support the Rainbow so nobly both in subscriptions and contributions.

"AB UTRISQUE ACRITER PUGNATUM EST."

(A Fierce Battle Was Fought on Both Sides).

Mrs. Thompson, wearing her best street attire, stood on the veranda gazing up the street. Her precious poodle had raced out the door when she had gone to pay the paper boy, and now she was trying to locate it. One of the joys of shopping trips lay in showing off her pretty poodle.

The object coming towards her looked more like a mud-puddle than a dog, but a dog it was. It came half running, and certainly limping, across the lawns, holding up one little paw and whining pitifully. Was this the darling poodle which, five minutes ago, had left the house, spotlessly clean and white with a beautiful new blue ribbon tied in a large bow about its neck? It was, but what a different spectacle now! A muddy coat, a mangled ear, a bloody nose! Horrors! No shopping for Mrs. Thompson.

About five houses higher up on the other side of the street, Mrs. Watson received her brown Pomeranian, at least that is what it was before it left the house that afternoon. Now—well, it would be hard to find a name for it. Pug's fur was all knotted and muddy and one hind leg was disabled so that he too hopped along on three feet. There was a gash by his mouth which was surely the work of some wicked dog. Mrs. Watson stared; then she made ready to doctor up her darling pet.

About one hour later, the Thompson's telephone rang vigorously; it was Mrs. Watson calling. Each explained about her dog. It was understood that the two had been fighting, but which dog was to blame was not decided—at least not unanimously. "Ab utrisque acriter pugnatum est"—but the end is not yet.

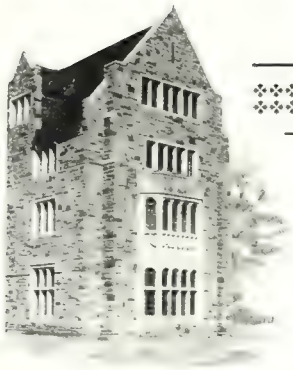
Catherine Boland
Loretto Academy,
Niagara Falls, Ont.

It Whispers To Me

At the entrance door—the sun on the floor—
Making vaulted halls seem to welcome me more—
Soft message of greetings so tenderly real—
Loretto! It's spirit, ah, there you can feel:
It whispers to me.

Those cloistered walls so quiet and grey,
They smile down on me and they seem to say,
"We're glad you're here within these halls."
They're so protecting, those grey stone walls:
They whisper to me.

Even the old-world square stone tower
Talks to me in the quiet hour,
Where the shadows play and the moonbeams bright,
Keeping watch through all the night:
It whispers to me.



Whispers I hear at the bend of the stair,
Soft breezes creeping—I always pause there,
Sequestered, the playground its message brings;
Grey walls enclose it with sheltering wings:
They whisper to me.

Memories I have and memories I'll hold—
I treasure them more than a miser his gold—
Of massive tower and grey stone walls,
The turn on the stair, the vaulted halls;
The playground too in my memory I store,
And the sun on the floor at the entrance door:
They whisper to me.

Jane Elinor Rankin, Form I.,
Loretto Abbey, Armour Heights.

IN THE LANDS OF ST. PATRICK AND ST. GEORGE.

O what joy for a little girl of eleven to hear that she was going abroad! Such news greeted me one week-end when I came home from the Abbey. I was going to leave school at Easter; and how I longed for the day to come when going up the gang-plank of the ocean-bound steamer I would sail away from the home of my birth, and turn my face towards the unknown land of my ancestors.

When the Statue of Liberty was left behind, I began to look around the boat. The inviting dining-room with little tables just for four, seemed to encourage one to eat a hearty breakfast. One never could be at a loss, during the day, for something to do; there were games on the deck and a gymnasium inside. If you felt inclined to read, a cosy lounge with a big library at hand seemed to beckon you to a little nook. But the folks at home would like a letter, and it is no trouble to sit down and write one when a well-equipped desk is at your disposal. So passes a happy day and at night a comfortable cabin seems to wish you a good night's rest.

A happy week thus passed. What a thrill for me to catch a glimpse of the land of my forefathers! First only patches of green and yellow were visible, but soon little white cottages could be plainly seen. The villages amid the green and yellow fields charmed me with their beauty. Hardly could I wait when our arrival was a matter of two hours.

And when at last the confusion of landing was over, we walked with my cousin towards the Cathedral a few yards away just as the chimes were ringing for Mass. The Cathedral of Cobh is noted for its beauty of position and architecture and here it was that we attended Mass, our first act in Ireland.

After Mass we went to my cousin's home, outside Cobh. It is a typical Irish home, approached by a long avenue widening into a sweep outside the front door, with tennis-courts, terraces, green-houses and rockeries, and as Irish gentlemen are as a rule good hunters and very fond of horses, there are usually large stables behind the house.

After a short visit to my cousin we went on to Tipperary to visit the town of Cashel, my mother's home. Cashel had once been the seat of the Kings of Ireland, and on a hill there are the ruins of a palace, cathedral, and monastery. We visited near-by places where Mother had often been when she was a little girl.

After about a week in Tipperary we went on to Dublin to meet my sister. I loved the city of Dublin, with beautiful Phoenix Park and Stephen's Green, the quaint streets and beautiful cathedral. Near the city at Lucan is the Spa Hotel with Spa water that is very good for many diseases. The houses in the country are as if in a setting, with the Dublin mountains in the background and the roaring sea as a foreground. From Dublin we went to Westmeath. Near the little town of Killucan, not far from Mullingar, was the house where Daddy had lived as a boy. My aunt now lives in the house, and I felt thrilled to walk around the nursery where Daddy had once been, eat in the same dining-room, read in the same study. It was great fun for me to explore the house and grounds and to go our riding with my cousin. We visited some beautiful spots around, one I remember particularly, where the woodlands rose high above a blue lake, and a cottage or two nestled at their base.

After leaving County Westmeath we passed through County Kildare, Kilkenny, and Carlaw, and arrived at Waterford. We visited

some seaside resorts there and then made our way to County Carlow to visit the old home of my sisters.

Ireland is too beautiful for me to describe. Dusty roads there are, to be sure, but bordered by cooling hawthorn-hedges sending out their delicious fragrance to weary travellers, and silver streams winding their way through green fields and bog. Little blue lakes dotted with islands or surmounted by hills, are like sapphires set in the Emerald Isle, and surpassing all is the background of mountains. But to all good things there is an end, and so we said good-bye to Ireland and all our friends and sailed for England.

In London I went to the Tower and saw the crown jewels and the special tower called the Bloody Tower, where the little princes were murdered. Yeoman of the guard, whom they called "Beefeaters," guide you around. London bridge has not yet fallen down, though the song says it is falling. Near the Tower is what is known as Tower Hill, where Anne Boleyn was executed and some others also. Beside the Thames are the Parliament Buildings with "Big Ben" steadfastly ticking on amid the changes, bustle and confusion of London. Kew Gardens were very interesting with their Palm Houses, flowers, and tremendous grounds. Hampton Court was also interesting and also Bushy Park across from it. Windsor with its magnificent staterooms and beautiful grounds, and Bernum Beaches with its wildness, held my attention very much.

Many other places did we see in London too numerous to mention here, as the reader may judge from the size of London and the size of my paper.

In Oxford we saw the numerous colleges Christ Church, Magdalen, Merton, New Johns Baloil, Oriel and many others. They have lovely grounds, beautiful architecture of many different styles according to their age, beautiful towers and cloisters, and halls hung with pictures. Magdalen and Merton Colleges are the most beautiful. Magdalen is called the Royal College because there members of the royal family go. It was to Magdalen that the Prince of Wales went. In Christ Church Cathedral there is a hole in a stained-glass window where Henry VIII poked out the head of St. Thomas à Beckett because he said he hated to think of a bishop who defied the crown. Near Oxford, at Iffley, there is an ancient Norman Church. Soon, too soon, we left Oxford and all its beautiful sights and went to Bristol. In Bristol there is a wonderful expansion bridge high over a river that has high cliffs on either side. The bridge I saw and also the other sights of the city, the zoo, the parks, the university. Near Bristol is the town of Wells and in its cathedral there is a clock that has horses that run around above it when the hour strikes. Near Wells is the town of Cheddar, famous for cheese and strawberries. There are also some marvellous caves at Cheddar with formations called stalactite. You go into the cave and the walls are most marvellous colours running into each other like a sunset. In pools of water you can see the imitation of little villages, and other pictures, in the substance. It is too beautiful to describe. Some pieces growing from above and others from below have not met and they have been about one-quarter of an inch apart for thousands of years.

After a very enjoyable time in Bristol we went back for a few weeks to London, where I visited many more places. I was glad and sorry at the same time when we steamed away from Liverpool back to Canada, the home of my birth.

Isabel Hannan, Form I.,
Loretto Abbey, Armour Heights.

Loretto, Englewood,
Dec. 1, 1929.

Dear "Rainbow":

After returning from the All State High School Convention, where we attended the Journalism Session, we feel we must write to offer a few words of congratulation on the wise supervision and splendid editing of our "Rainbow." We're doubly proud of it now,—proud, knowing that there is no under-current of pettiness no little jealousies running through our magazine.

We listened intently to the Editor of the "American Boy Magazine," as he talked on "Creative Editing"; and as he enumerated all the things that a school magazine ought not to be, we checked them off and found that not one of them could be said of the "Rainbow." And we wanted you to know.

And now (if we may be a bit previous) with all good wishes for a bright and happy New Year, we are

Sincerely yours,
Marjorie Leary,
Gertrude Scanlan,
Kathleen Garvey,
Frances Maloney.

BY THE FIRESIDE.

Twilight has stolen over the village and now darkness is falling like a shroud so that gradually the outlines of the buildings and the landscape are blotted from view. From their seats by the fire-place in the humblest and quaintest of cottages, two quiet faces are turned toward the window watching the gathering darkness. The fire in the fire-place is crackling merrily, sending little darts of light into the most secluded corners of the room. It illuminates the old warped walls, and forms weird shadows and fantastic pictures. It radiates warmth and good cheer, filling the whole cottage with its glow. It is shining upon two old, wrinkled, yet loving and contented faces. One is a man's; the other a woman's. Partners in life they have been, faithful to each other through sorrow and happiness and now at the close of their well-spent lives they ask no other happiness than each other's company. Darkness has now enveloped the earth and their eyes are turned from the window to the cheery fire-place. Not a word is spoken; they are thinking. It was on an evening like this, many years ago, that they pledged lifelong fidelity to each other; it was on an evening like this that their only son left them at the call of his Master. Instinctively their eyes are raised from the fire and her hand goes out to meet his in a grasp that speaks more than words, and from her lips in a sweet, trembling voice came the words, "God is good to give us warmth and faith and love and hope."

Lottie Lawless, '32,
Loretto Academy,
Sault Ste. Marie, Mich.

GOLD PINES.

During the gold rush into the Red Lake country in the year 1926, when my father was surveying the town site of Gold Pines for the government, I had the opportunity of visiting this new town. It is situated at the westerly end of the Lake Seul, where the English River drains north into the Hudson Bay. It is about seventy miles north of the main line of the Canadian National Railway at a point somewhere in the neighbourhood of two hundred miles east of Winnipeg.

We began our trip early in June. There were five of us in the party: my mother, my

two sisters, my little brother, and myself. To reach Gold Pines we left the railway at Hudson, Ontario, which is about twelve miles west of Sioux Lookout. Sioux Lookout is a town of about eighteen hundred people. Here we found a very nice Catholic Church, School, and a Loretto Convent. At that time Reverend Father Brodeur was the parish priest. From Sioux Lookout we journeyed on in a large gasoline launch called the "Prospector." It required a whole day to make the trip, as the course was very crooked, winding in and out among the islands and following the bends of the river which connected the lakes we crossed on our way.

Gold Pines was largely a tent town when we arrived. The only buildings erected at this time were made of logs. They were the Hudson Bay stores, two hotels, the recording office, and our own new home. A great many prospectors were continually coming into the town to record their claims. These men showed us many samples of rock with much gold showing.

During the months we spent at Gold Pines Father Brodeur visited us on several occasions, saying Mass in our log cabin. He brought what we called his church—everything necessary for the Holy Sacrifice—in a suitcase. We all went to confession in one room and Mass was said in the other. A table was used for an altar and we had the happiness of preparing it and arranging everything in order for the great Guest who was coming into our little home. Afterwards Father Brodeur would go on farther to another settlement and say Mass there. Once a whole family made their First Communion together at our camp. Father Brodeur's first Mass in our camp was the first ever said at Gold Pines. About forty-five years previously a Catholic missionary had passed through on his visits to the Indians, but had not said Mass in that part of the country.

One day when we were playing in the sand a little girl got off the boat. It was her first trip up North, and she had never seen an Indian. We had a good coat of tan by this time and when she saw us she asked her father if we were the Indians.

We had intended staying in Gold Pines for the winter, but my father said it would be too cold for us. We all enjoyed our summer there and the many new experiences it brought us. Most of all we were grateful for the great privilege that had been ours of having Mass said in our own home.

Mary Wilkins, Form 1A,
Loretto Abbey College School, Toronto.

EVENING.

When eastern skies are turning grey,
As the late sunshine dies away,
And while the fairy snow flakes glance
On hedges, in their elfin dance,
The snow-bird utters a single cry,
And red and gold is the Western sky:
The sun is setting and eve is nigh.

The dusk is falling thick and fast,
The wintry wind doth blow a blast,
And from the old church turret there
The Angelus rings through the air.
'Tis time for prayer when eve is nigh,
Now bow your heads to Him on high,
Who paints such tints in yonder sky.

Jean McEachern, '32
Loretto Academy, Sault, Ste. Marie, Mich.

IN THE LAND OF HIAWATHA.

As one silently wanders along the rugged margin of Saint Mary's Rapids, and gazes out over the turbulent waters tossed roughly back and forth by the powerful hand of nature, he is attracted by a rumbling which seems continually to threaten revenge. The Indians have a belief regarding the origin of this angry roar.

O list to that story still sung
By those ancient waters of Ba-Wa-Ting!

Long ago, when the Indian considered this region his terrestrial paradise, there lived a young brave called Deer-Foot, the son of a great warrior, and the most beloved of all braves of the Ojibway tribe.

Deer-Foot was extremely happy, for at the next moon he would wed Yellow Gold, daughter of his beloved chief. She was the most beautiful maiden of her tribe, with eyes as dark as the blackberries that grew by the wayside and with a grace as sweet as the clouds on a clear August morn.

As Deer-Foot stepped from his wigwam this early morning into the boundless beauty of Springtime, something seemed to entice him, call him out to the beauties of nature. He answered the call and immediately set out for his favorite spot, a quiet nook near Saint Mary's River, where he and Yellow Gold had sat on the previous evening. As he walked through the forest with the slow wind crooning among the pines, he became so absorbed in the thought of his beloved that he failed to notice a stump before him. Jumping to avoid it, he struck a broken branch which gashed him badly on the cheek.

What would he do now! Yellow Gold could never marry him with that horrible scar, for it was against the custom of the tribe that any brave who had not proved his valour should marry the daughter of a chief. How could he prove that it was through no want of valour he received this wound?

Suddenly an inspiration came. He would consult the medicine man. Surely he could cure him. He hurried to the river frontage and loosened his canoe from a clump of bushes. As he was about to embark for the opposite shore, he heard a distant peal of thunder. Looking upward, he observed the blissful skies being covered by warning, dark clouds. The darkness thickened while deep peals of thunder rent the air. Suddenly he heard a shrill cry in the distance. Looking about, Deer-Foot saw his Indian maiden in the midst of those confused waters. Here was his chance to prove his valour. Immediately he bounded to her rescue, but before he could reach her his frail canoe gave way to the angry waves. He tried to swim to her. But alas! she too had fallen! He grasped her and after battling with the darkness and the water, both sank down, down, arm in arm, into a watery grave.

Next morning, near the shore were found two huge white boulders in which were believed to be imprisoned the souls of the hero and his heroine.

The waters to this day have never ceased to roar. Some say they thunder vengeance on the storm god, some that they forever mourn for the two beloved ones.

So list again to that song ever sung
By those famous waters of Ba-Wa-Ting.

Loretto Milbauer '31.
Loretto Academy,
Sault Ste. Marie, Mich.

THE MISSION PAGE

Loretto Abbey, Armour Heights.

Nov. 15th. Nine of the graduates attended this Mission Rally at Niagara University, and brought back an enthusiastic report to increase our zeal for the propagation of our holy faith.

Loretto Abbey College School, Brunswick Ave., Toronto.

Faithfully day in and day out we have carried on our work for the missions, at home and abroad. On the last day of school, Dec. 20th, after the usual business meeting, we enjoyed a beautiful Christmas play: "The Divine Guest." Very Reverend Dr. McRae, St. Francis Xavier China Mission Seminary, addressed the Crusaders. We presented him with a cheque for $100, our self sacrifice money, for the High School Burse to educate a priest for China.

Loretto Academy, Stratford.

Oct. 22nd.—Loretto Academy, Stratford, has again formed an active Crusade Unit, under the auspices of a new and capable committee: President, Miss Ruth Allen; Vice-President, Miss Kathleen Brooks; Secretary, Miss Helen Cloney; Treasurer, Miss Pauline Byrick.

Loretto Academy, Hamilton.

On Tuesday evening, Oct. 29th, the C.C.S. M.C. held a Hallowe'en Masquerade in aid of the Missions. It was a complete success and realized a handsome sum to add to our fund for a chapel in the Canadian West.

On Monday, Dec. 2nd, took place the usual monthly meeting. Two interesting talks on the foreign and home missions were given by Misses Daisy Dooley and Rose Walsh. The delegates, Misses Margaret Grace and Blanche Mays, who attended the convention at Niagara Falls, N.Y., told about the laborious work of the missionaries in Costa Rica and China. Rev. Father Curtis, who attended the meeting, addressed the Unit with words of encouragement and approval.

Loretto Academy, Guelph.

The November meeting of the Little Flower Literary and Mission Club was unique in many ways. By a strange coincidence it was held on the day fixed for the departure for China of our own Canadian Priests and Sisters. A letter from these Sisters, thanking us for gifts for the Chinese children was read, and also the splendid paper Reverend Father Sharkey gave at the May Convention. Both of these reminded us of the brave band then leaving, perhaps forever, their native land. We feel that if those heroic men and women could have read our hearts at that moment they would have been consoled. They would have rejoiced at the thought that while they go forth to fight in the front line, loyal, loving Crusaders are not unmindful of them. A Mission playlet, "Polly's Conversion" brought the meeting to a close.

Loretto Academy, Niagara Falls.

Oct. 13th. Delegates attend the big Mission Rally in Buffalo! Everyone returned full of enthusiasm and ready for Mission work which has been enthusiastically done. Interesting letters come regularly from our adopted missionary in China, Reverend William J. McClimont, C.M., to whom we send magazines and other gifts to help his splendid work, as well as our self-sacrifice money.

The Rainbow

LORETTO ABBEY, ARMOUR HEIGHTS, TORONTO

Published at Toronto Four Times a Year
Subscription, $1.00 per year.

All business communications should be addressed to the Business Office, Loretto Abbey, Armour Heights, Toronto and all literary communications to the Editorial Office, Loretto Abbey College, 387 Brunswick Ave., Toronto, 4

Associate Editors.

Loretto Abbey College, Brunswick Ave., Toronto	Miss Helen Radigan, '30, Editor in Chief
Loretto Abbey College Alumnae, Toronto	Miss Mary Harkins, B.A.
Loretto Abbey, Armour Heights Toronto	Miss Gertrude Cain
Loretto Abbey College School, Brunswick Ave., Toronto	Miss Patricia Callen.
St. Cecilia's Convent, Toronto	Miss Geraldine Simpson.
Loretto Academy, Guelph, Ont.	Miss Marguerite McGowan.
Loretto Academy, Niagara Falls, Ont.	Miss Dorothy Dwyer.
Loretto Academy, Hamilton, Ont.	Miss Helen McCulloch.
Loretto Academy, Stratford, Ont.	Miss Jean Cole.
Loretto Academy, Englewood, Chicago	Miss Mariorie Leary.
Loretto Academy, Sault Ste. Marie, Mich.	Miss Constance Lucas.
Loretto Academy, Woodlawn, Chicago	Miss Marion Moylan.
Loretto Academy, Sedley, Sask.	Miss Annie Froh.
Loretto Convent, Sioux Lookout, Ont.	
St. Mary's School, Saskatoon, Sask	
St. Bride's Convent, Chicago	Miss Elizabeth Felix

ALUMNAE NOTES

LORETTO ALUMNAE ASSOCIATION
LORETTO ABBEY, TORONTO.

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Honorary Vice President	MRS. D. RAE MACKENZIE
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Loretto Abbey College, Toronto	Miss Elsie Irvine.
Niagara Falls	Miss Florence Mullin
Hamilton, Ont.	Miss Grace Anne Dell
Stratford, Ont.	Miss Jane Megan
Englewood, Chicago	Miss Mary Collins
Sault Ste. Marie, Mich.	Miss Gertrude Newhouse
Joliet, Ill. (St. Mary's High School)	
Joliet, Ill. (St. Mary's Academy)	Miss Helen Kennedy
Woodlawn, Chicago	Miss Olive Smith.
New York, N.Y.	Miss Edward Sullivan
Detroit, Mich.	Mrs. E. B. Kelly.
Buffalo, N.Y.	Miss Mary Maxwell
Chicago Club, Chicago, Ill.	Miss Fergus Moriarty

Loretto everywhere, in close union with Loretto of Sault Ste. Marie, offers its sympathetic congratulations to our kind friend and benefactor, the Very Reverend Dean J. J. Stenglein on the attainment of his Silver Jubilee of the priesthood. May God's great blessings continue to inspire and uphold him in the zealous work that has signalized his priestly life.

The Loretto Alumnae Association held a very successful Bridge-Tea at the Royal York Hotel on Saturday, November 9th. The ballroom with its lovely decorations of palms, large urns filled with yellow chrysanthemums and hanging autumn leaves in the centre of the room, made a charming setting for the party. The President, Mrs. Frank Cassidy, assisted by the Vice-President, Mrs. Thomas Kilgour, and Mrs. Ernest T. Van Dine, received the four hundred guests. Mrs. Mona Coxwell was Convener.

On Sunday, Nov. 24th, Reverend Father Fallon, S.J., addressed the Alumnae and other ladies of the city, in the Auditorium of the Abbey, on the topic of lay retreats for women. Father Fallon gave interesting data on the development of these retreats in Europe and expressed great interest in the movement as already begun in Toronto. The speaker was introduced by Mrs. Warde, the president of the organization which has sponsored the movement in Toronto.

Warm congratulations are offered to two beloved members of the Institute who this fall celebrated their golden jubilee in the religious life. Sister M. Lutgarde of Loretto Convent, Guelph, and Sister M. Ildefonsa of Loretto Abbey, Toronto. Among former pupils,

of many years as well as in the Institute itself these two faithful toilers in the Lord's vineyard have sown seeds of kindness and zeal that even now bear fruit, as the many letters and good wishes received on the jubilee days testify.

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"*They that explain me shall have life everlasting.*" Ecclus. xiv., 31. Lesson for the Feast of the Holy Name of Mary.

If a life-long devotion to the Blessed Mother, that began in infancy and led her in early youth to dedicate herself to God in Our Lady's Institute and throughout the many years of religious life to inculcate that same devotion in others, can give claim to the blessing of this text, our dear Mother M. Loretto Ivers has had an entrance into the other life under the special patronage of Our Lady. Her chief occupation during her religious life was that of teaching music, and she was for many years superior of various Houses and again for a long time a member of the administration, and in every sphere she was remarkable for a kindly sympathy and a strong sustaining power in trial or trouble. There are many in the Institute and among its pupils whose day of grief or anxiety was sweetened by her kind and wonderfully thoughtful support. It was significant to those who loved her that her death should occur on the Feast of the Holy Rosary. She had lived her life's rosary of joys and chastening sorrows, let us hope that glories unending crown her beautiful life.

Loretto Alumnae, Woodlawn, Chicago.

A reception and tea followed the business meeting held at Loretto Academy, Woodlawn, Chicago, on Sunday afternoon, Dec. 15th. The members of the executive acting as hostesses were: Miss Olive Smith, President; Miss Marie Houle, Vice-President; Miss Dorothy Droper, Secretary; Miss Helen Fleming, Treasurer; Miss James P. Galligan, Social Chairman.

* * * * *

The Third Annual Card Party in aid of the building fund, will be held at the Trianon Ballroom on Saturday afternoon, Jan. 18th, 1930. It will be jointly sponsored by the Loretto, Woodlawn, Alumnae, of which Miss Olive Smith is the President, and the Loretto Woodlawn Auxiliary of which Mrs. John P. McGraw is the President. Mrs. William J. Lynch is General Chairman.

Loretto Alumnae, Detroit.

At the meeting of the Detroit Loretto Circle on Dec. 14th, alumnae were present representing Loretto Abbey, Loretto Academy, Stratford, and Loretto Academy, Sault Ste. Marie Mich. A cheque for $50 was sent as a Christmas gift to Loretto Academy, Sault Ste. Marie, Mich.

Loretto Alumnae, Hamilton.

A very successful bridge was held on Saturday afternoon, Nov. 30th, by the Loretto Alumnae in St. Patrick's Club House. The rooms were very artistically decorated with baby chrysanthemums and marigolds in the fall shades. The conveners in charge were Mrs. J. J. Bucke and Mrs. E. McKelvey, and Misses Nan O'Brien and Helen Murphy.

* * * * *

On Nov. 27th Dr. James Roberts, medical officer of health, was the speaker at a meeting of the Loretto Alumnae held at the Academy. Miss George Anne Dell, President, introduced the speaker, and Mrs. J. O. Hiscott expressed the appreciation of the Alumnae Association. A short business meeting followed the lecture.

Marriages.

Miss Agnes Rosemary Rooney, daughter of the late Peter J. Rooney and Mrs. Rooney, to Mr. Fergus Meagher, on October 23rd, at St. Peter's church, Toronto.

Miss Dolores Mulvey, daughter of Mrs. Margaret Mulvey, and a graduate of Loretto Academy, Woodlawn, Chicago, 1927, to Mr. George Cooney, on Sept. 14th.

Miss Regis Harris, daughter of the late Frederick Harris, and Mrs. Harris, Hamilton, to Mr. John Albert Moffat, on Oct. 22nd, at St. Patrick's Cathedral, Hamilton. Mr. and Mrs. Moffat will live at 112 Delaware Ave., Hamilton.

Miss Ruth Carolyn Goetter, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry W. Goetter, Buffalo, and a graduate of Loretto Academy, Niagara Falls, 1923, to Mr. William Theodore Wyler, on Nov. 27th. Mr. and Mrs. Wyler will live at 41 Thirty Second Street, Woodcliff, N.Y.

Miss Ena Phyllis Rogers, daughter of the late John Francis Rogers and Mrs. Rogers, St. George St., Toronto, and a graduate of Loretto Academy, Niagara Falls, 1924, to Mr. Walter Edward Scott Tomenson, on Nov. 14th.

Miss Eleanor Rock, a former pupil of Loretto Academy, Guelph, to Mr. Jeremiah Grundy, on Oct. 26th.

Miss Mary McNulty, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. McNulty, Guelph, to Mr. Grumless, on Nov. 21st.

Miss Loretta Cunningham, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Cunningham, Joliet, Ill., to Mr. Raymond K. Smith, at St. Ramond's Church, Joliet, Ill., and Miss Mary Cunningham, also a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Cunningham, to Mr. William Brice, at St. Raymond's Church, Joliet, Ill.

Miss Carmen Dupuis, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. J. D. Dupuis, to Mr. Thomas J. Day, son of Mr. and Mrs. James E. Day, Toronto, at the Sacred Heart Church, Ottawa.

Miss Charlotte Clarke, a graduate of Loretto Academy, Woodlawn, to Mr. William H. Beneck.

Miss Catherine McBride, a graduate of Loretto Academy, Woodlawn, to Mr. Francis E. Quinn.

Miss Helen Zang, a graduate of Loretto Academy, Woodlawn, to Mr. William M. Walsh.

Congratulations to:

Mr. and Mrs. Robert B. Rankin (Alice Rooney) on the birth of a son.

Mr. and Mrs. Russell Coles Ball (Catherine Germaly), Detroit, on the birth of a son.

Dr. and Mrs. Archibald F. Macaulay, 182 Fourth Avenue, Ottawa, on the birth of a daughter.

Dr. H. H. and Mrs. Halloran (Edna McCarron), on the birth of a daughter.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Berthon (Innis Hearn) on the birth of a daughter.

Mr. and Mrs. George O. McConkey (Lillian Seitz), on the birth of a daughter.

Mr. and Mrs. Burr Price (Madeleine Coffee), New York, on the birth of a son.

Mr. and Mrs. Donald Mcdonnell (Kathleen O'Connor) on the birth of a daughter.

Mr. and Mrs. John Timpy (Coletta Galvin, 20, Sault Ste. Marie), on the birth of a daughter.

Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Green (Catherine Bridge), Chicago, on the birth of a daughter.

Mr. and Mrs. Matthew Cambell (Alma Keefe), Chicago, on the birth of a daughter.

Mr. and Mrs. Michael Powers (Marie Sweeney, alumna of Loretto, Englewood), Chicago, on the birth of a son.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Herold, Jr. (Beth Storey, alumna of Loretto, Niagara) on the birth of a daughter.

Mr. and Mrs. T. Raymond Mahoney (Mae Berube, a graduate of Loretto Academy, Sault Ste. Marie, Mich.), Detroit, on the birth of a son.

Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence J. Ryan (Eleanor Frances Cronin, a graduate of Loretto Academy, Englewood), on the birth of a daughter.

Mr. and Mrs. Melville Kelly (Marie McGoey, a former pupil of Loretto Abbey), 92 Fairlawn Avenue, Toronto, on the birth of a daughter.

Mr. and Mrs. Claude Halloran (Anne O'Grady), on the birth of a son.

* * * * *

Loretto Offers Deepest Sympathy to:

Mother M. da Pazzi and other members of the family, on the death of their father, Mr. Fayle.

Very Rev. Dean Egan, Stratford, Ont., on the death of his sister, Miss Katherine Egan.

Reverend Father W. Smith, on the death of his mother.

Mrs. Frank Cassidy, President of the Loretto Alumnae Association, Loretto Abbey, on the death of her brother, Mr. James Mitchell.

Mr. Arthur Anglin and family, on the death of Mrs. Anglin, and also on the death of the late Mrs. Anglin's mother, Lady Falconbridge.

Mrs. E. P. Kelly, the Honourable Manning Doherty and other members of the family, on the death of Miss Margueretta Doherty.

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Tremblay, Chicoutimi, P.Q., on the death of their daughter, Miss Gabrielle Tremblay, a former pupil of Loretto Abbey.

Mr. and Mrs. Peckham, on the death of their daughter, Miss Marjorie Peckham, a recent pupil of Loretto Abbey College School.

Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Long, on the death of their daughter, Miss Cecilia Long.

Mr. Joseph Cassidy, Miss Annie Cassidy, and other members of the family on the death of Mrs. Cassidy.

Mrs. Sarah Brady, Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Doyle, and other members of the family, on the death of their sister, Miss Mary Doyle.

Mr. Frank Quirke, Miss Marie Quirke and Miss Anna Quirke, on the death of their brother, Mr. Joseph Quirke, Stratford, Ont.

The relatives of the late Miss Alice Bossingham, a graduate of Loretto, Joliet, Ill., of the class of 1887.

Mr. and Mrs. Peters, Niagara Falls, on the death of their daughter, Miss Henrietta Peters, and also to Mrs. F. D. McCurn, Syracuse, N.Y., a sister.

Mr. and Mrs. Mullens (Mary O'Brien, a former pupil of Loretto Academy, Hamilton), on the death of their daughter, Miss Dorothy Mullens, a pupil of St. Cecilia's School.

Mrs. Cameron (Philomena Lion, alumna of Loretto, Niagara), Hornell, N.Y., on the death of her mother, Mrs. Lion.

Mrs. Cassin, Guelph, Ont., on the death of her husband, and also to Mrs. Keogh (Agnes Cassin, a former pupil of Loretto Academy, Guelph), the late Mr. Cassin's sister.

Mr. Edward Howitt, Guelph, and family, on the death of Mrs. Howitt.

Miss Lillian Stock and Miss Margaret Stock on the death of their brother, Mr. Edward Stock.

Miss Catherine Owens, Loretto Academy, Woodlawn, on the death of her father.

Mr. Albert Jana, Woodlawn, Chicago, and his daughter, Mrs. Martin, on the death of Mrs. Jana.

SCHOOL CHRONICLES

Loretto Abbey, Armour Heights.

Oct. 1st.—A Shakespearean recital—"Julius Caesar" by Mr. O. Garstang, very much enjoyed and of special interest to the English classes.

Oct. 3rd.—Field Day. The crisp autumn air helped to increase enthusiasm, and competition in the races and games was keen.

Oct. 5th.—We were all invited to spend the afternoon at the old Abbey, where the basketball teams played a game on the old court, followed by Benediction in the beautiful chapel and finally by a delightful afternoon-tea.

Oct. 30th. The Second Form entertained the School at a Hallowe'en party, to which we went in gay costumes cleverly contrived of borrowed "odds and ends" to represent famous characters.

Oct. 31st.—We all went to the very successful bazaar held in aid of Blessed Sacrament Church.

Nov. 1st, 2nd and 3rd.—Three precious days spent in retreat given by Reverend Father Garcia, Niagara University.

Nov. 15th. Nine of the graduates were delegated to attend the Mission Rally held at Niagara University. They enjoyed the warm hospitality of Loretto Academy and that of the University, where Solemn High Mass, the Mission Meeting, luncheon, and a very exciting football game were part of the day's programme. Meanwhile the girls at home gave an enjoyable little Bridge in aid of the Sodality booth at our fair.

Nov. 18th. Miss Lily Barry, Montreal, gave a much enjoyed talk on Canadian poets and afterwards recited for us some of her own charming poems.

Nov. 21st. A group of our graduates had a pleasant introduction to College social life at a Bridge given at Newman Club.

Nov. 29th and 30th.—Our play, a one-act comedy, entitled "Too Much Bobbie," and our fancy fair. The pretty booths in the gymnasium were admired and well patronized, everything was a success, and the day was enjoyed by both workers and visitors.

Dec. 18th. The reception of new members into the Sodality, a beautiful procession, Benediction, and a banquet in the evening, marked this great day, the Feast of the Immaculate Conception, and the Diamond Jubilee of the promulgation of the dogma.

Dec. 14th.—The swimming meet. Five girls in the silver medal class were captains of the teams, Miss Clara Dunn being captain of the team most successful in the numerous relays and games.

Aileen McGuire

Loretto Academy, Niagara Falls.

Oct. 11th. Loretto Niagara's first Field Day! A complete success. Miss Theo Elmsley wins the tennis championship; Miss Caro Hamilton the Senior championship, Miss Edwine Whitney the Intermediate championship, and Miss Lucy Atkinson the Junior championship.

Oct. 22nd. Reverend Father Lord, S.J., arrives unexpectedly and joy and enthusiasm

reign. We get the needed inspiration to begin our Sodality year well.

Oct. 24th.—Cups and medals are awarded to the winners on Field Day. There is also an impromptu S.S.C. meeting to put into working order some of the suggestions made by Reverend Father Lord.

Oct. 31st.—Our annual Hallowe'en masquerade. Miss Persis Owen and Miss Betty Cappellino win the prizes for the prettiest costumes, Miss Barbara Moore and Miss Roberta McKay for the most original costumes, and Miss Gayle Hancock and Miss Edwine Whitney for the funniest costumes.

Nov. 3rd.—Reverend Father Meade, Niagara University, makes our November Sodality meeting a memorable one by his inspiring talk on the Mass.

Nov. 5th.—At the request of the students a Requiem High Mass is offered in our Chapel for the repose of the soul of our dear Mother Paulina.

Nov. 8th.—Home for the first week-end of the year to celebrate the Canadian Thanksgiving.

Nov. 16th.—Accompanied by our charming guests from Loretto Abbey, Armour Heights, and Loretto Academy, Hamilton, we attend the big Mission Rally at Niagara University. From the beginning of the impressive Mass in the morning until the end of the spectacular game in the afternoon it is a wonderful day. Incidentally our Canadian friends from Toronto and Hamilton see their first American football game! We unanimously decide to do bigger and better things for the Missions.

Nov. 18th-23rd.—Fourth Year Mission Week. Sales, raffles and movies all help to make a grand total which is sent to our adopted missionary in China.

Dec. 7th.—Inspiring one-day retreat conducted by Reverend Father F. E. Bowen, S.J., Canisius College, Buffalo, in preparation for the Feast of the Immaculate Conception.

Dec. 8th.—A reception into the Sodality followed by an especially elaborate banquet mark this great day on which we celebrate the diamond jubilee of the promulgation of the great dogma of Immaculate Conception of Our Lady.

Dorothy Dwyer

Loretto Academy, Guelph.

Oct. 14th.—Our fellow-students of Loretto Abbey, Armour Heights, and Loretto, Niagara, will be pleased to hear that we have adopted their attractive uniform. We would like to see all "Loretto Girls" in this uniform. Would it not serve to draw still closer the loving bonds which unite us,—if that is possible?

Oct. 24th.—The basketball team played their first game with the Young Ladies' Sodality. It was a spirited game and well contested. Score 8-8.

Oct. 29th.—A delightful Hallowe'en party. After the Euchre and games, lunch was served; then all repaired to the gymnasium to dance. The prize for highest number of points at the Euchre was won by Miss Mildred Moran; that for the progressive games by Miss Margaret Thompson.

Nov. 14th and 15th.—The Retreat given by Reverend Father McCaffrey, S.J., will long be remembered as one of the outstanding events of our school life. The evening sermon, for those unable to come during the day, was exceptionally well attended.

Dec. 3rd.—The Feast of St. Francis Xavier, the Patron Saint of our beloved Father, Reverend Father Doyle, S.J. The Crusade members assisted at Mass and received Holy Communion.

Dec. 12th.—Large and enthusiastic audiences filled the hall of the Church of Our Lady for our Christmas Entertainment. Of it the Guelph "Mercury" said in part:

"From beginning to end the programme offered by the pupils of Loretto under the capable direction of their teachers, was a delight to beholders. The features of the evening were a play familiar and dear to many, but not too often presented in our city, "The Birds' Christmas Carol," and a beautiful little operetta of mediaeval times, "The Magi's Gift."

Special mention must be made of the easy stage-deportment and the really beautiful enunciation of speech practised throughout by the players, an achievement requiring some patience and skill on the parts of both caste and director. The costumes and stage setting are also deserving of mention.

Those who were privileged to witness this splendid evening's entertainment came away with the carol-music lingering in their ears, and a stirring of Christmas in their hearts, and had much to say of the talented young pupils and their patient and capable teachers, the Sisters of Loretto.

The programme was as follows:

PART I.

O Holy Night .....Adams
Bethlehem ..... Gounod
Senior Choral Class

Piano Hungarian . . . . . .MacDowell
Valse Chromotique. Godard
Miss Lenore Holland.

The Birds' Christmas Carol.

CAST.

Angel of the Prologue .....Miss Bessie Healey
Carol Bird [illegible]
Mrs. Bird [illegible]
Mr. Donald Bird .....Miss Alice Johnson
Uncle Jack .....Miss Teresa Verom
Nurse Elfrida .....Miss Gladys Dodds
Mrs. Ruggles (Who was a McGrill) .....
———...—Miss Marguerite McGowan
Sarah Maud .....Miss Helen Frank
Peter .....Miss Marie Barry
Peoria .....Miss Rena Vincentine
Kitty .....Miss Helen Howitt
Clement .....Miss Veronica Murray
Cornelius .....Miss Lily Marcello
Larry .....Miss Rita Schuett

Act I. Carol Bird's Room, a Week Before Christmas.
Act II.—The Ruggles' Home—Christmas Day.
Act III.—Same as Act I.—Christmas Night.

PART II.

Piano Solo Mazurka Op. 7, No. 1....Chopin
Boheme Polka Op. 82, No. 7....Rubenstein
Miss Marie Barry

The Magi's Gift (An Operetta)

Overture .....Miss Lenore Holland

Cast: Children of the Manor House.

Mary ..... Miss Margaret Thompson
Harold .....Miss Rosie Lazzari
Ann ..... Miss Grace O'Brien
Margaret .....Miss Margaret Bieker
Good Dame, The Children's Nurse . .
.....Miss Elizabeth Hart
Elsbeth, who lives at the Inn.....
.....Miss Mary Coyne
Thomas Moreley, Innkeeper . .
.....Miss Henrietta McGillivray
Tom, the Innkeeper's Son..Miss Mary Murray
Sir Arthur Hertford Crusader .
...Miss Margaret Jean Broadfoot
Spirit of Christmas Miss Kathleen Callaghan
The Jester .....Miss Edna Fagel
Shepherds Miss Marie Barry, Miss Mary Lamonte, Miss Loretto Hohenadel

Kings: Miss Margaret Cheevers, Miss Frances Werstine, Miss Jessie Meagher.

The Blessed Virgin... Miss Adeline Teehan

Carolers and Morrice Dancers.

The scene of the story is laid in Mediaeval England, on Christmas Eve. The Carolers sing of the coming of the Chirst Child. Elsbeth believes in the legion that Casper, the Magi, walks the highways on Christmas eve, with gifts and blessings for all who chance to meet him.

Accompanist ..... Miss Geraldine Schmuck

GOD SAVE THE KING

Dec. 16th.—An excellent exhibit of Art and Sewing.

Marguerite McGowan.

Loretto Abbey College School, Brunswick Avenue, Toronto.

Oct 18th.—Reverend Father Bourdreau, one of the five priests from St. Francis Xavier Seminary who will sail shortly for the Mission fields in China, paid us a farewell visit to-day.

Oct. 30th.—Forms III.A and III.B entertained the School at a Hallowe'en Party. Prizes for costumes were won by Miss Marywinn Slipper, a Crusader knight, and Miss Ruth Fremes, a Japanese girl.

Nov. 19th.—Miss Barry, Montreal, gave an entertaining and instructive lecture on Canadian poets.

Nov. 23rd.—Thirty-five of us in a big bus drove to Hamilton, to play our first game of the season. After the game (which they won, and we congratulate them), the Hamilton girls proved themselves as charming hostesses as they are good sports. We thoroughly enjoyed ourselves and are looking forward to the return game.

Nov. 28th and 29th.—We had the privilege of hearing Mr. Theodore Maynard, well known poet and essayist, who spoke one day on "Milton" and the following day on "Wordsworth."

Nov. 20th and 21st.—An altogether charming programme by the Junior pupils given first for the Community and the School, and then for parents and friends. It included Christmas carols, recitations, piano numbers, and two pretty plays, "The Baby Show" and "A Merry Christmas."

Dec. 6th.—A devout procession in honour of the Feast of the Immaculate Conception, next Sunday.

Patricia Callen.

Loretto Convent, Sioux Lookout, Ont.

Nov 1st.—The Sacred Heart Church was the scene of a reception of pupils into a newly-organized St. John Berchmans Society. Its object is two-fold: training in serving at the altar, and in boyhood ideals. The ceremony closed with Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament for which the girls' choir sang. On the following Tuesday the election of officers took place in the Parish Hall and was followed by a luncheon.

On the same day began our semi-annual Forty Hours' Devotion, conducted by Reverend Father d'Eschambault. Rich hanging and beautiful flowers adorned the altar and the school children provided the special music for the devotions.

The feast of St John Berchmans brought an addition of seven members to the Society. A special Benediction was given in the Convent Chapel, where Reverend Father Coutour addressed the assembled boys who afterwards repaired to the Parish Hall for an enjoyable meeting and luncheon.

Loretto Academy, Hamilton.

Nov. 5th. The students of St. Joseph's School presented a delightful musical programme.

Nov. 7th. An interesting illustrated lecture by a member of the local Board of Health.

Nov. 23rd. We entertained and defeated our good friends of the basketball teams from Loretto Abbey College School, Brunswick Avenue, Toronto. Whichever side wins we always enjoy these reunions, and this one was especially delightful in every way.

Nov. 27th. Mr. Theodore Maynard gave a recital of his own poems with fitting commentaries to the students of Loretto Academy and their friends this evening.

Miss George Anne Dell, B.A., a graduate of Loretto Abbey College, introduced the poet in a happily phrased speech, and Mr. Philip Austin moved a vote of thanks, which was enthusiastically echoed by the audience.

Helen McCulloch.

Dec. 4th.—A very inspiring talk on the modern Christian girl was given us by Reverend Father Growney, of the Nativity Church, Buffalo, N.Y. Some of the most helpful remarks were that God has implanted in a girl's nature qualities that give her a charm that is irresistible in its influence for good, when developed according to the Divine plan. If we need to be convinced that there is nothing lovelier on earth than an innocent young girl, let us recall the fact that when God chose to become Man, it was a young girl about fifteen years old that He selected for His Mother. Then the speaker said he was going to paint a picture for us with the Blessed Virgin as model and just as an artist cannot paint with water or oil only, but must use colours, so he would use three colours. The first is modesty that safeguards innocence; the second, moral character, that is strength to say no when it should be said; the third is love of home and of religion. Each of these points was developed in a way that showed how perfectly these qualities were realized in our Blessed Mother. We all agreed that Father Growney's talk would spur us on to be more like the beautiful model he set before us, and we hope that at some time in the near future we shall have the privilege of learning from the same eloquent speaker still more about the ideal Catholic girl.

Margaret Grace.

Dec. 8th. This feast of the Immaculate Conception, the Diamond Jubilee of the proclamation of the Dogma, will ever be a memorable one to the students of Loretto, Hamilton. Our Lady's shrine in the chapel was beautiful with its decorations of lights and flowers. Among the latter we hope our Blessed Mother was able to find our spiritual blossoms gathered with more or less effort during the novena for the Feast. After benediction eighteen new members were received into the Sodality. Reverend Dr. J. O'Reilly conducted the ceremony and gave a very instructive talk on devotion to the Blessed Virgin. It was his privilege a year ago to celebrate Mass in the crypt under the rock on which Our Lady stood at Lourdes. His Mass was served by an elderly man who afterwards told Dr. O'Reilly that thirty years before he had been miraculously cured and converted there, and now he was spending his life at Lourdes helping those who came for relief.

After the ceremony the "old" members of the Sodality gave a banquet for the "new" ones in the auditorium. Miss Margaret Grace, the President, after a brief speech of welcome, gave an historic sketch showing that the feast

of the Immaculate Conception had been celebrated by the Church from the earliest ages, and in various parts of the world. A very delightful programme was arranged which included a short account of the Miraculous Medal by Miss Marion Flynn, piano solos by Misses Ruth Dooley, Nora Nelligan and Margaret Gillen, and quotations from the writings of devotees of Our Lady by the new members of the Sodality. After the banquet all united in singing "Mater Admirabilis."

Marion Flynn.

Loretto High School, Englewood, Chicago.

Oct. 11th. Patriots all! The Englewood girls celebrated Pulaski Day, as designated by Presidential Proclamation.

Oct. 31st. Following a tradition of Loretto, Englewood, the Sophs gave a Hallowe'en party.

Nov. 1st. We attended a convention of the Sodality and were all aglow with interest and enthusiasm.

Nov. 7th.—Miss Graves came to our school and played selections from the classical composers.

Nov. 11th. Armistice was properly commemorated by a free day.

Nov. 15th.—Efficiency experts insisted on a condensed celebration of Education Week. The entire programme was held on Friday afternoon.

The Loyola players gave a benefit performance of "Little Old New York" for Loretto High School.

Nov. 20th. Four Seniors represented the school at the All State High School Convent on at Champaign, Ill.

Nov. 23rd. On the air—Loretto Art Students broadcasting from Station WMAQ. We listened in and were so proud.

Nov. 25th. A belated but much enjoyed celebration of St. Cecilia's Feast was held in the form of a Musicale.

Marjorie Leary, '30.

Education Week Programme.

Miss Helen Sheehan, by an interesting address on Catholic Education, appropriately opened our Education Week on Friday, November 15th. To the entire school, the advantages of the study of Latin were plainly shown through a play given by the Freshmen. The interest of the audience was then held by a paper on Citizenship read by Miss Virginia Cheevers.

The Senior Theory Class, accompanied by Miss Margaret Ryan of the Sophomores, gave the next number. The last, but certainly not the least, was the presentation by the Junior Class of the Third Act of MacBeth. Costumes and scenery were supplied by the Sophomore Sewing Class. As ever the spell of Shakespeare worked its magic and held the audience enthralled by this powerful drama.

Margaret Hoffman, '30.

Loretto Academy, Sault Ste. Marie, Mich.

Oct. 22nd.—The pupils of our Grammar and High School presented the beautiful pageant, "The Shepherd and His Flock," in honour of the Silver Jubilee of our dear Pastor, Very Reverend John J. Stenglein. The pageant came to a grand close when after the presentation of the Shepherd's crook and a huge bouquet of roses to our Shepherd, the entire school joined in the beautiful hymn, "Jubilate Deo!"

Oct. 24th.—The celebration by the parish, of the Silver Jubilee of our Pastor was the most elaborate of its kind ever attended by

the many guests who were present. The church was beautifully decorated in silver, and there were many large baskets of flowers, gifts of various societies. A great many Masses were said and some of us were so fortunate as to hear eight and nine. Right Reverend Bishop Paul Joseph Neussbaum was present at the Solemn High Mass sung by Very Reverend Dean Stenglein.

Nov. 20th.—Miss Blanche Emery of the Ypsilanti Normal School, called and gave us a very profitable lecture on books, this being Book Week.

Nov. 21st.—The Senior Class sponsored a box-social which was held this afternoon in the recreation hall. The proceeds went toward our library fund.

Constance Lucas, '30.

Loretto Convent, Sedley, Sask.

Oct. 31st.—Hallowe'en. In the morning grades XI. and XII. heard over the radio the Requiem Mass for His Grace Archbishop Mathieu. In the afternoon Grades IX. and X. gave a merry Hallowe'en party for Grades XI. and XII. After a Hallowe'en supper the boarders gave an enjoyable concert for the Community.

Nov. 11th.—Thanksgiving! A three-day holiday—a thing as precious as it is rare—was given to all the students.

Nov. 12th.—Feast of St. Cecilia, celebrated by a recital. Every selection of the delightful programme was enjoyed. We had also the pleasure of having with us a former pupil of the Convent, Miss Myrle Kildea, who was the winner of a gold medal, given by the Catholic Women's League of Sedley, for the highest average in the examinations of the Toronto Conservatory of Music. Miss Kildea obtained honour standing in Counterpoint, History, Form, and Pedagogy, as well as being successful in the teachers' course of A.T.C.M.

Dec. 4th.—Formal opening of the rink! A large crowd assembled to celebrate the event.

Dec. 6th, 7th and 8th. Forty Hours' Devotion! These three days were gladly welcomed by all the members of the parish, who showed their devotion to the Blessed Sacrament by their frequent visits to adore Our Lord upon the altar during the time of Exposition. Reverend Father Janssen was assisted by Reverend Father Carlin, S.J., Champion College, Regina, during these three days of special devotion.

Dec. 8th.—Thirteen girls were received into the Sodality of the Children of Mary. Reverend Father Carlin, who officiated, delivered an eloquent sermon in which he dwelt on present-day conditions and the need the world has of the Almighty God it is trying to forget.

Following the ceremony was a delightful party for the "new" Children of Mary.

Annie Froh

St. Bride Convent, Chicago.

Oct. 8th and 15th.—Motion Pictures under the auspices of the Chicago Surface Lines Company were given to promote safety on the street for children, and to encourage the Safety Patrol to more efficient work.

Oct. 25th.—Under the direction of the Conn Concert Company the St. Bride Band was formed. Regular classes are conducted weekly. Some of the enjoyable numbers of the Junior Christmas Entertainment were rendered by the band.

Nov. 18th.—Election of officers for the Sodality of the Children of Mary resulted as follows: Miss Mary Connelly, President; Miss Loretto McIntyre, Vice-President; Miss Mar-

tha Smet, Treasurer; Miss Elizabeth Felix, Secretary.

Dec. 5th.—The Sodality of the Children of Mary held its annual December party.

Dec. 19th.—The Junior students of St. Bride School presented the Christmas Entertainment, "Santa Claus Workshop," by the Reverend Daniel A. Lord, S.J.

Elizabeth Felix.

Loretto Academy, Stratford.

Oct 21st.—The distribution of prizes of the Cartier-McGee Scholarships was made at Loretto Academy by Right Reverend Monsignor O'Connor, St. Peter's Seminary, London, assisted by Very Reverend Dean D. G. Egan, and by Reverend W. J. Kelly, Stratford. A programme consisting of a Hymn to the Jesuit Martyrs, composed by a member of the Loretto Community, a piano solo by Miss Doris Quilter, and vocal solos by Miss Calista Heinbuch were enthusiastically received by an appreciative audience. Monsignor O'Connor then gave an eloquent address in which he showed to how great an extent Catholic men have contributed to the present development and success of Canada. The Monsignor referred in particular to the three great men whose lives formed the subject of the essay—Champlain, the Right Reverend Alexander MacDonell, and Father Lacombe, Missionary and Nation Builder. All three are striking examples of the truth that in the Catholic Church piety and patriotism go hand in hand.

The following prizes were awarded:—For Loretto Academy, Stratford, for essay on Father Lacombe, Miss Mary Tillman, now of Loretto Abbey, Armour Heights, $25.00.

For High Schools in Stratford Deanery, on "The Life and Times of Bishop A. MacDonell, Miss Paula Tillman, Loretto Academy, now also at Loretto Abbey, Armour Heights, 1st prize of $15.00. Miss Katherine Stewart and Miss Monica Gaunt, also pupils of Loretto Academy, prizes of $5.00.

A vote of thanks was made to the reverend clergy of the Diocese of London for their share in the Cartier-McGee Scholarship Fund, by Miss Kathleen McIlroy, and the meeting closed with the singing of "God Save the King."

Oct. 12th.—Basketball game with the team from Loretto Academy, Hamilton. The score? Sh ! ! But congratulations to the Hamilton team.

Oct. 31st.—A Hallowe'en masquerade party given to-night by the Young Ladies' Sodality, in our auditorium. A delightful evening was spent in games and dances, followed by dainty refreshments.

Nov. 16th.—Initiation night for the new members of St. Cecilia's Club.

Nov. 24th.—The members of St. Cecilia's Club held their annual banquet in the auditorium of Loretto Academy. The room was beautifully decorated in the club colors: red, white, and green, and the long tables with bouquets of chrysanthemums and tall white candles in red and green holders. A musical programme was artistically rendered by Miss Mary Stuart Townsend, A.T.C.M., a Loretto graduate of Hamilton, who is winning distinction in the musical world. Miss Townsend, who was introduced by Miss Iona Seigner, President of the Club, gave a short description of each number of the programme, which follows: Rondo Gavotte, Bach; Polonaise in C Minor, Chopin; Stacatto Caprice, Vogrich; The Juggler, Moskowski. Morning, "Peer Gynt," Greig.

At the conclusion of this interesting and enjoyable programme the Very Reverend J.

Egan and the Reverend W. J. Kelly, guests of the evening, addressed the Club, contributing to the evening's pleasure by their genial words. A hearty vote of thanks was then tendered to Miss Townsend by Miss Calista Heinbuch, after which followed a hymn to St. Cecilia, Patroness of the Club.

Dec. 10th. An interesting Musicale was given to-night in our auditorium by the students. The artistic rendering of the different numbers showed careful training and diligent study. Certificates were presented by Reverend L. Kelly to the students successful at the music examinations in June. Father Kelly encouraged the pupils to continue their study of music. He dwelt on its elevating influence, and instanced the life of Cardinal Newman to illustrate its power.

Dec. 18th. "Why The Chimes Rang," and "Mistress Castlemaine's Christmas Dinner" will be presented to-day by the Academy students. Dramatis personnae of the former: Holger, a peasant boy, Miss Nora McIlroy; Steen, his little brother, Miss Kathleen Reinhart; Bertel, a forester, their uncle, Miss Josephine Pigeon; An Old Woman, Miss Beatrice Bradley; Angel, Miss Helen Abraham; Pilgrim, presenting gifts to the Christ Child; Courtier, Miss Kathleen McIlroy; Wealthy Young Man, Miss Catherine Simpson; Proud Woman, Miss Helen Cloney; Aged Scholar, Miss Corine Lamphier; Young Girl, Miss Monica Gaunt; King, Miss Kathleen Brooks.

The pupils who took part in "Mistress Castelmaine's Christmas Dinner" were: Misses Calista Heinbuch, Iona Seigner, Frances Kappelle, Ilene Seigner, Dorothy McLaughlin, Margaret Keane, Blanche Dixon and Yvonne Mahoney.

Jean Cole

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RYRIE-BIRKS

DIAMONDS

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CONTENTS

184. Promise ..... Naomi St. G. Anglin, 3T3.
185. Letters .....
186. The Late Cardinal Merry del Val.....
188. Congratulations to Canada's New Prelates .....
189. El-Khalil ..... Reverend Francis P. Carroll.
192. Faith ..... Rose Terry.
192. Relief ..... Marjorie Leary.
193. St. Ignatius and Modern Tests ..... Mother M. Agatha, I.B.V.M.
195. The Spring O' the Year ..... P. J. Coleman, M.A.
196. Loretto Abbey, Armour Heights .....
197. St. Ann to Mary, Her Daughter ..... Reverend William Fraser.
198. Anne ..... Dorothy B.
199. Anne Sutherland ..... Catherine Mace Shea, 3T2.
199. St. Francis de Sales' Society For the Catholic Deaf.....
200. The Death of Mr. John E. McElderry ..... H.M.R.
200. The Late Major Hilary French .....
200. The Coming Convention ..... Reverend Daniel Lord, S.J.
201. In the Spring a Maiden's Fancy ..... H.M.R., 3T0.
202. St. Hildegard ..... Dorothy Smith, 3T2
203. Successful Students of Loretto Abbey College.....
204. The Life in Letters of Simplicia Borgia.....
206. College Notes ..... A Junior
207. Canadian Poets ..... Margaret Lang.
207. Afterglow ..... Margaret Ash.
208. Familiar Books ..... Dorothy Marks.
209. What It Means to Me to Be a Loretto Girl..... Caro Hamilton.
210. Basketball, Loretto Abbey .....
212. Basketball, Loretto Academy, Englewood
213. Friends ..... Catherine Walsh
214. Basketball, Loretto Academy, Woodlawn .....
215. The Girl For Us ..... Dorothy Le Tourneau.
216. At Loretto Academy, Guelph
216. Refuge ..... Alice M. Goetter
217. Triumphal Marches ..... Noel Finlan.
218. Orchestra, Loretto Academy, Woodlawn
218. Loretto Snow Bound ..... Eunice Kurtz
219. Suspense ..... Patsy Laird

219. Traffic ..... Jane Elinor Rankin.
220. The High School, Loretto Academy, Guelph .....
221. Canadian Artists ..... Thelma McKay.
221. The Unwelcome Guest ..... Margaret McEvoy.
222. To Mother ..... Alma Eberl.
222. Mother ..... Marion Moylan.
223. Out of the West ..... Margaret Cmarik.
225. A Walk in the Woods in Spring ..... Margaret Hyde.
226. After the Fire ..... Lottie Lawless.
226. Back in the Backyard ..... Anna Alfonso.
227. The Mission Page .....
228. Alumnae Notes .....
233. What It Means to Me to Be a Loretto Girl ..... Annie Froh.
234. School Chronicles .....

PROMISE

By NAOMI ST. G. ANGLIN, 3T3.

Last night I saw the Crucified agleam against the sky;
I raised my head in fear to meet the suffering in His eye;
I strained my ear in vain, to catch the anguish of His cry;
But stillness held the earth about this newer Calvary.
His lips were sweet with silent prayer and peace was on His breath;
I thought He almost seemed to smile upon the land beneath.
His helpless hands were filled with gifts of light, and hope, and faith.
And in His eyes was smiled Love triumphant over death.
Night dropped into the sea of time, hour after liquid hour,
Till lo! behind that pallid form, dawn blossomed like a flower.

LORETTO RAINBOW

Earth's noblest thing—a woman perfected.

VOL. XXXVI. TORONTO, APRIL, 1930 No. 4

Vatican City, January 18th, 1930.

Very Reverend Mother:

Fifty years having elapsed since our Holy Father first offered up the Divine Sacrifice, the sisters and students of your Institute, through their loyal devotion towards him, could not refrain from again expressing in a very kind letter, their good wishes and generous gift.

For this kind rememberance and for the spiritual bouquet, the August Pontiff is deeply grateful; acknowledging with a fatherly heart your courtesy and good wishes, he begs God to grant you all salutary blessings.

May the Apostolic Blessing, which His Holiness grants permanently in the Lord to you, to all the sisters of your Institute and to the students, be truly prolific of all heavenly gifts.

Sending this message to you, I, likewise wish to remain,

Respectfully yours,

J. CARD. GASPARI.

Vatican City, February 18th, 1930.

Very Reverend Mother General:

It is my pleasure to inform you that the Holy Father has received the special number of "The Rainbow," and that in token of his gratitude to you and to all the congregation imparts heartily the Apostolic Blessing,

With cordial greetings,

Devotedly in Christ,

JAC. DIEGO VENINI.

THE LATE CARDINAL MERRY DEL VAL AS APOSTOLIC DELEGATE TO CANADA IN 1899.

Raphael Merry del Val

In the recent death of His Eminence Cardinal Merry del Val, the members of the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary mourn a highly esteemed personal friend and also the Cardinal Protector of their Institute. When His Eminence came to Canada as Apostolic Delegate, in October, 1899, he visited several convents of the Institute, where he offered the Holy Sacrifice, and afforded the religious the privilege of meeting him socially. At Loretto Abbey, he was the guest of honour at a banquet attended by the reverend clergy of the Archdiocese and prominent citizens of Toronto.

During a second visit to Canada, he called at Loretto Academy, Niagara Falls, while the annual retreat was in progress. So great was his esteem for the Exercises of St. Ignatius, he said, that he would not allow any formal reception in his honour, but addressed the retreatants in the chapel, and imparted his blessing to all assembled.

As Cardinal Protector of the Institute, His Eminence took an active and kindly interest in its wel

PHOTOGRAPH OF THE CARDINAL PROTECTOR WHICH HE SENT TO LORETTO ABBEY LAST YEAR, ON THE OCCASION OF HIS SILVER JUBILEE AS A CARDINAL.

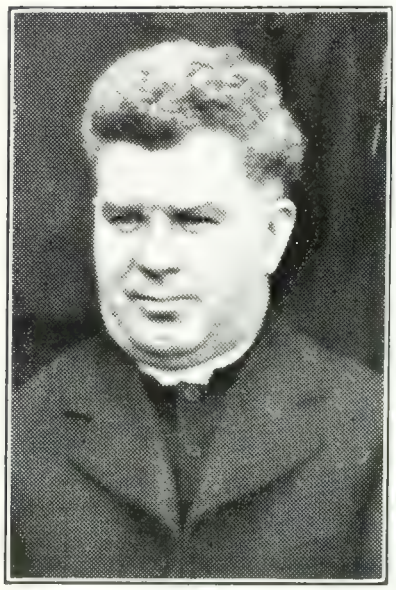
To the Mother Superior and Community of the Institute of B.V.M. in Toronto. – God bless you all.
Rome, February 25th 1929. F. Card. Merry del Val

iare, keeping in touch with its progress, and in fatherly relationship with its members. Many of his beautiful letters have now an honoured place among the treasures of the archives.

Loretto's tribute to the deceased Cardinal took its form in the united Masses, Holy Communions and prayers of the various communities which comprise the Institute in Canada and the United States. Besides a High Mass of Requiem in each house of the Institute there was likewise offered a Requiem Mass in every parish church with which the sisters are associated in their teaching capacity. Thousands of pupil assisted at these Masses, and also showed their loyal devotedness to the Cardinal Protector by offering a Holy Communion for the repose of his soul.

Of special interest to these pupils in their zealous Crusade for the Missions, and to the teachers who promote this work among them, is the will of the Great Cardinal who left his entire estate to be devoted to poor missions. He asked for the humblest burial possible, but that he should be buried close "to my beloved father and pontiff, Pius X."

Congratulations to Canada's New Prelates



Right Reverend G. Murray, Bishop of Victoria, B. C.

Reverend Father Gerald Murray, C.SS.R., head of the Canadian English Province of the Redemptorist Order, and now Bishop-elect of Victoria, in his short sojourn in Toronto, has made for himself a great many admiring friends among whom Loretto is proud to claim a place. Father Murray's removal is a distinct spiritual loss to Toronto, yet his career as priest, professor, and Superior in the Redemptorist order, his scholarly attainments and his piety of life are pledges of his fitness for the responsibility conferred upon him by the Holy See.

Right Reverend Dennis O'Connor, V.G., Bishop of Peterborough, Ont.

Right Reverend Monsignor Dennis O'Connor, Vicar General of London and now Bishop-elect of Peterborough, is a well-known and much appreciated friend of the Loretto Community — well known through his sister and other relatives in the community, and valued by all for many acts of courtesy in the course of his priestly career in London where for years he has occupied the chair of Dogmatic Theology at St. Peter's Seminary. The brilliance of his abilities and attainments is only matched by his unselfish goodness, and the prayers of the community will follow him in his new and wider field. Monsignor O'Connor is a worthy namesake and relative of the late Archbishop Dennis O'Connor of Toronto.

Most Reverend J. C. McGuigan V.G., Archbishop of Regina, Sask.

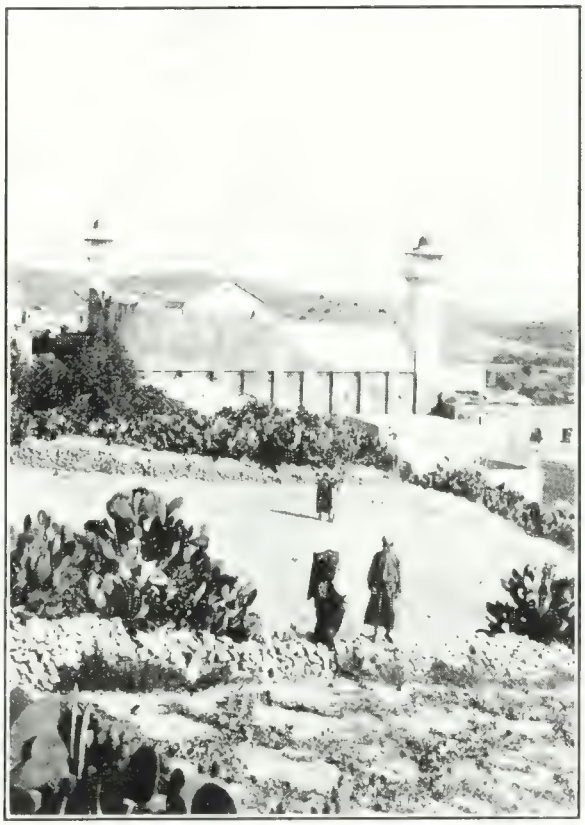
As successor to the late Archbishop Mathieu, of Regina, Monsignor J. C. McGuigan, Vicar-General of Edmonton, will be accorded a filial welcome by the members of the Community of Loretto Convent, Sedley, Sask., who are in the Archdiocese of Regina. Monsignor McGuigan is one of the many apostolic workers in Canada who by their transference unite so happily the zealous ambitions of the East and the West. He is the youngest priest in Canada to be raised to the archiepiscopal dignity, but all unite in proclaiming his maturity of ability and wisdom.

EL-KHALIL

By REVEREND FRANCIS P. CARROLL.

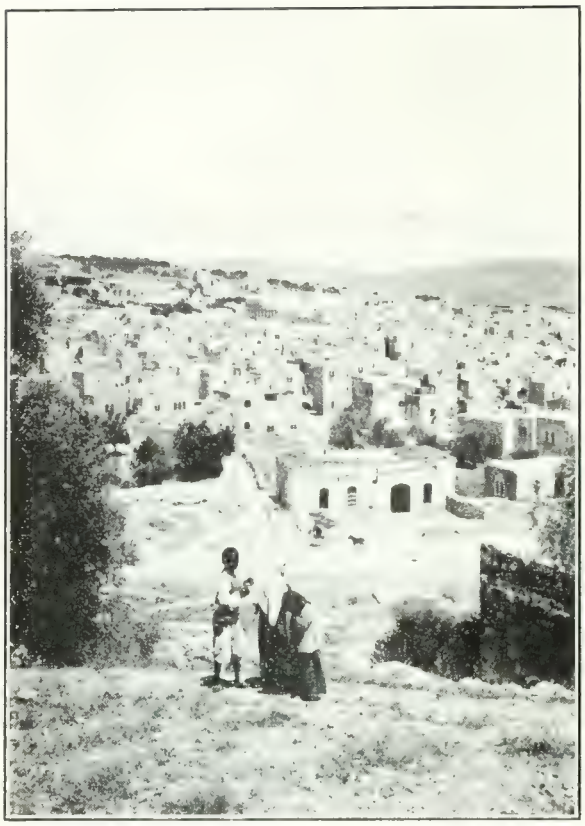
Throughout the district of southern Palestine, the words "el-Khalil," ("The Friend") frequently appear in designations of localities. The gate of Jerusalem which leads to the south is known by pilgrims and visitors as the Jaffa Gate; but the natives call it Bab el-Khalil, The Gate of the Friend. The road which skirts the edge of Bethlehem and connects the Holy City with Hebron is "The Road of the Friend," and Hebron itself, the largest town in southern Palestine, goes by the name of "el-Khalil." Further south,the designation persists. The modern highway to Bersabee enters the desert by the Wady el-Khalil, the Valley of the Friend. We might be inclined to ask who was the Friend who gave his name to so many places, if we did not know that this is the country of Abraham. Four thousand years ago, as a wandering shepherd, he pitched his tents among these hills. At that time he was known only as "The Friend of God," and by that name he is remembered still in the country in which he lies buried.

Yet it is with the town of el-Khalil that the memory of the Father of the Faithful, is most closely associated. Hebron is one of the oldest continuously inhabited cities in the world. Long before Abraham " moved his tent and dwelt in the vale of Mambre," Hebron had a history as Arab's town. (Num. xiii., 23); and when Josephus wrote, it was already over two thousand years old. In the time of Abraham, it was a walled city of importance; for when he bought the field of Macphela, the contract was concluded in the presence " of all that went in at the gate." (Gen. xxii, 10).



A VIEW OF HARAM EL KHALIL FROM THE NORTH. THE CHURCH IS VISIBLE.

It was here that the patriarch lived, and here he was buried. From Hebron, too, Joseph, his greatgrandson, set out to seek his brethren in Sichem; and to Hebron, those brethren returned bearing to Jacob the blood-stained coat of many colors. Utterly destroyed by Josue, following the conquest of Oham, its king, at the famous battle when "the sun stood still," it soon became the chief city of the House of Caleb. David lived in Hebron, and, for seven years, ruled therein as king of the tribe of Juda. Here it was that Absalom was born; at its gates,



HEBRON FROM THE NORTH-WEST. HARAM EL-KHALIL IN THE CENTRE OF THE PICTURE.

Abner was treacherously done to death by Joab; and by its pool, the murderers of Ishbosheth were hanged. Hither came the rebellious Absalom to sound the trumpet of his unnatural revolt and to proclaim to all Israel: "Absalom reigneth in Hebron."

The captivity of Babylon brought at Idumean inhabitants, who dwelt within its limits until Judas Machabeus "burnt its walls and the towers all around it." (I. Mach. v., 65). Again Hebron suffered destruction from Cerealis, the Roman, shortly before the fall of Jerusalem, and again [illegible] from its ruins. The Crusaders captured it, and established in the Castle of St. Abraham as they named it, a Latin bishopric. This was in 1167. Twenty years later it fell into the hands of Saladin.

What hosts of men have fallen round this ancient settlement since Arba gave it his name. On what camps and columns has it looked, through the centuries, since the children of Heth first saw the strange Hebrews wander along its valleys. Within sight of every Egyption and Assyrian invasion of the land, Hebron has sometimes suffered, and sometimes seen the invader pass by,—Alexander, the legions of Rome, the armies of the Cross, Arabs and Turcomans,—but always has Hebron come to life again.

The town still stands in the valley of Escol, from which the spies of Moses carried the sample grapes; and on the slopes of the valley there are still extensive vineyards which give name and fame to Hebron wine. The present city seems to be heaped up and around the Haram el-Khalil. One or two of the gates still remain, but the walls have vanished. Yet its tall stone houses, its narrow, tortuous streets, its picturesque vaulted bazaars, which display the sheep-skin coats and blown glass for which the place is renowned, make of Hebron a remarkably complete specimen of an Arab city. Except for a small Jewish community, which suffered severely during the recent Palestinian riots, Hebron is a Moslem town of over 16,000 inhabitants; and, owing to its connection with Abraham is a place of intense Moslem veneration.

The chief object of interest in this ancient city is the Haram el-Khalil, the sacred area which encloses and surmounts the Cave of Machpela. It is a spot sacred alike to Christian, Jew and Moslem, for here lie entombed Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, and their wives. The Haram, or "Sacred Enclosure," consists of an outer wall, 200 feet in length, and 112 feet in width,

surrounding a mosque. The outer wall presents the appearance of a fortress, being composed of large drafted stone blocks, and reaching a height of about forty feet. This wall dates from the days of Herod the Great, who, no doubt, erected it to further his policy of pleasing the Jews. Two long flights of steps, one on the north and the other on the south, lead between the outer wall and a modern enclosing wall into the interior of the Sanctuary. Near the fifth step there is a narrow opening in the inner wall, and this the Jews believe communicates with the tomb of the Patriarch. Hither each Friday come the Jews to make their lamentations, as those of Jerusalem do at the Wailing Place in that city. Petitions addressed by childless women to Sara are passed through this hole into the cave below. At the sixth step, a spear, painted on the wall, indicates the limit of entry allowed to Jews and Christians. For the Haram el-Khalil is closed to non-Moslems.

Yet on rare occasions concessions are granted to Christian visitors, due, to a great extent, to the archeological work done in the Haram, a few years ago, by Rev. Père Vincent, O.P., who examined the place under the direction of the British Government. After three visits to Hebron, and after permits and permissions had been obtained from the Moslem Supreme Council in Jerusalem, entry was gained by the writer along with four others from the Ecole Biblique.

On mounting the long flight of stairs, which brings the visitor to a level above the Cave of Macphela, Turkish slippers are put on, and entry is made midway between the north and south staircases. The interior consists of the narthex of an ancient Christian Church at the south, a covered chamber of fairly modern construction at the north, and an open courtyard between. It is with feelings of sadness that a Christian enters this guarded area, for the ancient pillars and arches speak of Byzantine Christianity and the Crusaders. All that now remains of the Christian Church is used as a Mohammedan Mosque. Except for the marble with which Christian hands had overlaid its walls, nothing adorns its interior. Rudely painted inscriptions from the Koran, a single reading chair, a pulpit, and numerous praying mats comprise its contents. In the wall, facing Mecca, a prayer niche has been built towards which the worshipper turns. Beneath this ancient church lie the remains of Isaac and Rebecca. Beneath the central courtyard, which was once covered by the Byzantine church, are the tombs of Abraham and Sara; whilst to the north, below the modern chambers, are the

CHAPEL OVER TOMB OF ISAAC.

graves of Jacob and Lia. The position of each tomb is marked by a small chapel covered with heavily embroidered curtains. Originally the church covered the six tombs, but now, due to the vicissitudes of war and earthquake, only the narthex remains.

This area, as it has been noted, stands over "the Double Cave" purchased from "the sons of Heth" by Abraham. Entrance to the cave itself is forbidden everyone. A hole in the floor of the mosque shows a square chamber below, which likely is the vestibule of the cave. At infrequent intervals, a boy is let down into this compartment to collect the petitions which have been thrown into it; but no one enters the cave itself.

Such is Hebron's greatest monument, truly a sacred site which gathers together Moslem, Jew and Christian. The Moslem guards it jealously as dear and holy. The Jew from every land draws near to it with reverence and love, even though he is only allowed to see and touch its outer wall. Christians of every tongue and kindred visit the spot with equal respect and affection. All come to do honour to the memory of him who, forty centuries ago, was known, and is known still, as "El-Khalil" "The Friend of God."

FAITH.

By Rose Terry.

Beyond this life, enshrouded from my sight,
An all-wise Judge withholds a while His wrath;
More splendid than the sun, His dazzling might
Dismays my soul—an atom in His path.
He holds the universe within His hand,
And gates eternal at His word divide:
O mystic Dread! I cannot understand;
I cannot see,—and I
Am terrified!

Behind the humble tabernacle door,
He waits, who healed the blind and raised the dead,
Forgave the thief and cured the leper's sore;
Pity and mercy as He walked He shed.
The raging waves were still at His command;
On children's heads His gently hand was laid:
O mystic Love! I cannot understand;
I cannot see,—and I
Am not afraid.

RELIEF.

Three crosses there against the sky;
Three figures in their misery:
Two from the very dregs of life;
One, God of all Eternity.

And when the hours three had passed,
His pain shot head low on His breast
He rendered back to God His Soul
In His "Consummatum est."

All the earth was darkened;
The temple veil was rent;
A mighty rumbling shook the earth,
As nature to her pain gave vent.

But for the sorrowing Mother,
There was but one relief
The dead Christ in her aching arms,
She knelt, bowed down in grief.

Marjorie Leary, '30,
Loretto High School,
Englewood, Chicago.

ST. IGNATIUS AND MODERN TESTS

By Mother M. Agatha, I.B.V.M.

Physics emerged from mythology, astronomy from astrology and chemistry from alchemy by the instrumentality of a system of exact measurements. These sciences have made such rapid progress in the past century that educators conceived the idea that the science of education could be evolved from the confusion of facts and theories which had been its undoing in recent years, by formulating a system of tests and measurements. Consequently, data have been collected, interpreted and visualized, with the result that by the use of measurements, teaching has become more efficient.

At first, there were many objections to the use of educational and mental tests, but, by careful consideration of units and providing that a test should measure what it was supposed to measure and nothing else, sufficient success has been attained in testing to merit the favor of the majority and now the use and approval of measurement in education is assured.

These mental and achievement tests are varied and of wide range. They measure the aptitude and degrees of proficiency attained by students in all sorts of achievements, but, as Professor McCall has stated "Though we may, by means of an efficient testing program, directed by a trained psychologist, determine what a person *can* do, we cannot determine what he *will* do.

It is by the functioning of this special faculty "free will" that the individual produces in his being the "final differentiation" or personality which so baffles those who attempt to rate it in specified units.

That experimentation in this field is attracting many is evidenced by the number of articles on this subject that appear in current educational magazines.

In "The Vocational Guidance Magazine," Mr. G. B. Watson of Columbia University submits a review of the various measures and scales that have been devised for the rating of character.

He lists over eighty tests that have been used with varying results and concludes his articles by saying: "Some of these tests show high promise. Most of them show considerable ingenuity. Very few of them as yet, show high reliability and obvious validity." So much for modern testing of character.

Following the advice of G. K. Chesterton, and reverting to the past, one finds that the testing of character is by no means a new venture.

In that brilliant period of the Renaissance, when free thought was working havoc with free will, an engaging personality—Ignatius of Loyola—shone forth and did much to restore order by promoting disciplined activity.

He offered a plan for testing and measuring character, his "Spiritual Exercises." Some may object to this assertion, but, the consideration of certain facts gives assurance to this conclusion.

In considering any measuring test these points must be observed: The aptitude or specific achievement that is to be measured must be selected, and since all measurement is based on the ability to overcome resistance, the ultimate end of the aptitude or achievement must be determined, as also the resistance that can rightly test it.

A scale of measurement in terms of a fitting unit must be constructed and the highest and lowest points of this scale designated.

According to Professor Watson, the Army uses the "Scott Scale" in measuring character. This scale is often called the "human ladder"

and in it some persons are selected as representatives of certain points. Each individual is then rated with reference to these fixed, personified points. In administering any test, it is imperative that the person doing so must know what he is about.

Surveying the Exercises of St. Ignatius with reference to these four points, they are found to fulfill all requirements. First, by fitting meditations the Exercises cause the person following them to see clearly and realize that he has been created by God and consequently belongs to Him; that the end or purpose of his being is to praise and reverence God, and by serving Him, to save his soul. The means to attain his end is the use of creatures. A misuse of this end leads to sin and final ruin.

The subject then tests himself by examining his conscience as to his use of creatures, after which he is directed to rate himself by the Ignatian Scale, "The Three Classes of Men," one certainly similar to the "Scott Scale." It presents to the subject three different men, each confronted with the same obstacle to the attainment of his end. The first man wishes to remove this obstacle, but wills nothing; the second resorts to compromise; the third stands ready and wills what God wills. So far St. Ignatius has appealed to the intelligence only. In order to awaken to operation the most powerful force in human character, love, St. Ignatius proposes for intimate consideration that which is most lovely and lovable, the personality of our Blessed Lord as revealed by His Sacred Humanity. When this perfect life has been studied and the subject's whole being is aroused to responsive love, St. Ignatius proposes a further rating in his consideration of the "Three Modes of Love;" as though he said, "Measure your response to this manifestation of our Lord's love for you. How near will you approach in likeness to your Master?" This consideration proposes another three-point scale. The first overlaps the highest point of human perfection—complete likeness to Jesus is attained.

Trained directors administer this test, or at least give full directions to the subject so that he may apply it to himself intelligently.

Knowing that where there is life there is growth, consequently change, this test must be kept up to date by a semi-daily examination of conscience. If upon examination the subject finds that he is deficient in some particular virtue, or that some vicious habit is marring the beauty of his soul, a particular examen is devised to aid in supplying the first or in eliminating the latter.

The results of this examination are recorded in definite units, a number of acts in a given period of time. Successive results are compared and loss or gain for a definite period noted. Should one so wish he could visualize this tabulation by plotting his "curve" for any habit, virtue or vice—a modern progress chart.

Surely that is a complete testing program. That it is one which trains for leadership is too well known to require demonstration.

That the Fathers of our country were familiar with this system is an established fact. Benjamin Franklin made use of it, and in his letters urged others to test its efficiency.

George Washington has left among his papers evidence of his appreciation for, and use of the system of examination of conscience.

An objection that is made to this test is that it is subjective. Can one use an objective test in measuring personality? Is not personality to the human being what the radiance is to a diamond?

No right-minded investigator would attempt to measure the number, the length, the energy

or duration of the rays which flash and sparkle from the surface of the gem. Rather one measures its flawlessness or truth, its untarnished surface of purity, its power of resistance and its angle of refraction. Are not these qualities those which are essential for a noble character or lovely personality? Truth, sinlessness, the power to resist temptation and an aptitude for service—these render the soul in its response to grace similar to the diamond in its response to light; and here, there, on all sides, we perceive the flashes, the gleams and the radiance of St. Paul's beautiful spectrum of charity. (1 Cor. 13).

Where can these qualities of truth, purity, strength of will, generosity, be measured but within the heart, subjectively? The radiance belongs to God; He knows how to measure that.

Is this only fancy, or is there proof of its reality? We may answer this by asking who has been adjudged the greatest woman of our times? The world has acknowledged that this honour belongs to Thérèse Martin, of Lisieux. The radiance of her loveliness illuminates the world and the fragrance of her roses bespeaks the truth of heaven. Was she familiar with the Ignatius testing? Undoubtedly, and we find her at an early age marking her progress with examen beads. The seal which Holy Church has placed upon the heroic efforts of Stanislaus, Aloysius, Xavier, our own American Martyrs, and others, is further proof of its efficiency.

The growth in popularity of lay retreats in our own day gives evidence of the increasing knowledge of this system.

So as physics, chemistry, and astronomy have achieved success through systems of accurate measurements, in like manner by the measurements proposed by St. Ignatius, from unorganized wasted effort has emerged the Science of Saints. For "the beginning of wisdom is a great desire of discipline; the care of discipline is love; love is the fulfilling of the law; the keeping of the law is the sure foundation of incorruption, and incorruption leadeth near to God." (Wisdom, VI., 24).

The Spring o' the Year

By P. J. Coleman, M.A.

A liquid chirp on the garden lawn,
A silvery note!
A greeting glad to the pearly dawn
From the robin's throat!

'Tis the matin-song of the fresh young year
And the waking earth;
And we know by its joy that April's here
And the Spring has birth.

And a wonder wakes in the greening woods,
An enchantment old,
Where the soft wind coaxes the timid buds
From the tender mould

And the grasses burn with an emerald hue
In the orchard dank,
And the flame of the violet runs blue
O'er the way-side bank

And the peachtree flushes to fairy flower,
And the pear-tree's snow
Falls in a wavering petalled shower
On the grass below.

And, fair and frail as a thing of dreams,
The dogwood lifts
Eburnean bloom, and the meadow gleams
With white daisy drifts.

And oriole, thrush and cardinal
In rapture clear
Chant with a joy antiphonal
The Spring o' the year

LORETTO ABBEY, ARMOUR HEIGHTS.

South East View, Music Wing.

St. Ann to Mary, Her Daughter

By Reverend William Fraser

Softer than song of limpid brook that skips
And sparkles in the flowery, sunlit dell;
Sweeter, my babe, than tones of silver bell,
Fall Heaven's tidings from thine infant lips.
Mine eyes, now dimmed with age, in thee behold
That woman, sighed for long, of whom 'twas said,
"Her heel shall crush the wily serpent's head,"
The Virgin oft in Sacred Script foretold!

My hope in Thee, O God, was not in vain,
For Thou hast heard Thine humble servant's prayer;
On me hast Thou bestowed the Lily rare
Whose Seed will open Heaven's Gates again!
Eternal praise be Thine, O Lord, that I
Should bring to light the Spouse of the Most High!

Anne

MISS ANNE SUTHERLAND.

You should know Anne!
Not different from other girls
At first she'd seem:
She's pretty, graceful, and she curls
Her hair quite à la mode.
I saw her golden garbed and silver shod,
Looking demure and sweet,
As if she trod
Life's pathway as most carefree maidens do.
But when she reads her poems she reveals
Such unexpected power, such mastery
Over ideals,
That straightway you are brought beneath her
spell
And there is no escape, do what you can;
You're seeing just the common things of life
But seeing them with Anne!

You should hear Anne!
Or else you never would believe
That over merest commonplaces she
So skillfully could weave
Her magic web, transformed by artist's touch
And golden strands
Of her imagination intertissued
With the warp and woof of life at her com-
mands:
Bunnies and birds and clowns and woolly
flowers
On an old canvas, and a boy's first day
At school, summer and mystic joy,
The scientific lover, and the way
A listless student sits at lectures,
Taking her only *note*:
From the professor's rival,
A merry bird, while floats
His silver song upon the air.
(And this was read before professors who
Listened attentively!) Then Sally Anne,
Her oldest doll, quite maimed and blind, 'tis
true,
Was brought before the cultured audience
And held her own
Amid the galaxy of modern maids
Whose intellectual tone,
Beauty and grace and bearing
Stamped that aesthetic rally:
But she held her own, I say,
Did Sally!

Sometimes Anne is grave and writes nocturnes,
"St. Luke to the Madonna," too,
Her talent is so versatile, she could
Even make a poem out of me—or you!

Dorothy B.

ANNE SUTHERLAND.

Anne Sutherland's poetry is essentially human, yet it holds a certain spiritual quality. It is not so much the familiar treatment of subjects from every-day life, but a subtle, delicate power of conveying the feeling of kinship of soul, that the casual reader appreciates. Miss Sutherland's verse possesses too, a lilting beauty that permeates every poem. We find it exemplified especially in "One Daffodil" and "Such Lovely Things." This, combined with an ability to express an exact shade of thought, sets her apart from the incoherent prophets of a new age in poetry. She does not indulge in a sophisticated attitude, but writes out of the joyousness of an unspoiled heart. Some of her poems remind one of a fresh-faced child or a bobbing tulip; others strike a deeper, more wistful note, such as "Prayer Against Fame," and "Bittersweet." Miss Sutherland's place in the roll of Canadian poets is a special gratification to Loretto students as she herself is a pupil of Loretto Convent, Guelph.

Catherine Mace Shea, 3T2.

ST. FRANCIS DE SALES' SOCIETY FOR THE CATHOLIC DEAF

The Catholic Deaf of Toronto boast of an organization and possibilities equalled by very few centres on the North American Continent. Organized in 1918, by Mother M. Columbiere, I.B.V.M., Loretto Abbey College, their society, whose primary motive is religious instruction, now takes care of their social and other activities, and bids fair for much future progress.

Mother Columbiere carried on the pioneer work of the organization until 1925, when the Archbishop of Toronto, seeing the needs and possibilities, instituted a working arrangement with the Seminarians of St. Augustine's Seminary. A class was begun among the students and in a very short time a number of the young men were able to converse quite fluently in sign language. One of these, Reverend Father Basil Ellard, upon his ordination, that very year, having acquired such a mastery of the art, addressed the Deaf-Convention, from the pulpit of St. Michael's Cathedral. There is now a class of forty Seminarians at St. Augustine's, who are learning the sign language, and will be in a position to hear the confessions of the deaf by this method. After the ordinations in June, it is planned to organize two branches in the Hamilton Diocese, and one each in the Calgary and Sault Saint Marie Dioceses.

Students still carry on this work and each Sunday two of them deliver religious instruction to the members of the Association gathered in Loretto Abbey College, Brunswick Ave. Automobile outings, picnics, concerts, euchre-parties, etc., are part of the programme. It is marvellous to see these people sing (in the sign language) and dance to piano accompaniment.

The society is composed of about thirty-two members with Mr. Lorenzo G. Maola as President; Mrs. G. P. O'Brien, Vice-President and Gerald P. O'Brien, Secretary-Treasurer. There are three Schools in Canada where the deaf receive their training, all non-Catholic, resulting in the fact that Catholic training is somewhat neglected; hence the great danger, and the great blessing of the activities of St. Francis Deaf Association. Mother Columbiere still takes an active interest in the association.

THE DEATH OF MR. JOHN E. McELDERRY.

The city of Guelph and more especially the Catholic Community are deeply conscious of their heavy loss in the death of Mr. John E. McElderry, who for many years contributed to their betterment.

The tributes paid him by the public press are testimony that his work in civic circles was appreciated. It is fitting that we should recall in particular his invaluable services in the cause of Catholic education. He was for many years Chairman of the Separate School Board, and the happy condition of Catholic education in Guelph is in no small part due to his wholehearted support of pastor and teachers.

In him the Catholic population mourns a true benefactor, one whose death leaves a real gap. H. M. R.

THE LATE MAJOR HILARY FRENCH.

Major Hilary Joseph French, M.C. adjutant of the Irish Regiment, and an officer whose gallant conduct in France was rewarded with the Military Cross, died on Jan. 13th, at his residence, 133 Lauder Avenue, Toronto.

Major French was born in Toronto, and received his early education at Loretto Academy, Bond St., and by this and other ties has been closely associated with Loretto.

He was the only son of Mrs. J. McLean French and grandson of the late Eugene O'Keefe.

THE COMING CONVENTION.

A Letter From the Reverend Daniel Lord, S.J.

Dear Students:

Conventions have played an important part in the development of all the large enterprises in this country. National meetings have proved essential if small enterprises were to grow great and local movements take on a national character.

Our first Students' Spiritual Leadership Convention in 1928 was a magnificent success. Everyone who came enjoyed it heartily, and from that day to this we have been getting hundreds of inquiries: "When do we have our next Convention?"

We shall have our next Convention June 20, 21, and 22.

We are meeting in Chicago, and by a very special arrangement, which we shall explain to you later, we are going to house the delegates in the Palmer House, one of Chicago's finest hotels.

Please start thinking and talking and planning Convention. We must have a representative delegation from your school. In a short time we shall suggest means by which you can finance your delegates. But we want young men and young women who have enthusiasm for the cause of spiritual leadership and who will come because they themselves really want to.

One interesting development in the program this year will be that after the opening session the college students and the high school students will meet separately and thus be able to discuss their own problems from their own point of view. We are planning a most interesting program, and we know that the delegates are going to leave the Convention with a deeper appreciation of their faith and a keener interest in spiritual organization and the possibilities of Catholic leadership.

Merely a line from any student in America telling of his or her interest will be welcome.

And please pray that God will bless this Convention and make it do for His cause all that we should like it to do.

Pray! Plan! Talk! Come!

Sincerely yours in Christ,

Daniel A. Lord, S.J.

IN THE SPRING A MAIDEN'S FANCY LIGHTLY TURNS TO—

thoughts of approaching examinations, thought perhaps not so lightly. Rather one might say inevitably, yet with reluctance. Inevitably because April showers are much surer to bring May examinations than May flowers, and reluctantly because such thoughts invariably lead to the gnawing feeling that one really should study. O very much more.

The sun laughs at us through the window, as we sit at our books. And the breezes play with us, coaxing us to come out, come anywhere to get away from these stuffy books. We stay pat, but our fancy, unruly thing, wanders off and plays 'round in circles with the wanton breezes.

Together they conjure up pictures to weed our weary minds, tantalizing bits from memory, intriguing imaginary wisps, a trailing fragment of melody, drawing us over to the peace and beauty of a dreamy waltz. Then fancy, with a playful poke, jerks us back to the floor of a debate, and taunts us with the brilliant things we might have said; then whisks us off and shows us ourselves in a bright green roadster doing fifty along a sunny road. Quickly our destination is reached and we are sipping tea while our gaze lingers fondly on a bowl of lovely daffodils.

Relentlessly the breezes bring us back with a pang, by fluttering the pages of our book;—only to send us off again by reminding us of the beautiful dummy we built on Tillie's bed. As we chuckle in glee the "gentle" breeze whispers, "Ah-ah, you can't time for such folly now." Cruel beasts to play with us so!

Again in the distance [illegible] of music, and we are borne aloft and dropped into the laughter and friendliness of Newman Club, and almost immediately tossed back into one of those

discussions which so often are the source of the noise after lights out. This time it is suitable styles for graduation dresses—should they be fussy or not?

Worn out, our minds start racing the breezes and our fancy in circles. Now we are eating rolls and pineapple marmalade, now we are swimming in the C.D., no, it isn't us—or we, (like Byron we are 'doubtful of the grammar of the last phrase, but take your choice') it isn't us, or we; it is the goldfish. Are we going mad? How dramatic! We see headlines—"Studying Student's Sudden Insanity. Examination System To Be Abolished." Maybe we are just going to sleep. Then we suddenly decide to save the situation by dashing off in search of a chocolate bar. We rejoice that an exhaustive search fails to reveal one—we are forced to go down to Bloor Street to get one.

H.M.R., 3T0.

ST. HILDEGARD

In this twentieth century of ours when there is so much talk of women's influence and women's rights, we are apt to forget that this is no new added thing, and that there lived during those so-called "Dark Ages" women whose influence, not merely on national, but on world-wide affairs, was astounding.

Hildegard of Bingen, the Sibyl of the Rhine, lived during the twelfth century, when chivalry was in its flower. The second Crusade was marching towards the Holy Land; the Pope's temporal power was at its zenith. The tone of Hildegard's writings shows us how deeply affected she was by the social evils of her time. Her exhortations were for a livelier faith in the truths of religion and a higher standard of morality in conduct.

From the voluminous writings which she has left, and from her several biographers, we learn that she was born at Bochelheim, on the Nahe, in 1098, of noble and wealthy parents; that as the "sacred tenth child," she had been promised to God, and that at the age of eight, she was placed in a convent on the Disinbodenburg. At fourteen she took the habit. In 1136 she succeeded as superior, and moved, under protest, her monastery to the Rupertsburg, near Bingen, where she lived until her death in 1178.

The facts tell us nothing of the character of this truly remarkable woman who exerted such an influence with the powers of her day. From her earliest childhood she was favoured by visions and revelations from a divine source, which through humility and fear she concealed from the outside world. When she was forty three, the divine command came to her to put in writing her visions—"O, child of earth, proclaim what thou seest and hearest, and put it in writing not as thou or others will it, but as He wills Who knows, sees and disposes of all in the depths of His mysteries." Thus began Hildegard's great work "Scivias," from "sci-vias"—"know the ways." She did not know Latin, and in the introduction she describes how the power came to her:

"A fiery light of great brilliancy, streaming down from Heaven, entirely flooded my brain, my heart and my breast like a flame that flickers not but gives glowing warmth, as the sun warms that on which he sheds his rays. Then of a sudden I had the power of explaining Scripture, that is the Psalter, the Gospels and the other Catholic books, both of the Old and New Testament, though I did not understand the inflection of words, their division into syllables, their cases and tenses."

"Scivias" is in truth, an extraordinary work, which would take too long to describe at length. It is divided into three parts, containing twenty-six visions in all. The first two books seem vague, without a special purpose, but the last is a direct attack against the evils of schism and disregard of Holy Scripture. The attention of the Pope was drawn to Hildegard's writings when she had been working at them for six years. When the authority of his approval had been placed upon them, her fame increased, and from all parts of Europe, her advice and counsel were sought. These letters and replies have been preserved and they form interesting and useful historical documents.

While she lived at Rupertsburg, Hildegard finished her "Scivias," and began a work on medicine, called "Physica," in two volumes, only one of which has ever been published. This work is a mixture of practical knowledge

and fable, but it is very interesting from an historical point of view, and was much in use during the Middle Ages.

Besides these writings, she shows herself in another light, as a prophetess whose fame spread far beyond German territories. All held her to be divinely inspired, and powerful prelates, abbots and abbesses sought confirmation of their views, or advice in tribulation from her. In her "Book of Divine Doings," there are prophecies which though they impressed her century, appear truly remarkable to men of later date. Three hundred years before it happened, the Reformation had been prophecied by the Abbess of Rupertsburg. Her prophecies have been pursued with interest by every generation until present day historians claim that she prophecied the revolt of Belgium.

Even in this all too brief summary of the work of this gifted and inspired nun we cannot help realizing what a marvellous woman she was. To the twentieth century, Hildegard is of unique interest, because she embodies the aims and achievements of modern women. She was a prophetess, authoress, poet, and abbess. Her writings are still the object of interest and consideration by historians, and she herself is honoured as one of the Church's uncanonized saints.

Dorothy Smith, 3T2

SUCCESSFUL STUDENTS OF LORETTO ABBEY COLLEGE.

Miss Ruth Huggins B.A.

Miss Ruth Huggins, B.A., 2T8, is the fortunate recipient of a War Memorial Scholarship, value $200, awarded by the University of Toronto Alumni on the recommendation of the dean and professors of the Ontario College of Education. Miss Huggins has won for herself very high encomiums in the course of her year's professional training at O.C.E.

Miss Mary Fitzpatrick, 3T0, was the candidate chosen by the graduating class of St. Michael's College for the Moss Scholarship open each year to a student of the graduating class of one of the four Arts Colleges of the University of Toronto. The student is chosen as having the best all-around equipment in academic, social and other college activities. The final award will be made in a few weeks. This is the third time that a Loretto student has had this honour.

Miss Mary Fitzpatrick, 3T0

Miss Mary Purkis, 3T3, has once more been awarded a public scholarship in recognition of excellent examination standing. The Robert Bruce University scholarship, value $225., comes to Miss Purkis on account of Scotch descent linked with first class academic standing.

Miss Mary Purkis, 3T3

Miss Mary Power, B.A., Loretto Abbey College, now of the Provincial Health Department, was awarded a Rockefeller Foundation travelling scholarship, and thus spent several weeks studying Public Health conditions in Boston, New York, Detroit and Chicago, in the early part of the year.

The Life in Letters of Simplicia Borgia

Loretto Abbey College,
March 9th, 1930.

My Dear Mother--

I know I've just been awful for not writing sooner, but I've been terribly busy. Now that Lent's started I go to Mass every morning at a quarter to seven, and I'm studying nine hours a day, and I've given up shows and candy and ice cream and peanuts, but I still chew gum, because that's not fattening. That's why I haven't written sooner.

It's just been simply awful, mother; I've been so unhappy this week. I know now what made Hardy write those pessiministic books. We read one this year and our teacher told us all about it. Now I'm all disillusioned with human nature just like he was. We thought they were such nice girls, but now I feel just like Leacock said: "My head is bloody, but unbowed, and I still am master of my own unconquered soul." Since I became poetic, I'm so sensitive now. Anyway these girls were talking one night, two of the old girls and one of the nice girls in our class was there and came right out and told us that, mind you, they said that the Freshies weren't any good. We're naturally peaceful and ungiven to disturbance but we knew that the honour of our year was at stake and were roused to righteous indignation. So we held a meeting.

Afterwards we knew we had done the right thing, because the Seniors held a meeting too and pinned a notice on the door of the room where we empty our waste-paper baskets. Anyhow we pinned up a notice too and it was better, because it was in poetry. They're terribly silly though because they pinned up a story about an Irishman and a man with a thin skull at the Donegal Fair and we thought they were crazy, because there are no Irishmen in the school anyhow. It's all over now, but I just said it's one of those many painful experiences that go to make up life in this "Valli lacrimosum" that our Latin professor talks about.

I had another sad and equally painful experience and the old girls were to blame for it too, because they made all the noise. As Portia always says: "Dark, dark, dark, irrecoverably dark, total eclipse without all hope of day." Anyhow there was so much noise so often that the lights went out and just then I remembered that I'd forgotten to turn off the tap and it was dark as Cerberus and I stumbled and bumped my head and my knee and if I'd been knocked unconscious I would have been drownded. And besides the colours in my new coolie coat all ran. And I just thought as Browning said: "Ah woe is me."

And then the final crashing blow came. I got some bacon and I kept it on my window only for two weeks, saving it. When I went to get it, it was gone. As Tennyson said: "I could have wept for very grief." But one of the facetious graduates said we should sing, "We don't want the bacon, we only want a piece of the Rhine." We thought that showed

very poor taste. I cannot write any more, please send me some money, for I am broke. As Hamlet always says: "I can get no remedy against this consumption of the purse! borrowing only lingers and lingers it out, but the disease is incurable."

Lovingly,

Your most desolate Simplicia.

P. S. Remember me to dad.

S. B.

Loretto College,

March 23rd, 1930.

Dear Tomus,

I know you must be seriously ill or you would have written to me before this. For weeks now I have been terribly worried about you and I simply had to write to you. What is the matter?

I decided that probably my last letter got lost in the mail or something.

We have been working terribly hard. I just haven't been able to go out once. Anyhow the boys here really aren't so very interesting. I just told my room-mate the other night that I had more fun going to the dances at home than I've ever had here.

About the only diversion we have now is getting letters, so don't you think you really should write to me soon?

Sincerely,

Simplicia Borgia.

Sunday.

Darlingest Gemma,

The most wonderful thing happened, it was simply too good to be true, it was the Loretto dance. Mind you it was at the King Eddie and everything, and I took the most wonderful man. At least he wasn't the one I wanted to take because he had to go home for the week-end. He was my room-mate's uncle, but he really wasn't so very old. It was so thrilling he was overseas and he told us the most exciting war stories all night. I almost cried when he told me how he lost his left eye. It was so sad. But then I don't think a glass eye is any worse than false teeth, do you? Anyhow we had an awfully good time.

Besides there was the Newman Dance, it was in the Chrystal Ballroom and it was gorgeous. Hardly any one from here was at it, but I was. It was so exciting. I just got asked at the very last minute. I always think that makes it more interesting, don't you? Only it was the saddest thing. Just after supper his very best friend came and told my boy-friend his uncle was very sick and we had to go right home. I felt very badly for him.

And the nicest thing happened, we had a debate and there were 35 men and the best sandwiches at it, the men were all from St. Michael's. I forget what the subject was.

And there was another debate and we thought our year would win, but they didn't, third year did. We were so disappointed because we thought we were much the best.

O yes, and we had the Senior's banquet and it was marvellous. Just think when I'm a Senior you'll be a Junior and can help give us the banquet. Isn't it too bad you lost your French, because you would be with me if you didn't.

It's nice that you are having such a good time with Tomus except that you'll miss it when I get home, which will only be in a few weeks.

I'm in a big hurry and haven't time to tell you anything else though there's just heaps I'd like to tell. So

Adios (That's Spanish for "Good bye").

Simplicia.

COLLEGE NOTES.

Specific education, especially with women, is only a side line. After all, life is not wholly in the art of earning one's bread—and the jam that seems so necessary to a college graduate. The art is in converting everything one learns into an idea that will make our own life better. One studies literature, not to teach it to others, but to know the interesting personalities therein depicted and to find what they got out of life. One studies philosophy for one's rule of life—not in order to talk about it; and so through the sciences. The interesting part of education comes when we apply it, and so is seen the value of college life, for on its social side, especially in a small college, one gets the chance to experience all the activities of life, and relationship with all types of character.

There is the Mary Ward Banquet to illustrate my point. Lady Falconer was again our guest of honour and we had Miss Anne Sutherland, an interesting personality, and a graduate of Loretto Guelph, to read us some of her charming poetry. Everyone will remember "Sally Anne," and "God's Piper." The celebration of Mary Ward's feast is a privilege for us, for we are again reminded of the ideals of the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

Shortly after this the most important event of the social season occurred, the occasion on which we were at home to our friends and entertained them at a dance at the King Edward Hotel. It is almost the one time of the year when we entertain together and for this reason it is one of the most enjoyable and thrilling events, and it was said that this last was one of the most successful in the history of the College.

One Friday afternoon Reverend Father Francis P. Carroll showed slides of the Holy Land, which made a hitherto strange and awesome country quite familiar. After the lecture, the Soldality entertained at tea.

The Juniors served tea in the Common Room the next Friday in a more than usually charming fashion, for the purpose of raising very necessary class funds.

The whole College was tremendously pleased at one interesting departure of the year, the inter St. Michael's debate, in which two men from the College attacked the motion that "This house deplores the decline of monarchies," which was upheld by a St. Joseph's girl and a Loretto girl. The affirmative was successful and the debate itself an immense improvement over our own, because of the variety in method and thought. The tea which followed, developed more St. Michael's feeling and friendship than we thought existed.

Another event of interest to most of the College girls, was the Newman Ball, which was also considered a triumph in entertainment. The combination of friendly Newmanites and Romanelli's incomparable orchestra was supreme.

About the last occasion of the year for much abandon in festivities, was the banquet given by the Juniors to the graduating class. It is always the time when the College excels itself, and as is usual we felt rather sorry for ourselves that we were losing the Seniors. The decorations were in the Loretto colours, with candles and spring flowers to heighten the effect. The toasts and songs to the graduates, together with the prophecies, served again to make our class spirit and college loyalty tangible.

It is impossible in a simple narration of the events of the year to portray how important are these events to the undergraduate, not alone for her enjoyment, but also for her social feeling and responsibility and for her sophistication.

A Junior.

CANADIAN POETS.

As Introduced to us by One of Them,

Miss Lily E. F. Barry, Montreal

Canada has no poets who can rank among the world's greatest; but she has nevertheless, many excellent writers, and cannot expect at this stage of her development to produce such great poets as England's Shakespeare, or Italy's Dante. It took England many centuries of careful cultivation to acquire a true poetic genius. If Canada hopes to have in time to come, a surpassingly great poet, she must foster and encourage the minor poets of the present day.

Of late years a group of Canadian poets has appeared, who, although they have not attained international recognition, are still worthy of praise. In all their poetry there is a delightful atmosphere of freshness and a delicate appreciation of the beauty of nature. As a writer of lyric poetry Bliss Carman ranks among the greatest of his contemporaries. His verse reveals a depth of joy in nature, and portrays very adequately the beauties of Canada's pastoral landscape. Charles G. D. Roberts, one of our most noted writers, has a fine insight into the problems of life, and faith, rare as it is beautiful, in life itself. Archibald Lampman's sonnets express a lofty idealism and an inspiring spirituality. William Wilfrid Campbell's best works are his vivid descriptions of the romantic scenery of Lake Huron. Pauline Johnston wrote chiefly of the Indian people, as Robert Service did of a certain type of Western Canadian. William Drummond pictured the French Canadian habitants, with a delightful joviality and a sympathetic portrayal of their characteristic traits. Marjorie Pickthall had the capabilities of a fine artistic realization and with the approaching depth of maturity might have achieved greatness. Even in her youth she wrote some very clever and beautiful poems.

Besides the above mentioned, there are in Canada many other poets of equal status, amounting to some one hundred and fifty, who though not on the pinnacle of fame, are still widely known and read.

The greatest handicap of Canadian poets is that on account of the comparatively small population of Canada, there is not a large market for their books. By the time a poet has paid for the publication of his book, there is very little money to be made out of it. Thus unless he has private means, a man must have some other profession in order to provide his daily bread, and this hinders him from spending the necessary amount of time on his writing.

Canadians as a whole are shamefully ignorant of their poets. Nine out of ten people could not, on the spur of the moment, name fifteen Canadian poets. Recently, poets' clubs have been doing much towards making Canadian poets more widely known, and if we Canadians have any interest in our country's literature, we should buy and read our poets' work, and thus by our co-operation encourage the poets of Canada.

Margaret Lang,

Loretto Abbey, Armour Heights, Toronto.

AFTERGLOW.

It was one morning in early February that a dejected figure made its way slowly up a wretched street in lower Quebec. The snow lay tumbled brown and sooty, save at the edge of the narrow alley where a fringe of silver faintly reflected the mellow glow of the morning sun. The man was tall but stooping as from an unseen burden, and his dark hair was streaked with grey. Notwithstanding, he was

of good physique and his features showed wrinkles of kindliness and humour. Some of the more curious pedestrians stopped to gaze at such a drab contrast in the eddy of brightly-coloured shawls and skirts that brushed him as they passed.

When he reached a corner he stopped bewildered. Another narrow street branched off from it, equally dirty and miserable as the one left behind. He was half-numb with cold, and as in this condition anything with a suggestion of warmth was welcome to him, he crawled underneath the stiff leather cover of an empty ice-cart standing deserted on the icy cobbles.

An indescribable feeling of mingled terror and surprise, a chill that seemed to freeze the blood in his veins—thus the stranger recovered consciousness. A swarthy broad-shouldered fellow bent over him, chafed his hands and wrapped around him a blanket from his sleigh.

"So that worked the trick, did it?" he said, in unmistakable Scotch accents. "I found you half-frozen in Bourlay's ice-cart, after he had come all the way to the river."

He held out a firm arm to the other and helped him into the sleigh.

"Who are you?" Muttered the elder man hoarsely, a look of blank perplexity stealing across his weary face.

"Me! Oh, I'm Charles Murray. Cheerful Charlie they call me, up our way. I've a cabin up north in Ontario.

He had mistaken the look on the other's face for one of mistrust and was endeavouring to set him at ease. But now the stranger was speaking. "Murray? Murray?" he questioned, searching his companion's face. "I had a boy of your name, but he left me years ago in the Old Country, and when my wife died I followed him out. You resemble him a great deal."

Three months later the two were riding home together in the soft twilight of early May. As they breasted the ridge behind the cabin they reined their horses and so remained looking in silence down the lovely valley at the place, rude but comfortable, that served as their home.

"You know, Charlie," said his father, pointing a steady finger at the evening star, now faintly perceptible in the greenish sky, "you know that reminds me of those lines:

'Whate're of peace about our hearthstone clings,
It gathered 'round us by thy look of rest.'

I left out a line because we are the only ones left, but we would be feeling a great deal less contented if we were still separated."

Margaret Ash, Form III.,
Loretto Abbey College School,
Brunswick Avenue, Toronto.

FAMILIAR BOOKS.

Seats of the Mighty.....Fourth Form
All Quiet on the Western Front.....Choral
Ambition's Contest.....Matriculation
Pilgrim's Progress.....Monthly Report Cards
Great Expectations.....Graduation
As You Like It.....No Homework
Vanity Fair.....Three O'clock
Bleak House.....Detention
The Wide, Wide World.....Geography
(Innocent little) Lamb's Tales.....Excuses
The Book of Knowledge.....Latin Grammar
Modern Painters.....The Art Class
Little Women.....First Form
Masterpieces of the World's
Best Literature.....The Rainbow

Dorothy Marks, Form IV.,
Loretto Abbey College School,
Brunswick Avenue, Toronto.

WHAT IT MEANS TO ME TO BE A LORETTO GIRL

(Considered by the Judges the Best Essay on the Subject).

Loretto Niagara! What a glorious name for a school, or for that matter for anything! The very name holds a charm,—charm for the reader, charm for the listener, and most of all charm for those who can visualize it. Any girl, no matter how lonely she might be away from home, would find some phase of Loretto life stimulating enough to make her glad to be a Loretto girl.

Music is an art of beauty. At Loretto, piano and stringed instruments are studied with the greatest success, to the delight of both nuns and pupils. My music, well done, means to me a part of the world conquered.

In the studio many talented girls are being shown another way to express their artistic feelings. The outcome is the production of beautiful and clever pieces of art. I envy an artist, and I wish I could take lessons in painting. Probably I shall next year.

Sports! Loretto's enthusiasm for sports, and especially for basketball is boundless! All are united in one aim: make a team, make a team! Three times a week the Senior, Junior, and "Sub" teams practice; twice a week those who will be the team next year. I love basketball. I love to play it and to watch others play it. At Loretto there is a great opportunity for any girl fond of basketball. In the Spring and in the Fall there is tennis to exercise our limbs and exhilarate our spirits. Loving sports as I do, all this is very appealing.

When I first came to Loretto, my great wish, conscious or unconscious, was to be popular. And it was that wish that spoiled almost my whole first term, for I speedily found out who were popular and who were not. Never before had I been in such close contact with so many girls. Certainly I had never felt that I was in any way undesirable in anyone's eyes. Now it struck me with superlative force that if it had not been for a certain little promise made to an anxious mother, I might have been "home to stay" many times between September and Christmas. Now I am one of the happiest, if not the very happiest girl in Loretto Niagara. Why? Simply this: I've given up my desire to be popular for a more deserving one—to get all that I can out of everything shown or given to me. I have tried to be considerate for the other girls (a thing unthought of before) and with these higher aims have come real friends and happiness. I thank Loretto with all my heart for those first few months spent with her. They brought me to a realization of facts and prepared me somewhat for the world and its ways. And although that realization caused me some temporary sorrow, I can now work with an assurance which comes from the knowledge that determination for real achievement is better than all the popularity in the world.

But it is not only in these ways that I have benefited by Loretto. I have had time and opportunity to pursue my studies such as I never had before.

For all these reasons I can join with the others in their "Rah, Rah, Rah, Loretto!" which is a spontaneous expression of pure joy.

Ten years or even five years from now, where shall I be? What will my vocation be? I don't know. No one knows. But whatever I do that is good—and I must do something good—it will be because Loretto has helped to give me my chance.

Caro Hamilton,
Loretto Academy, Niagara Falls, Ont.

FIRST BASKETBALL TEAM, LORETTO ABBEY, ARMOUR HEIGHTS.

Left to right—Standing: Misses Katherine Roche, Aileen McGuire, Isobel McComb, Simone Poupore. Seated: Mary Louise Ellenby, Clara Dunne, Mary Whitton.

OUR BASKETBALL GAMES.

Loretto Abbey, Armour Heights.

The basketball season has been an interesting and exciting one for us. Encouraged by our popular coach, Miss Barker, we have played a number of games with schools other than those of our Loretto League.

January 14th marked the victory of our Second and Third teams over the St. Mildred's College teams. The games were played in the Abbey gymnasium.

On January 30th our Second team defeated their agile opponents of Moulton College. This was the most breath-taking game of the season, as our team led by only one point.

The Senior Team played their second game with Bishop Bethune College from Oshawa, on February 15th. During the first half it did look as if the Abbey team had met its Waterloo, but the second half, played with renewed vigour, ended with the Abbey team in the lead by seven points. The Abbey team rad to work their hardest for that game. Congratulations to the B.B.C. team.

On the following Saturday we played the Ontario Ladies' College team from Whitby.

SECOND BASKETBALL TEAM, LORETTO ABBEY, ARMOUR HEIGHTS.

Left to right—Standing: Misses Roberta Rankin, Frances McCarron, Aileen McLaughlin. Seated: Misses Yolande Thomas, Patricia Whitton, Greta Whitton.

Again the first half looked like defeat, but our team went back determined to win for Alma Mater. During the last three minutes our forwards proved their worth by three remarkable shots, thereby winning the third game for the Abbey's Senior Team. The Second team's game followed, and although our team played hard and well, they met defeat.

On February 27th our Fourth Team put up a good struggle but were defeated by the Branksome Hall Juniors. Then the "Babes' Team" played. It was a delightful game to witness—little forwards shooting straight for the high baskets and seldom missing. Branksome Hall won by a few points.

The Senior Team played and won its first Loretto League game on March 8th, with the splendid Guelph team. The Abbey's mounting score in the first half must have been disheartening, and the way in which Guelph gained on the Abbey in the second half was greatly to their credit. The Abbey Second Team also won after a hard game.

We wish to express our appreciation of the kindness of Miss Betty McCammon in acting as referee at several of our games. We are looking forward to the remaining Loretto League games, and hope that the other teams have enjoyed the basketball season as well as we have.

Katherine Roche, Form III.,
Loretto Abbey, Armour Heights, Toronto

THE BASKETBALL TEAM, LORETTO HIGH SCHOOL, ENGLEWOOD, CHICAGO.

Left to right, top row: Misses Lydia Le Tourneau, Mary Kenny, Virginia Cheevers, Muriel Voke, Villa Sharpe, Kathleen Garvey, Ellen Schotte, Margaret Ryan. Second row: Misses Josephine Seneca, Clara King, Dorothy Le Tourneau, Lucille Roche (Captain) Anna McDermott, Geraldine Cullerton, June Lyons. Front row: Misses Rose Budinger, Catherine Fennell, Anna Mae O'Brien, Isabelle Sullivan.

BASKETBALL.

Loretto High School, Englewood, Chicago.

Although "Lady Hard Luck" has pursued Englewood's team closely, nevertheless it has enjoyed a successful season. In every contest a high bid for victory was made. Sometimes it was realized, but often it was decided by heart-breaking scores. Nevertheless our banner of "Good Sportsmanship" always waved, giving us a city-wide reputation.

Our first game, although closely contested, was a rather slipshod affair in which Aquinas High School made eight free throws and only three baskets, to come out on top, 13-10.

Our team entered this game with St. Catherine's High School, the Catholic League Champions, with an inferiority complex. However, it was only in the last few minutes of play that the "Gold and White" managed to overcome the "Blue," 17-15. Although not a victory, the game proved Loretto's team to be a smoothly-working, powerful sextet.

The aggregation that took the floor against Visitation High School, in the first half, in no way resembled the team that had given the Champions such a struggle but a few days previously. Nevertheless they displayed their superiority in the second half by overcoming a six to one handicap to triumph 13-12.

A brilliant, sparkling offense, in combination with an impenetrable defense, gave Loretto an easy victory over Aquinas High School in the first game of the Victorian Athletic Club's tournament. They showed their true form and won for themselves the right to enter the semi-finals on the following Saturday. The score was 20-11.

The strain of the season and the grind of three games within one week, was beginning to tell. Woodlawn won over our team 17-16. The stamina which had characterized our team's playing up to this time was not there, but it was a good game on both sides, and if not our victory, was at least a Loretto victory.

Undoubtedly the defeat hardest to take was that received in the semi-finals of the tournament. A victory would have allowed us to play for the championship, and with this in view, the girls gave all they had in order to earn the sought-for right. The game was so close that only a few throws in the last thirty seconds of an overtime period made Saint Mary's the victor. We came out third in the tournament, but since the winner had defeated us by only two points and the runners-up by one, we felt justly proud of our showing. In addition, Miss Josephine Seneca, our guard, received the substitute position on the All Star Team chosen by the officials. But above all we were awarded the trophy for "Sportsmanship," and there was nothing more desirable.

The season is not yet over, but at this time it is fitting to thank those who have helped the girls in their successful season; the Faculty, for its ever ready co-operation, and the Student Body for the cheers and the support which it has lent. The able and untiring coaching of Miss Ernestine Badt and Miss Mary Hogan, an alumna of the School, is deserving of deep gratitude, for it has been a primary factor of the team's skill. Miss Lucille Roche, captain and side center, has won the respect and admiration of the girls and has proved an excellent player and leader. Miss Anna McDermott, our jumping center, is not only a skilful player, but in many ways has assisted our captain. The consistent scoring of Miss Geraldine Cullerton and Miss Dorothy Le Tourneau has been invaluable, while Miss Clara King and Miss Josephine Seneca on the defense complete a capable team. There also are a number of substitutes who are always willing to devote time and energy to the sport. It has been because of co-operation and interest that Loretto, Englewood, is represented among the "Basketball Leaders."

FRIENDS.

As down life's trail we travel,
We meet a favoured few
Who'd share the road,—the long, long road,
And walk along with you.

The favoured few are strangers first,
Time passes; soon, we're friends
We love and trust each little word,
And nameless odds and ends.

Perhaps the road will so divide,
Each goes a separate way;
But memories sweet will linger on
To gladden every day.

Keep flowers blooming by the road
And when the trail ends,
We'll happy be—to know that we
Loved, and were loved by—Friends.

Catherine Walsh, '30.
Loretto High School,
Englewood, Chicago.

BASKETBALL TEAM, LORETTO ACADEMY, WOODLAWN, CHICAGO.

Left to right. Top row: Misses Mary Petree, Rita Rourke, Marian Coffey, Frances Patton, Rita Mahoney. Front row: Misses Adele Dickson, Leone Hogle, Janet McCann, Maryann Haggerty, Virginia Marrs; Captain, Miss Marion Moylan.

BASKETBALL.

Loretto Academy, Woodlawn.

The basketball season opened with every girl eager and ready to cheer the team on to victory, and the team has responded to by. Despite the fact that many disadvantages handicapped the team such as losing two very promising jumping centers, and being decidedly smaller than all opposing teams, our girls have perserved, and their record is one to be proud of.

The first game of the season was on January 31st, at Loretto, against Aquinas High School and although Aquinas had a very capable team, and gave our girls a hard battle, Loretto was finally victorious by a score of 2-0

Then on February 4th, the team journeyed out to Alvernia, to try for a second victory. Try they did and well too, but a larger and more experienced team finally won out. However the Loretto girls did not give in until the close of the game, and were heartily praised by the winning team for their fighting qualities and good sportmanship. The score of the final engagement was 27-22.

Made determined by their defeat, and eager for a victory, which they achieved by fine playing the team met St. Xavier's on February 7th St. Xavier's High School girls were good players, but were dazzled by the sure, speedy playing of Loretto's team. The score was 28-16.

Then came an eagerly awaited game, on

February 10th, with our friend and sister-school, Loretto, Englewood. This was beyond doubt, one of the finest games of the season. Played on a neutral floor, between two fine teams, it seemed to be almost anyone's game so fast and furious was the action. Then with 75 seconds left to play our team gained a free throw, which proved to be the deciding point as the game ended, 17-16 in favor of Woodlawn.

February 21st brought disappointment as it marked a defeat by Mercy High School, who had a fine team. However, our girls played well and as usual, displayed their fine sportsmanship. The score was 34-22.

The determination of the team was very strong after this defeat, and when it played Visitation High School this feeling was certainly manifested. Visitation played well, but the Loretto girls were on their mettle and could not be stopped. The score was 29-15.

Then came the last game, with Longwood, a team reputed to be very fine and the Loretto girls found that this reputation was well earned. The game was very closely contested, and excitement ran high. However the Loretto girls were determined to keep up their splendid work and the game ended, 23-19 in favor of Loretto, Woodlawn.

THE TEAM, LORETTO ACADEMY, WOODLAWN, CHICAGO.

We are justly proud of this fine record, and doubt if it could be equaled by many other schools.

Marion Moylan.

THE GIRL FOR US.

Here's to the girl who sticks to her post,
Here's to her spirit and "pep;"
Here's to the girl who works for success,
Who by hard work gains a "rep."

Striving away with will and with might,
Resolving she'll never say die,
She does any task with a smile, not a sob,
And always is good for a "try."

She doesn't expect by one lone stroke
To be complete success;
She never takes stock in luck or chance,
And says, "What's a hard knock more or less?"

She knows in her heart that she cannot fail,
And willingly plunges in.
[illegible] to her [illegible]
What else can she do but win?

Dorothy Le Tourneau, '30,
Loretto Academy, Englewood, Chicago.

AT LORETTO ACADEMY, GUELPH, ONT.

REFUGE.

When all this vast country of Canada was virgin forest, or bleak waste-land, and La Salle at Niagara was preparing to set out on his great explorations, one of his earliest companions, a priest, Father Hennepin, said the first Mass here on the bank high above the cataract. Near the spot there stands now a little church known as the "Shrine of Our Lady of Peace."

This shrine has won a place in the hearts of Loretto students, for to us it seems almost a part of the school itself. A step or two from our campus brings us through an opening in the hedge to the side door of the Chapel, another step and we are inside, gazing with loving eyes at the statue of our Saviour smiling peacefully in our Mary's arms. The church is so small and intimate that one hardly dares to breathe while kneeling in adoration before the altar. Its very intimacy has endeared it to us, and its lack of everything pretentious and awe-inspiring has made it but the more loved.

The low, grey walls have been the witnesses of many sacred scenes: happy marriages, and Masses of Requiem, christenings, solemn High Masses. Many a young priest has said his first Mass at that shining altar, and many an aged one has slowly said his last. The very statues seem to smile, to be actually living and knowing every secret of the life of the church. One almost envies their solemn, silent guardianship of God's holy place.

The name of this tiny place of refuge has been changed since it was first erected. It was previously known as St. Edward's Church, but in the course of passing years several bitter arguments are said to have been settled near the site, and now the more fitting name of "Our Lady of Peace" has been given to it. "Our

Lady of Peace" doesn't that seem to beckon one to an hour's tryst with Jesus, especially when one may look just above the tabernacle and see Him, a lovely Infant held in the arms of His smiling mother!

On the coldest, stormiest days of winter, and on the wettest, rainiest days of Spring, Loretto students are found kneeling in their favorite corner of the little church. And as they kneel and tell their secrets to an understanding Heart, they breathe a special prayer, a prayer of thanks to God for sending La Salle and Father Hennepin to this spot long years ago. For if they had not come here, where would our little church be to-day? And without the little church, could our school life be so complete and so happy as it is, close to the Shrine of Our Lady of Peace.

Alice M. Goetter,
Loretto Academy, Niagara Falls, Ont.

TRIUMPHAL MARCHES.

Loud cheered the men of Rome,
Welcoming the conqueror
Exultant roar, like wild foam
Of a storm at sea.
Proudly rode the victor,
Glorying in his hour,
His wretched prisoners plodding
In shackled misery.
On swept the march triumphant,
Mighty as the tide—
While out in far Jerusalem
Their Ruler toiled and died.

Loud cheered the men of Rome,
Praising the might of sword,
While Caesar's hungry eyes surveyed
That vast and restless horde.
He saw the chariots laden
With treasure bought with lives;
He viewed the armed host that passed,
The cruel glint of knives.
He saw both pride and fear of Rome
On each face in the crowd—
While Christ, bowed low beneath the cross,
Loved and forgave the proud

Out of the long-gone centuries
A new procession winds,
And he who ventures from the crowd
A gladsome welcome finds.
Behind the Holy Conqueror come
The followers of the Truth,
And the sound of a glad Te Deum
Thrills the brave heart of youth.
For Christ's bless'd yolk is sweet to bear-
His holy burden light
His soldiers fight to conquer self,
And victory crowns the fight.

On march the souls through the centuries,
On to eternal life,
On to the glory won when they
Have conquered in the strife
And their Leader's loving glance sweeps o'er
His host now bowed in pray'r;
He has led them at last to glory
But some are still out there.
He had suffered and died for His army
When to Him they had appealed,
And He smiles on the saved as He turns to help
Those still upon the field.

Noel Finlan, '30,
Loretto Academy, Sault Ste. Marie, Mich.

ORCHESTRA, LORETTO ACADEMY, WOODLAWN, CHICAGO.

Left to right—Top row: Misses Alvina Swierski, Virginia McDonough, Madeline Hanrahan, Ruth Lencioni, Margaret Golden, Frances Patton, Helen Dunne.

Second row: Misses Veronica O'Meara, Mary Jane Barrett, Leone Hogle, Marion Moylan, Margaret Burke, Anna Bride Dwyer.

Front row: Misses Katherine Burke, Winifred May, Margaret Schreiner, June O'Rourke, Eileen Larkin.

LORETTO SNOW-BOUND.

At last the longed for day arrived, the day on which we were going home for the Christmas vacation! Everything was in apple-pie order; all one had to do after class was put on a coat and hat—one hasty glance into the mirror—and pick up the bulging bags. At least that was what happened on most vacations, but this one did not promise such an easy departure. When we went to bed on the previous evening it was snowing hard and all that night it snowed as it never snowed before. The howling wind blew the driving snow in great blasts around the building. Morning dawned—not a beautiful, clear winter day, but a grey, cloudy, blustering, cold one, sending the snow-flakes down on the already white earth. The trees were bent over touching the ground, the branches overladen with sleet and snow.

Street cars were out of commission, as the least bit of snow sometimes is sufficient to prevent our friend the trolley from making its appearance. In the course of the morning the day-pupils arrived in cars, which they said had skidded from one side of the road into the snow-bank on the other, and with difficulty had arrived at all. More cars were stuck in the snow-banks than were seen driving. Trains were hours late, or just did not come at all, or could not cross the bridge on account of the snow.

Classes lagged, telephones and door-bells rang madly. "Do you think the storm will stop soon?" one girl would ask, and, "One ne-

ver knows what it will do here," was the consoling answer.

"That reminds me to telephone for a taxi to be here at one," said another. But the taxi did not come.

"I guess I'll have to stay over until to-morrow. Dad could never make it in this storm." And, "O yes! Central, give me Delaware——" So it went on.

Of stories told of how some were detained here two days by the storm, others were permitted just once in Loretto's record to slide down stairs, of what happened to trains we might have been on, of thrilling rides in swaying taxis that served as double-deckers—for taxis those days were few and far between,—of day-pupils who were nearly stranded at school for the night—well, well!

Meanwhile the storm continued to rage, shutting us off from the rest of civilization. The Monastery couldn't be seen, much less the little church. Nothing but snow, snow, more snow. Most of the girls had to stay over for two days, as by four o'clock on the first day cars didn't even attempt to get up here.

After two days of storm all was calm, beautiful to behold. The whole earth was spotlessly white. The fine old trees on the grounds were weighed down touching the soft white snow. What ideal Christmas weather it was, all so white and pure! The snow-storm had marked a red-letter day on Loretto's calendar. Loretto snow-bound! It sounds thrilling, does it not? Well, it was!

Eunice Kuntz,
Loretto Academy, Niagara Falls, Ont.

SUSPENSE.

A still, close silence haunts the halls—
A breathless hush. An atmosphere
So tense it makes the very walls
Shake sympathetically with fear.
Girls, wan and pale, with wistful eyes
Pace up and down the corridor.
They make no effort to disguise
What joyful thing they're hoping for.
A solemn eve is Friday eve.
It racks the nerves and chills the heart.
There's some that laugh and some that grieve.
Some words are kindly; lots are tart.
Who knows how much may be at stake?
With hopeful mien the damsels wait.
The phone peals out—oh, what a break!
I've got a Big Blond Gorgeous Date!

Patsy Laird.

TRAFFIC.

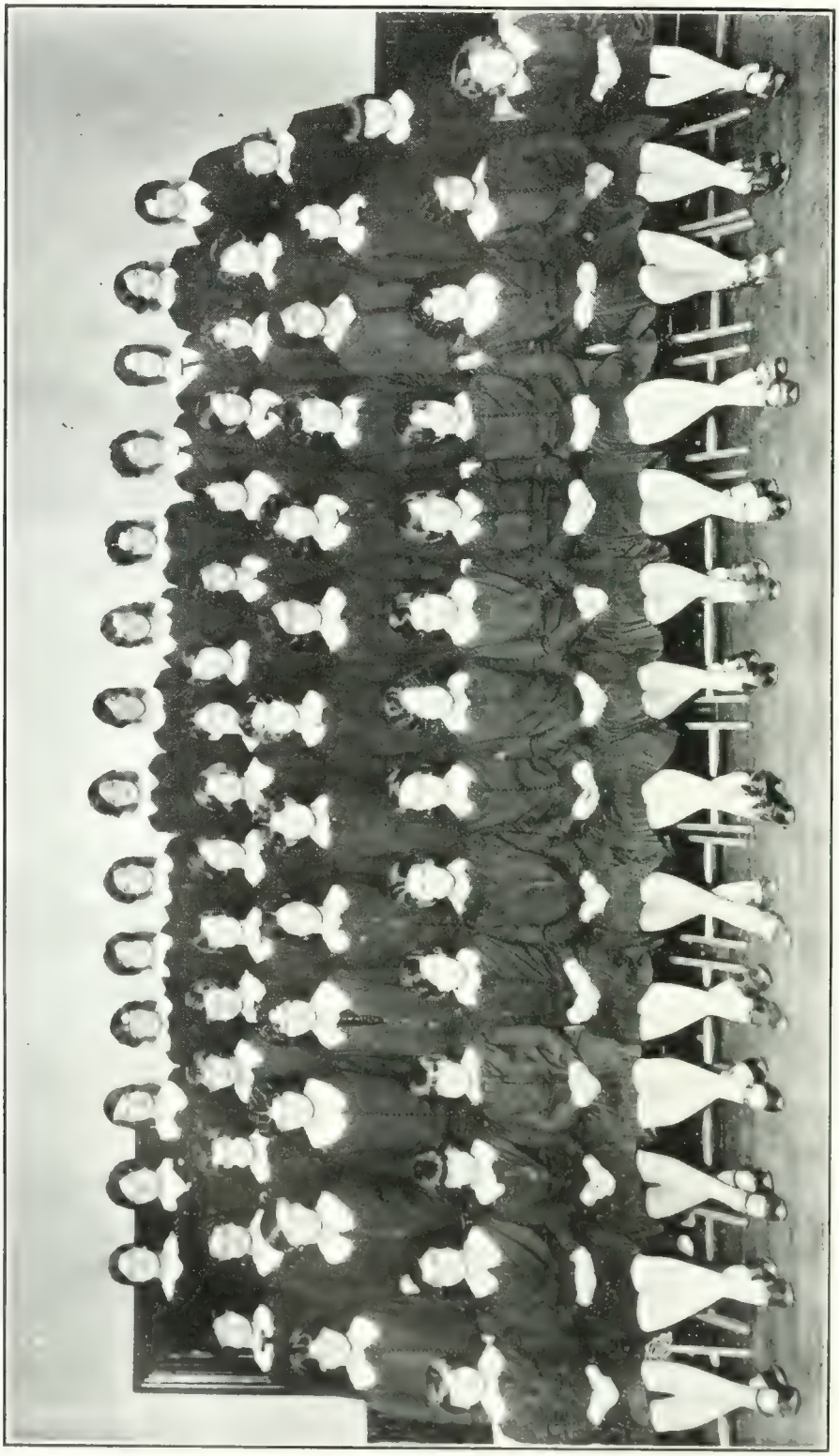
Red to amber, amber to green,
And forward surges the traffic stream;
Only a block, and all in the race
To beat the signal's changing face.

First in the line a Ford and Nash,
Eager to see who'd win the dash;
Close behind them a Chevrolet,
Sure at the next stop to show the way.

The fussy Ford swerves to the right
Blanketing the big Willys-Knight;
A bumptious Buick nearer the curve
Bumps an Essex and makes it swerve.

They all go by in clouds of gas—
Shades of old Dobbin! What's come to pass?

Jane Elinor Rankin, Form 1,
Loretto Abbey, Armour Heights, Toronto.



HIGH SCHOOL PUPILS, LORETTO ACADEMY, GUELPH, ONT.

CANADIAN ARTISTS.

On Thursday afternoon, March 6th., our Art Class visited the exhibit here of pictures by Canadian artists. Mr. F. H. Brigden, President of the Society of Artists, kindly gave us a most interesting talk. He showed us that art and music have similar characteristics. In a musical composition there are low notes and high notes; so, in a good picture there are low and high colour tones, tall trees and short ones, a variety in the size of the objects and in their colouring. In the paintings of long ago, great attention was paid to the subject of the picture, but in modern times the artist gives more thought to the colouring and the atmosphere of ordinary objects. He uses his talent to bring out the beauty in common things. The proper balancing of sky and land, the arrangement of the objects to lead one, as it were, into the picture, a centre of interest, an impression that there is something beyond what we can see, infinity of distance, these are the qualities a good picture must have. These points were illustrated by reference to many of the exhibits: "Logging" by Coburn; a delightful winter scene, "Boat on Shore" by T. G. Greene; "The North River," by Maurice Cullen. A night scene of exceeding interest, by J. S. Gordon, of this city, was discussed. "Dawn in the Valley" was passed over by the speaker until someone in the audience requested a few words about this beautiful landscape. We then learned that Mr. Brigden had painted the picture at four o'clock in the morning, when the mist was still in the valley, and the sun was just appearing on the horizon. The view was one seen from the artist's summer home north of Toronto.

C. W. Jefferys is considered the best historical painter in Canada. His "Champlain on Georgian Bay" attracted special attention. A great compliment has been paid this artist recently by an American Publishing Company in selecting him to furnish illustrations for an important historical series of books soon to be issued. Andre Sapine's love of horses was shown in two paintings of "The Sand Pit" "The Forest Fire" by Arthur Heming, though only in black and white, was very realistic. Wyly Grier's portrait of Lorne Pierce, LL.D., caught our attention as soon as we entered the hall. There were several very fine paintings by our Canadian women, such as "White and Gold," and "Nasturtiums," by Clara S. Hagarty; "On the Maine Coast," by M. Kallmeyer; "Midsummer," by Estelle M. Kerr; "Cathedral at Hesdin" and "Repairing the 'Nancy'," by Hortense M. Gordon, of our city; "Roses in Blue Bowl," by Mary E. Wrinch. The two flower pictures of "Arbutus," and "Showy Orchis," by Holmes, recalled memories of trips to the woods. Mr. Brigden not only told us about the pictures, but also talked of interesting characteristics of many of the artists with whom he was acquainted. Our interest in art was increased far beyond our expectation by this visit to the exhibition of pictures by leading artists of Canada.

Thelma McKay, Form I.,
Loretto Academy, Hamilton, Ont.

THE UNWELCOMED GUEST.

Virginia Warne was sitting at her desk writing the names of the girls she was inviting to her birthday party. With a little sigh she gave them to her mother to read.

"Why Virginia," said her mother, "You have forgotten Mary Adams."

"O mother, why do I have to invite her? She's so old-fashioned, and besides she's not as rich as any of the other girls I'm inviting."

"But Virginia, what difference does it make

whether she's rich or not? And really, I don't think she's a bit old-fashioned."

Virginia reluctantly gave in and scribbled Mary's name on her list.

On the day of the party Mary was the first of the guests to arrive. When Virginia opened the door to admit her, she greeted her rather coldly. Mary, however, did not notice Virginia's coldness and said, "It was awfully sweet of you to invite me to your party."

Virginia led her into the parlor and she did not notice that Mary put a gift on the table.

The rest of the guests soon arrived, and Virginia began to open her gifts. When she came to Mary's, which was the last to be opened, she opened it rather quickly for she did not expect much of a gift from her. When she removed the lid of the box her heart gave a little leap, for in the box was a beautiful Rosary. Everyone remarked about the beauty of the Rosary.

"O Mary, it is beautiful!" cried Virginia.

"I'm so glad you like it," answered Mary.

When the party was over and the girls were going home Virginia took Mary by the arm and asked her if she would remain for a few moments after the others had gone. When the girls had disappeared down the street, Virginia turned to Mary and said, "O Mary, can you ever forgive me for the way I've treated you?"

"Why of course, Virginia, for I'm sure you really didn't mean it."

"But Mary, I did," cried Virginia. "But I'm really sorry now."

"O I'm so glad," cried Mary.

That night when Virginia told her mother all about the little talk she had had with Mary, she said, "Mother, I'm the happiest girl in the world to-night."

Margaret McEvoy, '33,
Loretto Academy,
Sault Ste. Marie, Mich.

TO MOTHER.

Who's the one with charming grace,
With brightest eyes and gentle face,
A person worthy of her place?
Why Mother!

Who's the one that works all day,
And ne'er has time to rest or play,
Yet always seems to be so gay?
Why Mother!

Who's the one that loves to do
Everything she can for you,
And to you is always true?
Why Mother!

Alma Eberl, Grade X.,
Loretto Convent,
Sedley, Sask.

MOTHER.

Friends are many on this earth,
Friends that are tried and true,
Friends I value for their worth;
But none so fine as you.

When I need a helping hand,
A cheery smile, a word or two,
You, my troubles understand,
And that is why I turn to you.

Friends are many when I succeed;
But I do not know another
Who will answer every plea,
And help as you.—Dear Mother.

Marion Moylan
Loretto Academy,
Woodlawn, Chicago.

OUT OF THE WEST.

Indeed she made a pretty picture, this beautiful southern belle, seated in the midst of a wild profusion of gay colours. Her skin was fair, amazingly fair, and the deep black of her eyes contrasted strangely with the translucent white of her skin. She was dressed daintily but richly. She was the only daughter of a wealthy rancher, and she was seated now in the garden of her father's town house in Virginia, surrounded by all the fresh beauty of blooming Spring. As she sat there, gazing idly at the birds capering in the trees, and softly crooning to herself a sweet song of the old South, she was considering whether she would care, as her adoring father had proposed, to spend a couple of months with him on the ranch.

Her father, Robert Crandall, had made his fortune while still a young man, and now he and his daughter were comfortably settled. He loved Joan tenderly, and people wondered that she remained so sweet and unassuming, with all the luxuries lavished upon her by her indulgent parent. But Joan had inherited the disposition as well the great beauty of the mother she had lost, and whose place she tried to fill. Her personality won for her many friends and admirers, not least among them a long line of young gentlemen desirous of winning Miss Joan's favour. She however had never showed a preference for any of them. She was happy with her father, and if some day there were someone else—well, then, would be time enough to think about it.

Now upon her little reverie broke her father's firm step. She rose to meet him. Robert Crandall, his silvery head close to Joan's black one, led her back to her seat among the flowers. "And what have you been doing with yourself?" he asked.

"Oh, just thinking," said Joan. "I've about decided on the ranch. I think it would be an interesting experience."

"Yes," said her father, "I think it would. And the fine western air would tone you up a bit. You've been looking pale lately."

"Well, when shall we go?" asked Joan.

"I'll make arrangements to leave as soon as possible. However, with all your packing to do, I suppose it will be a few days before you can be ready." Then chuckling: "All you will need out there will be some stout shoes and a few old clothes. But you will probably want to bring along all your finery to astonish the poor cowboys."

Two days later saw Joan and her father on the train, westward bound for the land that she had never seen. Next perhaps to his lovely child, Robert Crandall loved the West, and in the long talks that father and daughter loved so well he had often described life on the ranch. He had painted vividly for her the western nights, making Joan feel as though she were actually there under the star-flooded sky; and often at these times she felt a sense of longing. Now at last she was on her way to that magic land, and already its spell was stealing over her. She resolved to enter heartily into the spirit of the open, and to enjoy her stay thoroughly.

And it proved all that she had expected. From the first the days were very pleasant ones. The foreman, a jolly, sociable sort of man, did all that he could to entertain her, and the woman who was in charge of the housekeeping, did all she could to make her comfortable. Joan thoroughly enjoyed the new life, riding, hiking, watching the work on the ranch, and finding her father not mistaken in his praise of the wonderful western nights. The cowboys

were one and all most respectful, knowing that Mr. Crandall would tolerate no nonsense. They all kept their distance, but especially one called "City." He had politely, but without the faintest sign of interest said: "How do you do, Miss Crandall," and had turned his attention immediately to his horse, a beautiful sleek, black animal."

Often afterwards as she watched the boys at work, she found herself wondering about him. He was an excellent horseman and his handsome form stood out among the rest. Joan fancied that he did not belong there. His voice and the words he used told her that "City" really was from a city, and had not been bred in the West. Another thing that puzzled Joan was his quiet manner. The other men, although they all regarded her as a sort of queen, still always had a word for her, and went out of their way to show her things of interest and to entertain her. "City" however, seemed to avoid her.

One day, on one of her rides, she jumped off her horse to rest for a few moments, and as she did so her eyes fell upon a square of white lying on the ground near her. She picked it up and her eyes unsuspectingly fell upon the words —"come back, Jack, we all need you badly." She stopped there realizing that it was a letter. "I suppose it belongs to one of the boys," thought Joan. "I'll take it back and find out whose it is."

None of them, however seemed to have lost a letter. "Maybe it belongs to City," ventured Jim. "I'll ask him."

It was "City's," and what a different "City" he seemed. "Thanks awfully for bringing it for me," he said with evident relief. "It really is important."

Joan wondered at his cordiality. After this she saw much more of "City," and then came an afternoon when he accompanied her and her father on their ride. Joan found herself glancing at the handsome face beside her, and wondering what that important letter had contained that had made him want to leave the ranch. For he was leaving. That much was settled, she knew.

Meanwhile Jack Talbott, otherwise known as "City," as he rode along beside her, was stealing secret glances at the wonderful hair that blew in curly wisps against the lovely face of the most beautiful girl he had ever seen and was seriously considering whether he should leave at once, or whether he should let them wait awhile for him at home.

For a long time no one spoke. Then "City" said: "I've decided not to go away just yet. Round-up time isn't far away, and I'd hate to leave just when there is most work to be done." And Joan wondered why that old feeling of longing stole over her just then.

A year later, and Joan was again seated in her father's garden watching the birds and softly singing the same sweet song of the old South. This time, however, she was not alone.

Joan's first impression of "City" had been correct. He did not belong to the ranch, but had held an important position in a Chicago bank. A large sum of money had disappeared and all suspicion had pointed to Talbott. He has protested his entire innocence and they had no definite proof against him, but his reputation had been weakened, and in despair he had given up trying to prove his case and had taken the first train westward, since life at home was now intolerable to him. A kind fate had led him to Crandall's ranch, where he had found work, and in it a measure of relief. The letter Joan had found had been from the president of the bank, telling "City" that the real culprit had been found, that a better position that his

old one was now offered him, with all the bank could do to make up to him for what he had suffered.

From the first "City" had loved Joan, but he was under a cloud and in his anger and bitterness at unjust humanity he had tried to smother the feeling and had avoided her as much as possible. Now, needless to say, everything was cleared up; the "silver lining" shone bright and clear, and as she looked trustingly into the adoring eyes of the man she loved, Joan knew that the future would fulfill the promise of the present.

Margaret Cmarik,
Loretto Academy, Woodlawn, Chicago.

A WALK IN THE WOODS IN MAY.

A walk in the woods in Spring has always held a great charm for me. Nature in her youthful beauty seems at her best. The gentle breezes, the mossy tufts of new grass, the tiny tender-green leaves and budding blossoms swaying on the branches overhead, and the new life everywhere,—all are in sympathy with the innermost depths of our feelings. For our hearts are here more attuned to hope than to the realization of our dreams.

One glorious afternoon, I set out with three other carefree girls for the nearest woods, which were just outside the village. On entering the woods we felt a real thrill, for the very spirit of the Springtime seemed to greet us in the sudden song of the birds, the sweet refreshing smell of the damp earth, the scurrying of the squirrels, the perfume of the wild flowers. It was all symbolic and spoke to us of hope and promise and expectation. But for all our lofty thoughts we made a merry group.

And as the sublime is often close to the ridiculous, so to my meditation succeeded my little adventure. I discovered a tuft of dog-tooth violets. How I longed for them! But they grew in the centre of a marsh and there seemed no way of procuring the lovely blossoms. Acting on impulse, I quickly removed my slippers and stockings and waded in to get the flowers. The mud was cold and sticky, but I preserved and finally reached the goal. The violets now appeared even more beautiful than in the distance. I gathered as many as I could carry and reached my companions without mishap. Just as we were crossing the road to reach the pond, a number of young girls on horseback came riding along the bridle-path. How embarrassed I felt, with my slippers in one hand, the flowers in the other, and my stockings flung one over each shoulder. What a figure I made! Just to make me feel better one of my companions remarked sweetly:

"I pity the poor little Hindu;
He does the best that he kin do;
He keeps to his caste from first to last,
And for socks he makes his skin do."

As soon as the party had passed I hurried to the pond where I made a hasty toilet. The pleasure of paddling my feet and drying them in the sun quite made up for my recent humiliation.

An hour later, after sharing the now half-faded flowers, we set out for home. The sun, a huge ball of fire shed a rosy glow over the earth. Gradually it turned to a deep orange, and we seemed to be walking on sheets of glimmering gold. Soon it faded to a pale yellow, and we reached home as the last rays disappeared, a fitting close to a perfect day.

Margaret Hyde, Form IV.,
Loretto Abbey College School,
Brunswick Avenue, Toronto.

AFTER THE FIRE.

Quiet convent life—a thing of the past, and of the future for us. Our once secluded convent is now the rendezvous of workmen who are gradually removing all the traces the demon, Fire, left behind him when he swooped down upon us a few weeks ago. The banging of hammers sometimes renders our recitations almost unintelligible—quite handy for you if you haven't your lesson prepared, but rather difficult for the teacher, who yet somehow always manages to correct mistakes, regardless of noise. The merry whistle of the plasterer penetrates through closed classroom doors, cheering us in dull study hours. Now and then the snatches of a song float up to us in an encouraging manner, telling us to take the frowns from our faces and "paint the clouds with sunshine." Our once polished halls now bear the burden of step-ladders, paint-pails, tools and all the implements of the workmen. In a word, our school, although it is in disorder, bears an air of industry which predominates over the hopeless spirit a fire usually leaves in its wake. Within a few weeks this will be all removed and we, having found again our long-lost quiet will look back in amusement, and with perhaps a little longing, to the days "after the fire."

Lottie Lawless, '32.

Loretto Academy,

Sault Ste. Marie, Mich.

BACK IN THE BACKYARD.

When we think of the backyard of our childhood days, we have pleasant and happy thoughts. We can see a doll house, rosy-cheeked dolls, brown teddybears, a shabby dog. We see ourselves imitating our elders, pretending to be at a dance, or out riding in our limousine, which is in reality only a box. Or we are rocking our dolls to sleep. Perhaps there is a swing, a teeter-totter, or a sandpile. Everything is there to add to our pleasure. Life in the backyard is a very happy life, and many are the times when we are older and tired with life's problems, we wish we could again go back to the "backyard days."

But does the "backyard of our life" bring us as happy thoughts as does the backyard of our childhood days? No, I don't think so. It is the place where we hide all our bad habits, thoughts, actions and deeds. It is the place we wish no one to visit and explore. It is not a thing we like to remember, talk or boast about, nor a thing that brings back happy memories.

If we wish to avoid having a "backyard" in our lives we should begin when we are young to be straight forward, truthful and above board with everyone and everybody, most of all with our own selves, and get rid of all unsightly waste of past years and brighten up our "backyard" with the unfading flowers of virtue.

Anna Alfonso, '30.

Loretto Academy, Sault Ste. Marie, Mich.

THE MISSION PAGE

Loretto Academy, Guelph.

The Little Flower Literary and Mission Club, at its meetings for January and February, urged its members to renew their zeal in the matter of prayer and self-denial. Interesting letters were read, one from Reverend Father Johnson, telling us that he had enrolled our Unit in the Catholic Truth Society, that we might share in the spiritual privileges; another describing work among the Indians, by Reverend Father Couture, S.J. Instructive papers on "Church Unity Octave," and "The Society of the Atonement" were read by Miss Madeline and Miss Alice Phelan. Our members are busy making up the linen so generously donated by the Primary Class of St. Stanislaus' School. These altar linens will be sent to our adopted missionary, Reverend Father Couture, S.J.

Loretto Academy, Hamilton, Ont.

At our February meeting, at which Miss Louise Spotts presided, the representative of each class gave a report of the Mission work done during the month. Miss Muriel Brown told the interesting life-story of a Chinese waif who came happily into the care of American nuns in China, and Miss Doris Clancy followed by an account of some of the adventures of Reverend Father Ceccola, O.M.I., a native of Corsica, who for the past forty-five years has been looking after the welfare of the Indians in the Kootenay district. A letter from one of the nuns at Fort Alexander, thanking us for donations sent to that mission, was read. Miss Margaret Nelligan entertained us with a piano solo. On February 14th, we gave a Valentine tea in aid of the Canadian Missions.

At the March meeting, items of missionary news from the Crusade paper were read, and Miss Betty Townsend gave a sketch of the life and labours of St. Francis Xavier. A plea was made for hours of silence, especially during Lent, to be offered for the Missions, and this meritorious practice was adopted. On March 13th, we had a pleasant surprise, a visit from Reverend Father Johnson, President of the Canadian Catholic Students' Mission Crusade. His time with us was limited to a very few minutes, and in it he stressed the need of prayer for the Missions, saying that prayer was the greatest encouragement a missionary could be given.

Margaret Gillen.

Loretto Academy, Niagara Falls, Ont.

At our December meeting, Reverend Father Garcia gave a most interesting account of the life and work of St. Francis Xavier, patron saint of Missions. We began the new year with an enthusiastic Mission meeting, and the Second Form pupils, who took charge of the work during the month, with their usual spirit, realized the sum of $60. February, with the Commercial Class in charge, was devoted to raising money to send a box to Reverend Father McClimont, our adopted missionary in China. A Valentine Bridge party, held on February 14th, helped this worthy cause. March is the first Form's month, and we are sure that they will do as much, if not more than the older girls.

Loretto Abbey College School.

"Every day we work and pray"—and save, for the Missions, and hope to leave the Crusade flag flying as high for the girls who come after us, as we found it when we took up the work from the girls who preceded us here. Interesting features of our recent meetings have been a beautiful play, "The White Queen," given by Form IIIB, and a debate "Resolved that the spiritual offering for the Missions does more good to the character of the girl who makes it, than does her contribution to the Mite Box." Miss Helen Costello, Form IA, and Miss Mildred Hance, Form IA, spoke on the affirmative, and Miss Doris McFarland, Form IB, and Miss Frances Reid, Form IC, on the negative. The decision was in favor of the negative.

The Rainbow

LORETTO ABBEY, ARMOUR HEIGHTS, TORONTO

Published at Toronto Four Times a Year.
Subscription, $1.00 per year.

All business communications should be addressed to the Business Office, Loretto Abbey, Armour Heights, Toronto, and all literary communications to the Editorial Office, Loretto Abbey College, 387 Brunswick Ave., Toronto, 4.

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ALUMNAE NOTES

LORETTO ALUMNAE ASSOCIATION
LORETTO ABBEY, TORONTO.

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Loretto Abbey College, Toronto	Miss Elsie Irvine.
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New York, N Y	Mrs Edward Scanlon
Detroit, Mich.	Mrs. E. B. Kelly.
Buffalo, N Y	Miss Mary Maxwell
Chicago Club, Chicago, Ill	Mrs. Fergus Moriarty

The second quarterly meeting of the Loretto Alumnae Association took place at Loretto Abbey, Armour Heights, on January 28th.

The President, Mrs. Frank Cassidy, was in the chair. A delightful musical program was arranged by Miss Mona Coxwell. Mrs. Leo Smith played the violin, and Mrs. Bruce Brown sang, accompanied by Mrs. Dowell. Mrs. Hugh Ryan presided at the tea table.

Mrs. Frank Cassidy, President of the Loretto Alumnae Association, and Mrs. D. Rae MacKenzie, the Past-President, were tea hostesses at the meeting of the Local Council of Women at Sherbourne House on March 18th. They were assisted by Mrs. Thomas Kilgour, Mrs. D. O'Meara, Mrs. Hugh Ryan and Miss Mary Harkins.

The Executive of the Local Council of Women held a luncheon at the University Women's Club on March 25th. The President, Mrs. Frank Cassidy and the First Vice-President, Mrs. Thomas Kilgour, attended as representatives of the Loretto Abbey Alumnae Association.

Miss Mary Mallon, B.A., Loretto Abbey College, has been appointed on the English Staff of the new Technical and Commercial High School, of North Toronto, for September, 1930.

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Reverend Father Keating, S.J., spoke on the subject of lay retreats, at Loretto Abbey, Armour Heights, on Sunday afternoon, March 30th.

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On Friday evening Reverend Father John E. Burke, C.S.P., gave an interesting lecture on "Taxation," at Loretto Abbey College, Brunswick Avenue. The lecture was sponsored by the Loretto Alumnae Association.

Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. T. P. Phelan, who celebrated their golden wedding anniversary on Feb. 2nd. Both Mrs. Phelan and her daughter, Mrs. Frank McLaughlin, are past president of the Loretto Alumnae Association.

Of interest to Loretto are the honours recently conferred upon three Catholic gentlemen, friends of the Community: Mr. Claude Pearce almost headed the poll at the last Municipal Elections in Toronto, when he was elected City Controller. Mr. E. M. Carroll was honoured by the citizens of Toronto for his part in making the Royal Winter Fair a great national institution, and was presented with an oil painting of himself, which painting will in future hang in a prominent position in the Toronto City Hall; and Mr. John Boland was for the fifth time elected Alderman of Ward Six, Toronto.

Loretto unites in the gratification of all Catholic citizens of Ontario in the public honour paid to the memory of the late Honourable W. C. Kennedy. The Honourable W. C. Kennedy Collegiate Institute, Windsor, will perpetuate and honour the memory of a pioneer leader in the educational, business and civic life of the city, and a distinguished Canadian Statesman. The late Mr. Kennedy's sisters are Alumnae of Loretto. Mrs. Kennedy was formerly Miss Bolton, Detroit.

The Community of Loretto has suffered in the deaths of three loved and valued members after long years of faithful service: Mother M. Editha, Sault Ste. Marie, Mich; Mother M. Assisi, Toronto; and Sr. M. Marcaria, Chicago. Mother Editha died unexpectedly after a very short illness, Mother Assisi and Sr. Macaria, after long and patient suffering, the completion of lives wholly given to God. To their relatives we offer heartfelt sympathy. They are mourned also by many former pupils of whom their kindly zeal and love had made friends as well as pupils. May they rest in peace.

Loretto Woodlawn Alumnae and Auxiliary.

The Loretto Woodlawn Auxiliary in conjunction with the Loretto Alumnae of Woodlawn, have repeated this year their generous labour of loyal co-operation and have presented to the Convent as proceeds of their Benefit Card Party the splendid amount of $2,000. We are pleased to publish the names of these generous workers: Loretto Woodlawn Auxiliary—Mrs. John P. McGraw, President; Mrs. Albert O'Rourke, Vice President; Mrs. John Brown, Recording Secretary; Mrs. William B. Traynor, Corresponding Secretary; Mrs. Harry J. Gallagher, Treasurer. Loretto Woodlawn Alumnae: Miss Olive Smith, President; Miss Marie Houle, Vice-President; Miss Helen Fleming, Secretary; Miss Dorothy Draper, Treasurer; Mrs. James P. Galligan, Social Chairman. Loretto Academy: Miss Mary Ann Haggerty, President; Miss Madeline Hanrahan, Chairman; Miss Marguerite M. Brown, Co-chairman; Mrs. Wm. J. Lynch, General Chairman; Mrs. George Zamzow, Social Chairman; Mrs. Harry J. Gallagher, Ticket Chairman; Mrs. James P. Galligan, Advertising Chairman; Mrs. John Brown, Prize Chairman; Mrs. Peter A. Barnes, Raffle Chairman; Mrs. William B. Traynor, Program Chairman; Mrs. R. J. Burke, Patron Co-chairman; Mrs. P. Wm. Barrett, Patron Co-chairman; Mrs. J. J. Fitzgerald, Patron Co-chairman; Mrs. E. C. Haggerty, Patron Co-chairman; Mrs. H. R. Howard, Patron Co-chairman; Mrs. E. J. McCann, Patron Co-chairman; Mrs. David O'Meara, Patron Co-chairman; Mrs. Mary O'Rourke, Patron Co-chairman; Mrs. J. H. Wilson, Patron Co-chair-

man. Donors of Door Prizes: Mr. and Mrs. Philip Boffey, Condos Beauty Shoppe, Klein Brothers, Wm. Louis Koehne, Photographer; Patrick Sheridan Smith. Patrons and Patronesses: Mrs. Wm. T. Adams, Mrs. Chas. Ahern, Mrs. Harry W. Backus, Mrs. Peter A. Barnes, Mrs. P. Wm. Barrett, Mrs. Thos. Barrett, Mrs. F. Baumback, Mrs. Louis J. Behan, Mrs. Joseph Benz, Mrs. Geo. L. Bodie, Mrs. Philip Boffey, Mrs. J. A. Bohling, Mrs. Geo. J. Bohnen, Mrs. Wm. G.Born, Mrs. J. S. Bourdreau, Mrs. A. Brady, Mrs. Ambrose Brady, Mrs. James Branagan, Miss Marie Brennen, Mrs. E. M. Brown, Mrs. John Brown, Mrs. Wm J. Bryar, Jr., Miss Helen Bulger, Mrs. H J. Bullock, Mrs. B. Burke, Misses Loretto and Mae Burke, Mrs. R. J. Burke, Mrs. Edward W. Burns, Mrs. James J. Callahan, Mrs. J. L. Carpenter, Mrs. James Caruso, Miss Belle Cavanaugh, Mrs. Nellie Cleary, Mrs. S. Cmarik, Mrs. Joseph M. Coffey, Mrs. G. K. Cole, Mrs. F. J. Corcoran, Miss Mary R. Corcoran, Miss Margaret Corrigan, Mrs. Robert Cotterall, Mrs. Thomas A. Cronin, Mrs. Albert Cross, Miss Rosalie Crowell, Mrs. Daniel Cronley, Mrs. Daniel F. Curley, Mrs. Thos. S. Daly, Mrs. John Dancik, Miss Mary Leone Davey, Mrs. W. A. Davison, Mrs. Geo. W. Deegan, Mrs. Alfred de Roulet, Mrs. Anthony Dickman, Mrs. Joseph Dillon, Mrs. L. J. Donegan, Mrs. Edward J. Donnellan, Miss Dorothy Draper, Mrs. Mary E. Drew, Mrs. J. Paul Dunne, Miss Alice Sara Dwyer, Mrs. Margaret Dwyer, Mrs. F. J. Eisemann, Mrs. T. J. Eschenbach, Mrs. Edward J. Feigh, Miss Clara E. Fisher, Mrs. J. J. Fitzgerald, Mrs. Thos E. Fitzgerald, Miss Agnes Fitzpatrick, Miss Martha Fitzpatrick Miss Mary Fitzpatrick, Mrs. J. J. Flannery, Miss Florence Fox, Mrs. Harry J. Gallagher, Mrs. James P. Galligan, Miss Loretto Galligan, Mrs. Joseph X. Galvin, Mrs. Joseph F. Garrity, Miss Patricia Geoghan, Mrs. Mary Goetzinger, Mrs. Victor Gonya, Mrs. Clarence G. Goodwin, Mrs. C. A. Gormaly, Mrs. Wm. G. Goss, Miss Ethel Grannan, Mrs. J. F. Green, Mrs. Harry Greeve, Mrs. N. P. Grogan, Mrs. E. C. Haggerty, Miss Elizabeth Hamilton, Mrs. S. L. Hamilton, Mrs. Joseph Hannan, Mrs. H. J. Hansman, Mmes. James and John Haran, Mrs. Ambrose M. Hayes, Mrs. J. C. Hayes, Sr., Mrs. John F. Hayes, Mrs. Thos F. Hayes, Mrs. Emmett J. Healy, Miss Eleanor Heatherly, Mrs. Wm. H. Herbert, Mrs. Walter Higgins, Mrs. M. E. Hogle, Miss Marie Houle, Mrs. William M. Houze, Mrs. H. R. Howard, Mrs. Ross Howell, Mrs. Harry Irle, Miss Mary Jacobsen, Mrs. Wm. D. Jamieson, Miss Kathleen Jennings, Mrs. James Johnson, Mrs. E. B. Katholing, Miss Edwina Kehliher, Mrs. E. T. Kelly, Mrs. Frank E. Kelly, Mrs. Thos. P. King, Mrs. A. J. Klein, Mrs. A. C. Kleutgen, Mrs. James Knight, Mrs. Lucille LaPac, Mrs. Joseph B. Lawler, Mrs. J. E. Leahy, Miss Margaret Leonard, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Lusk, Mrs. Evelyn Lyman, Mrs. Lawrence Lynch, Mrs. William Lynch, Mr. Willard J. Mack, Miss Sara M. Maher, Mrs. Anna C. Maloney, Mrs. Louis G. Marhoefer, Mrs. James S. Marrs, Mrs. Frank McAdams, Mrs. P. McArdle, Mrs. George McBean, Miss Eileen McCaffery, Mrs. E. J. McCann, Mrs. Edwin W. McClelland, Mrs. Patrick J. McDonagh, Mrs. Wm. McDonough, Mrs. John P. McGraw, Mrs Thomas McGuan, Mrs. Agnes McIntyre, Mrs. Rose McIsaac, Miss Wilfrid McPartlin, Mrs James E. McShane, Mrs. Geo. Mehrle, Miss Beatrice Meyers, Mrs. M. V Minahan, Mrs. Mark J. Mitchell, Miss Florence I Morrissey, Mrs. Mabel Morrissey, Mrs. H. C. Moylan, Mrs. F. A. Moynihan, Mrs. Frank M. Muir, Mrs Robert Munroe, Mrs J R Murphy, Mrs. P. J. Murphy, Mrs. Thos. E. Murphy, Mrs. V. R. Murphy, Mrs. C. Murray, Mrs. P. Nugent,

Mrs. M. J. O'Connell, Mrs. M. J. O'Donnell, Mrs. J. J. O'Malley, Mrs. David O'Meara, Miss Veronica O'Meara, Mrs. John O'Neil, Mrs. Albert O'Rourke, Mrs. Mary O'Rourke, Mrs. William Ory, Mrs. Frank J. Owens, Mrs. John Patton, Miss Marguerite Peltier, Mrs. Sidney Porter, Mrs. Catherine Powers, Mrs. Robert Poynton, Jr., Mrs. J. J. Reilly, Miss Mae Reinert, Mrs. Jay Reynolds, N. H. Rosenthal's Inc., Mrs. C. L. Rummel, Miss Mamie Rydjewski, Mrs. Edward Santy, Mrs. Francis P. Schlax, Mrs. C. Schneider, Mrs. W. C. Sharp, Mrs. P. J. Shea, Mrs. H. S. Sherer, Mrs. D. A. Sheridan, Mrs. Jack Fraser Smith, Miss Kathryn Smith, Miss Olive Smith, Mrs. R. W. Smith, Mrs. W. L. Spitzig, Mrs. Edward Allen Stanton, Mrs. Michael B. Stanton, Mrs. Adolph Stark, Mrs. Eugene Stuart, Mrs. Joseph Sullivan, Miss Mary Sullivan, Mrs. M. S. Szymczak, Miss Tess F. Tansy, Mrs. George Thomas, Mrs. J. Henry Touchstone, Miss Dean Elizabeth Traynor, Mrs. William B. Traynor, Mrs. John A. Usher, Mrs. F. P. Von Albade, Mrs. Thomas Walsh, Miss Josephine Wattendorf, Miss Virginia Weber, Mrs. J. H. Wilson, Mrs. W. J. White, Mrs. Fred Winterfield, Mrs. Otto C. Woerter, Mrs. George Zamzow, Mrs. Paul S. Zosel, Mrs. M. Coffey, Mrs. Marian A. Coffey, Mrs. F. L. Schreiner, Mrs. E. A. Delaney, Mrs. L. J. Felix.

Marriages:

Miss Thelma Mae Postle, a former pupil of Loretto Academy, Niagara Falls, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank W. Postle, to Dr. Albert M. Humelbaugh, San Gabriel, California, on Feb. 1st, 1930.

Miss Mary Hodgson, daughter of Mrs. W. E. Hodgson, to Mr. Morgan J. Callaghan, on Feb. 5th.

Miss Ethel Laurene Love, to Mr. Le Roy Reinhart, Guelph, on March 3rd.

Congratulations to:

Mr. and Mrs. J. P. McLaughlin, Toronto, on the birth of a son.

Dr. and Mrs. Oscar Fatum (Zita Goodrow), Ottoville, Ohio, on the birth of a son.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Beliski (Margaret Paterson), Guelph, Ont., on the birth of a son.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Southon (Alice Keating), Hamilton, Ont., on the birth of a son.

Mr. and Mrs. Clair Tuck (Margaret Balfe), Hamilton, on the birth of a daughter.

Mr. and Mrs. J. P. O'Reilly (Adelaide Ann Clark), Hamilton, on the birth of a son.

Mr. and Mrs. John S. Banks (Agnes Joyce, a former pupil of Loretto, Englewood), Chicago, on the birth of a daughter.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Anderson (Marion Hogan, a former pupil of Loretto, Englewood), on the birth of a son.

Loretto Offers Deepest Sympathy to:

Mrs. Edward Eggert, her daughter, Mother M. St. Edward, Loretto Academy, Woodlawn, Chicago, and other members of the family, on the death of Mr. Eggert.

Mrs. James B. Eggert, Chicago, and family, on the death of her husband, and to his mother, Mrs. Edward Eggert, and other members of the family.

Mother M. Aileen, Loretto Academy, Niagara Falls, and other members of the family, on the death of her father, Mr. D. J. O'Connor, Ottawa.

Sister M. St. Louis, Loretto Abbey, Toronto, and other members of the family, on the deaths of their father and mother.

Mr. Hanna, Chicago, his son, Reverend Father Edward Hanna, his daughter, Mother M. Alureda, Loretto Academy, Woodlawn, and other members of the family, on the death of Mrs. Hanna.

Mr. J. F. Power, Inspector of Separate Schools, Toronto, and other members of the family, on the death of their sister, Mother M. Assisi, I.B.V.M.

Mother M. Clara, Loretto Academy, Sault Ste. Marie, Mich., and other members of the family, on the death of her brother, Mr. Robert Brett.

Mrs. John E. McElderry, Guelph, Ont., and family, on the death of her husband, and also to Miss M. L. McElderry, the late Mr. McElderry's sister.

Mr. N. J. Clark, his daughter, Miss Mona Clark, B.A., and other members of the family, on the death of Mrs. Clark.

Mrs. John Sexton, Chicago, and family, and relatives, on the death of Mr. Sexton.

The Reverend Jesuit Fathers, on the death of Reverend Father Thomas Gasson, S.J., Loyola College, Montreal.

Mr. John Mallon, his son, Reverend Father Mallon, and other members of the family, on the death of Mrs. Mallon (Teresa Mulvey).

The Misses Mallon, and other members of the family, and relatives, on the death of Miss Margaret Mallon.

Mrs. Augustine J. Gough and family, on the death of her husband.

Mr. Daniel Mulqueen, Rio de Janeiro, and family, on the death of Mrs. Mulqueen, (Josephine Smyth, a former pupil of Loretto Abbey, Toronto).

Mrs. Edward Gaffney, Detroit, and family, on the death of her husband, and to his mother, Mrs. Gaffney, Stratford, and to the other members of the family.

Mrs. J. J. Cain, Grace St., Toronto, and family, on the death of her husband.

The Reverend Sisters of St. Joseph, Toronto, and to Mr. James J. Shields, Guelph, Ont., Mrs. William Gageon, Alliston, Ont., and other members of the family, on the death of Sister M. Bernadette Shields.

Miss Mary Aussem, Hamilton, and her brothers, on the death of their father.

Miss Mary Burns, Hamilton, on the death of her mother.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas J. Mullin, Lima, Ohio, Miss Florence Mullin, (President of the Loretto Niagara Alumnae) and other members of the family, on the death of Mr. Clair A. Mullin.

Dr. and Mrs. Joseph C. Arbogast (Estelle Forestel, Loretto Niagara Alumnae) on the death of their only son, Ned, aged five years.

Miss Mary Sweeney, Class of 1926, Loretto Academy, Niagara Falls, on the deaths of her father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Sweeney, 17 Thornton Ave., Buffalo, N. Y. Miss Sweeney is the only child.

Mrs. Patrick Kelly, Niagara Falls, Ont., and her daughters, Mrs. Leonard Murphy, Mrs. N. Sullivan, and Miss Mame Kelly, alumnae of Loretto, on the death of Mr. Kelly.

Miss Ethel Menzies, on the death of her father.

Mrs. Hilary French and family, on the death of her husband, and to his mother, Mrs. J. McLean French.

Mrs. Max Becker, Guelph, and family, on the death of her husband.

Mrs. Vincent Fayle, Toronto, and family, on the death of her husband.

Mr. and Mrs. Wilson, Toronto, on the death of their daughter, Miss Marion Wilson, a former pupil of Loretto Abbey.

Mrs. William Harpell, Toronto, and family, on the death of her husband.

Mr. Carter, Eganville, and other members of the family on the death of Mrs. Carter.

Mrs. William D. Keenan and family, on the death of Mr. Keenan.

Mr. James Paul and his daughter, Mrs. Cous-

sineau, Fort Francis, on the death of Mrs. Paul (Matilda Carroll), one of the first pupils of Loretto, Guelph.

Mr. Collins, Toronto, on the death of Mrs. Collins (Rita Carroll).

Mr. Tobin, and his daughter, Miss Lenore Tobin, a pupil of Loretto Abbey College School, on the death of Mrs. Tobin.

Mrs. Cuneo and her daughters, pupils of Loretto Abbey College School, on the death of Mr. Cuneo.

Mrs. Thomas Weis, and family, and relatives, on the death of Mr. Weis.

The family of the late Mrs. Margaret Brady, Chicago, on her death.

The relatives of the late Mrs. R. K. Lewis (Ada Carey, a former pupil of Loretto, Guelph), who died in St. Petersburg, Florida.

Mrs. Wm. O'Connor, on the death of her husband, and to his parents, Mr. and Mrs. William O'Connor.

WHAT IT MEANS TO ME TO BE A LORETTO GIRL.

(Honourable Mention)

"I am a Loretto girl." How proud any girl must be to say these words. Yet just what do they mean. What distinction do they give? And what does it mean to *me?* These are questions which have often come to my mind, yet never have they been fully answered.

A Loretto girl is one who has been taught by the religious of the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary, and lives up to the principles she has been taught. She should be more cultured, more refined, and more devout than girls who have not had her advantages.

Once a Loretto girl, always a Loretto girl. This stamp should remain on her throughout her whole life. No matter whether in later years she enters a convent or remains in the world, she should strive in her turn to carry on the good work of bringing souls nearer to God.

Now, what does it mean to *me* to be a Loretto girl?

First of all it means that I gained a special devotion to our Blessed Mother. How, without this devotion I could have managed to get along during even these early years of my life is more than I know. Devotion to her becomes part of one's life at Loretto.

Next, it means that besides being taught the various subjects of the school curriculum, I have been taught how to build my character. This means to have the strength of my own convictions, to do what I know is right no matter what the circumstances are. This is one of the qualities so sadly lacking in modern life.

Also, it means that I try to be as much as possible like Our Blessed Mother in all her virtues, especially kindness and thoughtfulness. Very often through thoughtlessness some small cutting word hurts someone deeply and does irretrievable harm.

These are only some of the more outstanding things it means to me to be a Loretto girl. If I were to realize and to write them all, I would write page after page and still not have told what it had meant, what it means, and what it must mean to me in the future. Only when I stand at last before my King will I know fully what "Loretto" means, and how it has helped me to get there. I am sure every Loretto girl will agree with me in this.

Annie Froh, Grade XII,
Loretto Convent, Sedley, Sask.

SCHOOL CHRONICLES

Loretto Abbey, Armour Heights.

Jan. 11th. Sleighing party through the country north of Armour Heights; a brisk and bracing and merry afternoon.

Jan. 18th. The first skating party on our new rink.

Jan. 23rd. Previous to the very lovely banquet given by Form III, in honour of the feast day of Mother Mary Ward, Reverend Father Francis P. Carroll honoured us with an interesting lecture on the Holy Land.

Jan. 26th. A debate: "Resolved that it would have been spiritually better to have lived in the time of Christ, than in our own time." Miss Roberta Rankin and Miss Marguerite Harris splendidly upheld the affirmative, but Miss Margaret Parnell and Miss Katherine Roche, on the negative, won.

Jan. 30th. The piano recital by Mr. Johnson, the distinguished young Vancouver artist, was enjoyed and appreciated.

Feb. 4th. Miss Eleanor O'Meara and the little Misses Taylor exhibited some pretty fancy skating at our picturesque ice carnival this afternoon. Miss Roberta Rankin won the prize for the best costume.

Feb. 11th.—The Seniors attended the twilight hour presentation by the Toronto symphony Orchestra at Massy Hall, when Mr. Ernest Seitz played.

Feb. 11th.—A charming Valentine party given by Form 1.

Feb. 23rd. An excellent piano recital given by some of the music pupils.

Feb. 28th. Several of the girls went to hear the accomplished young Canadian violinist, Miss Bettina Vegara, in recital at the Margaret Eaton Hall.

March 11th. The music pupils were present at the Toronto Symphony Orchestra twilight hour concert.

March 15. The School went on a long "hike" through the country north of the Abbey.

Catherine Ferguson.

Loretto Academy, Niagara Falls, Ont.

Dec. 13th.—First inter-form basketball game, between the Third and Fourth Forms. Seniors victorious, 46-22.

Dec. 18th. Forty poor children are entertained at a fine Christmas Tree party. The Sodality sponsors this annual event, which has become one of the outstanding ones of the year.

Jan. 12th. Seniors and Juniors are guests of Niagara University at the annual Niagara-Bonaventure game. We see some excellent basketball.

Jan. 18th.—Second interform game, Second Form defeating First Form, 40-8.

Jan. 23rd. Mary Ward's birthday celebrated by an elaborate banquet, and dancing for which the Niagara University orchestra supplied the music.

Feb. 7th. Third interform game. Second Form defeating Fourth Class, 48-13.

Feb. 8th.—Annual sleigh-ride party. Ideal weather increases enthusiasm, and the event surpasses even our eager expectations.

Feb. 16th. We are enjoyably entertained by the D'Youville Ensemble from Buffalo, under the auspices of St. Cecilia's Club.

Feb. 20th-24th.—A week-end to celebrate George Washington's birthday.

Feb. 25th. Reverend Father Garcia, C.M., adds one more kindness to the many for which we are indebted to him, by giving a series of talks on psychology, the first of which we enjoyed to-day.

March 1st-3rd. Our Retreat, long desired and prayed for, and more wonderful than we had ever hoped, given by Reverend Father J. Keating, S.J., Guelph.

March 7th. Final interform game, between Second Form and Fourth Form. The Seniors win the coverted cup, by a score of 65-25! ! !

March 9th. Four of our Seniors are delegates to a most interesting conference held in Rochester, of Western New York Schools, interested in Sodality work.

March 10th. Loretto, Niagara—Stamford High School basketball game, Loretto winning the Senior game, 44-28, and the Junior game, 60-8.

March 11th. Loretto, Niagara—Niagara Falls Collegiate game, Loretto again victorious, 42-21.

Dorothy Dwyer.

Loretto Academy, Englewood, Chicago.

Dec. 27th.—Loretto didn't look quite the deserted place it should have been over the holidays. There were lights and laughter and girls. You see it was rather an unusual occasion. Along with that great big snowstorm just before Christmas came back a well loved teacher, who has deserted us this year to teach at Sault Ste. Marie.

Jan. 10th. Three Loyola men, Mr. Durkin, Mr. Connly and Mr. Arato, invaded our assembly to lecture on "Bernadette of Lourdes." All are active members of the Catholic Student Council on Religious Activities, of which Loretto, Englewood, is a Unit. By way of celebration they were the guests of the School, represented by the Spiritual Council, at a luncheon.

Jan. 23rd. We had the honour of being presented to Reverend Mother Pulcharia, Mother General of the Institute of the B.V.M., who stayed at the Convent for several days. Our Senior Class president, Miss Gertrude Scanlan, made the address for the School and presented Mother General with a basket of lovely flowers. The program which followed the formal presentation, was very appropriately in honour of Mary Ward, foundress of the Institute of the B.V.M.

Jan. 28th-30th. Once more silence reigned in the school; broken only by hymns, and the rustle of beads, and footsteps in the corridors, as white-veiled girls made their way to and from the chapel. Reverend Father Murray conducted the retreat, to our great satisfaction.

Feb. 12th. We remembered Lincoln, the great emancipator, and forgot our lessons.

Feb. 14th.—Day ordinarily devoted to sentimental verse, red hearts, and such things. We resolutely gave up such nonsense and gave the money instead to Right Reverend Bishop Salmone, for his Egyptian Mission. The Bishop is a very gifted orator (we are told he speaks twelve languages) and we enjoyed having him immensely. We are now very much in sympathy with the East and its problems.

Feb. 21st.—Free day!—to honour Washington and give us a chance to prepare for the Students' Spiritual Leadership Convention.

Feb. 22nd.- A representative number of Lorettoites trudged over to Providence High School to put in a word for Loretto at the Convention. The Study of the Liturgy was particularly stressed. By the way—we are wondering just how many other Loretto Schools belong to the Catholic Students' Council on Re-

ligious Activities. We shall look forward to the National Convention in June and we extend a cordial invitation to Loretto Delegates from other cities to be our guests for the convention days.

Marjorie Leary.

* * * *

Loretto Academy, Woodlawn, Chicago.

One of the most novel and interesting parties held this year was the Basketball Rally, given the team by the Sophomores, as a proof of the School's loyal spirit towards the team. All the

STARRING IN "THE RIVALS" ON MARCH 3RD, AT LORETTO ACADEMY, WOODLAWN, CHICAGO.

Left to right: Misses Leone Hogle, Captain Absolute, Katheryn Burke, Mrs. Malaprop, Catherine Repholtz, Lucy, Beatrice Greeve, Sir Anthony Absolute, Margaret Schreiner, Lydia Languish

school attended and the girls sat at little tables grouped around the team at a long table in the center.

Our orchestra, under the skillful direction of Mrs. Morin, has progressed rapidly and has already given several fine recitals. The last one was given in union with the Dramatic Art and Music Departments, and the many visitors who attended were surprised and delighted at the skill shown.

The Seniors, never idle, next gave the annual Valentine Party, a delicious luncheon, distribution of Valentines, dancing, and as usual, a very interesting program.

A social season is never complete without a Card Party, and realizing this, our Junior Class gave one, very lovely and successful in every way.

Not to be outdone, our Freshmen gave a Hardtime Party that made the givers of all other social events look to their laurels. Some very amusing costumes were exhibited and charming prizes given.

Marion Moylan.

* * * *

Loretto Academy, Sault Ste. Marie, Mich.

Our recent fire has been the cause of a little excitement in our peaceful lives. However, it has not been so bad as it might have been, and there has been no complaining. Its consequences are amusing at times when in the midst of a serious lesson, a burst of laughter comes to us from the region of the rooms under repair, or when we have to squeeze through ladders and climb over boards on our way from room to room.

Feb. 13th. The Sophomore class entertained at a Bunco Party. The proceeds were generously donated as an addition to the Libraray Fund, which is being raised by the Senior Class.

Feb. 14th. The holiday given us on account of the meeting of the Teachers' Institute, held here, was welcomed with open arms, but mostly by the boarders, who enjoyed the privileges of a "freeday."

We are proud of three of our Sophomores, who received prizes of money for stories sent to the "Milwaukee Citizen" recently. We can vouch that the stories were well written, be-

cause they were read to us at Assembly. The writers were: Miss Lottie Lawless, Miss Lucy Suriano and Miss Marguerite Johnston.

Constance Lucas.

* * * * *

Loretto Academy, Hamilton.

March 3rd. In the afternoon we, the boarders put aside all school concerns to go to the Orphans' Festival. The Festival, which was held in the Grand Opera House, is an annual event in Hamilton. We were charmed by the features of its program, which were as colourful, lively and entertaining as ever. It was a pleasant outing, which we enjoyed very much. All boarders know what such outings mean.

Margaret Gillen.

* * * * *

Loretto Convent, Sedley, Sask.

Jan. 23rd. The birthday of Mary Ward! And with it came a party. After the dinner a delightful program, the chief attraction of which was a scene from the life of Mary Ward. The cast of characters was as follows:—

Mary Ward. Miss Eileen Whelan. Mary Poyntz. Miss Elizabeth Wolbaum. Winefred Wigmore. Miss Alma Eberl. Anne Gage. Miss Marian Ryan. Pursuivant. Miss Madeleine Lambertus.

Jan. 22nd-24th. Mrs. E. M. Feeny, Public Health Nurse, gave the girls of the High School and of Grade VIII. an interesting three-day course of lectures on Home Nursing. We all appreciated her instructions and trust that we shall be able to prove their benefit to us.

Feb. 11th. Ten High School boys were received into the Boys' Sodality of the Blessed Virgin Mary. They are known as "Knights of Our Lady." After the reception ceremony, conducted by Reverend A. J. Janssen, they were treated to a surprise party, prepared by the older Sodality girls.

March 4th. Shove Tuesday! A Masquerade was held at the Convent. "Aunt Jemima" proved a great success, and was the cause of many a hearty laugh.

March 5th. Ash Wednesday. May this Holy Season of Lent be of benefit to us all.

Annie Froh.

* * * * *

Loretto Abbey College School.

Jan. 17th. Reverend Father Francis P. Carroll gave us a very interesting lecture on the Holy Land, accompanied by beautiful slides.

Jan. 23rd. The "Living Tableaux from the Life of Mary Ward," by which it is our custom to celebrate her feast day, are more beautiful with each year's performance. We gave them for the School on the afternoon of the feast, and on the following evening for the public. There were prizes for the best posters of maxims from her writings, and an excellent exhibition of physical culture and folk dancing, by the pupils of the First Forms and of the Third and Fourth Classes.

Feb. 14th. First Form gave a Valentine party for the pupils of the preparatory classes, while Form 11B entertained the rest of the School by a clever and interesting play written and staged by Miss Barbara Riley.

Feb. 26th. Our basketball team won a good game, played with the team from St. Mildred's College.

March 15th.—We always look forward to and enjoy the visits of our friends from Loretto Academy, Hamilton, and this one was an especially happy reunion for us all. We won the Senior game, and they the Junior.

March 17th. St. Patrick's Day was celebrated by a concert, interesting features of which were Irish songs, in which the audience

joined, some pretty folk dances, and a piano duet by Misses Marion Ball and Teresa Byrne.

Our annual retreat will take place, for the Fourth Class and the First Forms, on Friday, of Passion Week; and for the Second, Third and Fourth Forms, on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday of Holy Week. We are fortunate in having Reverend Father H. Callaghan, to give both retreats.

Patricia Callen.

* * * * *

Loretto Convent, Saskatoon, Sask.

On the Feast of Our Lady of Lourdes, the children of the Immaculate Conception Sodality had an ideal day for their Valentine Party. While those who had skates were on the rink, the others enjoyed a long sleigh-ride, which was a real surprise to all. At five o'clock games were played in the auditorium of St. Mary's School. Lunch was served later and prizes distributed. After the party such remarks were overheard as, " I wish the Feast of Our Lady of Lourdes came oftener." and " Didn't we have a good time?"

On the Second of March, the children of Mary held a silver tea, to provide funds for linens for the new altar, in honour of the Blessed Virgin, in St. Mary's Church. Miss Loran and Miss Terry received the guests, and Miss O'Hara presided in the tea room

The Children of St. Mary's School wish to thank St. Cecelia's Mission Crusade Unit for the donation to buy books. The books are here Mary Waggaman's—and every Saturday we have a story hour, when one of the nuns reads for us from half past ten to half past eleven. We are all eager for next Saturday morning. Sister always leaves off at the most interesting place.

On March 10th, all the children assembled at eight o'clock at St. Mary's Church to assist at the Mass for the repose of the soul of Cardinal Merry del Val.

Blanche Powney.

* * * * *

Loretto Academy, Guelph, Ont.

Jan. 13th,—An illustrated lecture on "The Indian Missions" by Reverend Father Labelle, S.J. Crusaders were delighted to see among the pictures one of their adopted missionary, Reverend Father Couture, S.J.

Jan. 22nd, -The second act of "The Birds' Christmas Carol" was repeated at the request of the Sodality, for their Euchre and Bridge.

Jan. 23rd, -Mary Ward's Day fittingly celebrated. The work and virtues of our dear Mother were told in prose and verse.

Feb. 10th,—Valentine party, at which we entertained our Mothers at Euchre, dancing and luncheon.

Feb. 14th,—Basketball—First year Commercial of the G.C.V.I. versus Loretto. Score: 44-11, favour of Loretto.

Feb. 15th,—Visit of the girls from Loretto, Stratford for basketball. We lost the game but we made many new friends.

March 8th,—The outstanding event of the year, our visit to Loretto Abbey, Armour Heights. The Abbey girls are ideal hostesses. We swam, bowled, danced and inspected the beautiful building, and incidently lost a basketball game.

March 11th, Recital Junior Music Pupils.

Marguerite McGowan.

* * * * *

Loretto Academy, Stratford, Ont.

Jan. 23rd,—Our annual Skating Party at the Arena, followed by refreshments at our beloved Alma Mater.

Feb. 1st.—A Progressive Peanut Party was held in our hall to-day, under the auspices of St. Cecilia's Club. Prizes were won by Misses Doris Quilter, Doris Pigeon and Celine O'Donoghue.

Feb. 15th. Our basketball team journeyed to Loretto, Guelph, to-day. Keen excitement was exhibited throughout the game, and the victory was for us, with a score of 32-22. The Guelph girls proved charming hostesses, and the time for departure came all too soon. The girls who played, including substitutes were: Defence: Misses Helen Cloney, Mary McLaughlin, Josephine Pigeon, Doris Bonfonti. Forwards: Misses Eunice LeSouder, Irene Burns, Kathleen McIlroy, Dorothy McLaughlin and Pauline Byrick.

Feb. 17th.—To-night our boarders attended the Students' Costume Recital, given by the Perth County Music Teachers' Federation, at the City Hall, Stratford. The following members of our class were among the performers:

An Irish Trio: Misses Helen Pigeon, Mary and Catherine McNamara (piano).

(Vocal) A Japanese Love Song .....Brahe
A Chinese Lullaby.....Bowers
Miss Callista Heinbuch

(Violin) Spring Song .....Mendelessohn
Miss Josephine Pigeon. Accompanist, Miss Kathleen Brooks.

(Vocal) Fairings.....Martin
Down Here.....Brabe
Miss Helen Cloney. Accompanist, Miss Francis Kastner.

Piano. Le Carillon de St. Valentine..Ringuet
Misses Iona and Ilene Seigner.

March 4th. The usual Masquerade for Shrove Tuesday was particularly pleasant this year. Novelty games, and dancing, for which our new orthophonic provided the music, were the main features of the evening. Prizes were given for the prettiest, most original, and best disguised costumes and were won by Misses Mary Wimpory, Rita Benninger and Kathleen McTague.

March 6th. "Resolved that the freedom allowed to the youth of the present day is detrimental to them," proved to be a most interesting topic at a debate in our Concert Hall today. Misses Kathleen McIlroy and Pauline Byrick represented the affirmative side, and Misses Jean Cole and Dorothy McCarthy the negative. Miss Helen Cloney acted as Chairman. All four speakers with emphatic statements and quick rebuttals placed their arguments convincingly before their audience. The Very Reverend Dean D. J. Egan acted as judge, and in stating his decision declared the debate was very closely contested, although the victory must be given to the affirmative side. The Reverend Dean spoke in an encouraging manner to the debaters, and showed us the correct attitude towards the present day freedom.

March 7th.—A Beethoven Descriptive Recital, by the Perth County Music Teachers' Federation,—this time held at Loretto Academy. Two of our pupils, Miss Berenice Conlin and Miss Irene Seigner distinguished themselves by rendering Beethoven's Sonata Op-49 No. 2 and 9 variations in A Major respectively.

March 18th. The following is from the Stratford Beacon Herald:—

The presentation of "Quality Street," one of J. M. Barrie's gems of literature, by the students of Loretto Academy in the auditorium of the school last evening recalled the olden days when strict propriety and ladylike deportment were feminine qualities which lent charm and grace to the women of the period. The

youthful performers impersonated the various characters with grace and ease which is acquired by those who are privileged to receive their training at the hands of the Ladies of Loretto and their efforts bore no marks of amateur acting..

The part of Phoebe is taken in an admirable manner by Miss Madeline Hamilton, who, by her winsome personality, fits in perfectly to the part. The part of Susan, the older sister, is portrayed by Miss Mary McLaughlin, who exhibits real talents in the difficult role. Miss Helen Cloney as Captain Brown is at once the dashing soldier and the gallant lover.

We must, however, not pass over the pupils of Miss Phoebe, who won the hearts of the audience by their part in the play. The dancing of the old-fashioned quadrille was indeed an entrancing feature and those who took part were Miss Helen Pigeon, Miss Betty Quinlan, James McCardle and Joseph Killoran. Miss Rosalie Kappele was also a quaint little pupil of the school, who was insistent that her father wanted her to study Algebra.

The other residents of Quality Street, who, true to form, watched from behind curtains and called on the Misses Throssel at inopportune moments with a two-fold object, that of friendly but prying interest in the life of the two sisters, were Fanny Willoughby, played by Miss Dolores Ducharme; Henrietta Turnbull, by Miss Catherine Stewart; Miss Willoughby, by Miss Dorothy McCarthy. Others who took part were: Charlotte Paratt, Miss Eunice Le Souder; Ensign Blades, Miss Pauline Byrick; Lieutenant Spicer, Miss Zora Hunter; a Sergeant, Miss Josephine Pigeon; Harriet, Miss Dorothy McLaughlin; Patty, the maid, Miss Rita Benninger; also Misses Monica Gaunt, Mary Walsh, Jean Cole, Geraldine Scott, Gertrude Hamilton, Catherine Simpson.

Jean Cole.

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CONTENTS

2. Loretto Abbey, Armour Heights, Toronto . . . Frontispiece
3. To Our Lady of Loretto . . . . . Dorothea McLaughlin
4. Graduates of Loretto Abbey College in the University of Toronto, 1930 . . . . . .
5. Loretto Abbey College Graduating Song . . . . . Rev. Mother M. Dorothea, I.B.V.M.
6. To the Graduating Class . . . . . Very Rev. E. J. McCorkell, C.S.B.
7. The Very Rev. Francis Forster, C.S.B. . . . . .
8. "The Time of My Life" . . . . . Mother M. Loyola, I.B.V.M.
14. Class Poem . . . . . Marjorie Leary.
15. Right Rev. Gerald Casey Murray, D.D. . . . . .
16. Archbishop McGuigan . . . . . Mother M. Loyola, I.B.V.M.
19. Right Rev. Denis O'Connor, D.D. . . . . .
20. A Jubilee Retrospect . . . . . Mother M. Dorothea, I.B.V.M.
21. Reverend A. J. Janssen . . . . . Mother M. St. Joseph, I.B.V.M.
23. Envoi . . . . . Catherine Walsh
24. Greek Tragedy . . . . . Mother M. Cyril, I.B.V.M.
29. Singing for the Holy Father . . . . . Miss Edna Dooley
31. The Canonization of the Canadian Martyrs . . . . . H.M.R.
32. The Life in Letters of Simplicia Borgia . . . . . .
34. Loretto College Graduation . . . . . .
34. College Notes . . . . . H.M.R.
36. Ad Altiora Tendo . . . . . Aileen McGuire.
37. L'Ile D'Orleans . . . . . Madeleine Roy.
38. The Jesuit Martyrs . . . . . Genevieve Vale.
40. To Mother . . . . . Paula Tillman
41. Vacation . . . . . Constance Moran.
42. Grandfather Pays a Visit to His Boyhood Home . . . Miriam Mraeck
42. The Princess . . . . . Mary McCrea.
44. The Lonely Road . . . . . Mary Bootle.
46. The Little Cousins of the Field and Garden . . . Betty Lewis
48. Alumnae Notes . . . . . .
54. School Chronicles . . . . . .

LORETTO ABBEY, ARMOUR HEIGHTS, TORONTO.

LORETTO RAINBOW

Earth's noblest thing—a woman perfected.

VOL. XXXVII. TORONTO, JULY, 1930 No. 1

TO OUR LADY OF LORETTO.

Our Lady of Loreto
To you so fond and true
We owe our endless happiness
Here, beneath your "White and Blue."

Day by day we pledge our loyalty
To God and you above;
O may we Blessed Mother
Ever worthy of your love.

And when we leave our Abbey
Mother, we ask of you
Watch o'er us still your children
Of Loretto's "White and Blue."

Dorothea McLaughlin, Form III.
Loretto Abbey, Armour Heights, Toronto.

Miss Helen Radigan, B.A.

Miss M. A. Ryan, I.B.V.M., B.A.

Miss M. Geraldine Maloney, B.A.

Miss Evangeline Mulvihill, B.A.

Miss Florence O'Brien, B.A.

Graduates of Loretto Abbey College in the University of Toronto 1930

Miss Rita Macklin, B.A.

Miss Mary Fitzpatrick, B.A.

Miss Muriel Smith, B.A.

Miss Marie Hellerman, B.A.

Miss Mary Ulrich, B.A.

Miss Isobel Devlin, B.A.

Miss Agnes F. Lee, I.B.V.M., B.A.

Loretto Abbey College Graduating Song

By MOTHER M. DOROTHEA, I.B.V.M.

Music by REVEREND J. E. RONAN, dedicated to
THE GRADUATING CLASS OF 1930.

O stream of life how fast you flow
Along your trackless course!
Upon your banks not long ago
We loved to trace your source.
Loretto, Alma Mater fair,
Life's stream relentless glides,
While rests upon our lips a prayer
For what the future hides.

O memories of yesteryears
So fondly do you cling,
We live again our hopes and fears
While we our farewell sing.
Loretto, Alma Mater fair,
Sweet memories of thee,
We'll cherish in the hour of prayer
Wherever we may be.

O student life too quickly past
As sunbeams fade away,
To-night you flitting shadows cast
Ere dawns another day.
Loretto, Alma fair,
Our college life is o'er,
Yet we'll recall in loving prayer
The days that are no more.

O stream of life we follow you
To broadening ocean deep,
With mist of tears like evening dew
In eyes that fain would weep.
Loretto, Alma Mater fair,
Be thou our guiding star,
Effulgent in the hour of prayer,
Where'er thy children are!

TO THE GRADUATING CLASS

By VERY REVEREND E. J. McCORKELL, C.S.B.
Superior of St. Michael's College.

"The homely nurse doth all she can
To make her foster-child, her inmate man
Forget the glories he hath known
And that imperial palace whence he came."
(Wordsworth's Intimations of Immortality).

The great poet felt the appeal of youthful innocence, redolent of its divine origin, and explained its departure as due to the seductions of earthly life. He put his finger upon a great truth—a truth which the scientists have arrived at and expressed in another way, is *the influence of environment*. We cannot long resist the persistent influence of the life around us. We are prone to act as others act, to think as others think.

That is why you have been trained in Catholic homes and in a Catholic school. You have been nurtured in a Catholic environment because the aim was to make you Catholics. It was not merely that you were instructed in Catholic doctrine; that is the least part of it. You have been taught by a thousand examples how the Catholic life should be lived.

But now as graduates you are going out into a world that is not Catholic through and through. You are going into a society that is largely the expression of a culture, alien to the one in which you have lived and moved during your scholastic years. Your loyalty to your family tradition and to your school training as well as your duty to God will call upon you to resist the seductions of this alien culture. Now, in order to make it possible to exercise this loyalty, and to be faithful to this duty, I propose to call your attention to one of the influences which will tend to make you "forget the glories you have known, and the imperial palace whence you came."

The seductive influence to which I refer is that of literature. As women of culture you have a taste for literature, a taste which must be satisfied by contact with the masterpieces of our language whether of the past or of the present. Extensive as your reading may have been, you have only touched the cover of that vast volume which men and women of literary genius have bequeathed to us. You will open wide the volume as the years go on. You will become great readers.

Observe what this will mean. It is a notorious fact that English literature for the past 300 years embodies a very definite anti-Catholic spirit. English literature has its Catholic writers, but that was long ago. Chaucer breathes the spirit of Catholicity in his noble lines; Shakespeare, the greatest, is the product of a Catholic age, and perhaps a Catholic himself; but Spenser, his contemporary, is narrow, insular, nationalistic, and breathes the hatred of the Reformers for the Catholic faith. With Milton, the second greatest of our literary geniuses, the spirit of Puritanism rises to supremacy, and from that time till the present, English literature has been the expression of what Newman called the Protestant tradition. You may ask why this is so. The answer is that Catholics were robbed of their schools and universities, and even of their civil rights. Their culture was stifled by force. They could not produce writers when they were denied education. And they did not produce writers

The Very Reverend Francis Forster, General of the Basilian Order, whose tragic death by drowning took place last November, and whose funeral obsequies were held in St. Basil's Church on May 12th, after the recovery of the body, was a priest and religious of the most outstanding character, and his death is a very heavy loss to the Church in America. Loretto offers deepest condolence to his family and the Basilian Order.

in English who wrote with Catholic inspiration, from Crashaw in the early 17th century to Newman in the late 19th. The great bulk of the English literature of the past is Protestant, which means that it is anti-Catholic.

So much for the literature of the past; what about the literature of the present day? Much of it is filled with the spirit of paganism. It has a current of sensuality in it because there is abroad to-day a sort of pagan craving for indulgence of the senses. It has no fixed standards of morality or of truth. It is in search of truth. It is experimental. It has towards life what may be called an empirical attitude; that is to say it has no theory of life, no preconceived idea such as the Catholic has. The Catholic views life as a preparation for eternity, and understands life and its problems only in the light of eternity. He does not get this theory from his own investigations, but by faith. He believes in the supernatural; he believes we are surrounded at every stage of our earthly existence by unseen powers. This is not the scientific attitude to life. Shall I say it is not the Protestant attitude? I will say this that many non-Catholics have Catholic views of life which have come to them by tradition. They are living Christian lives by reason of a store of moral principles which they still retain, a kind of moral capital. But it is a matter of time only when they will abandon these and then there will be only Catholicism and Paganism.

I fear, then, that I must warn you to be on your guard against the seductions of our literature, whether of the past or of the present.

"THE TIME OF MY LIFE"

By MOTHER M. LOYOLA, I.B.V.M.,
The Bar Convent, York, England.

In its April number, "The Rainbow" gives us an interesting prize essay, "What it Means to me to be a Loretto Girl," which starts with a frank bit of biography.

"It was from a home"—the writer tells us "where I had never felt that I was in any way undesirable in anyone's eyes, that I passed into school life with the great wish, conscious or unconscious, to be popular and to get all I could out of everything shown or given to me." There must, then, have been many a conflict before she could declare herself "one of the happiest, if not the very happiest girl in Loretto Niagara." How the change came about, we are told:

"I've given up my desire to be popular, for a more deserving one; I have tried to be considerate to the other girls, a thing unthought of before, and with these higher aims have come real friends and happiness. I thank Loretto with all my heart for those first few months spent with her. They brought me to a realization of facts and prepared me somewhat for the world and its ways. And although that realization caused me some temporary sorrow, I can now work with an assurance which comes from the knowledge that determination for real achievement is better than all the popularity in the world. Ten years or even five years from now, where shall I be? I don't know . . . No one knows. But whatever I do that is good (and I must do something good), it will be because Loretto has helped to give me my chance."

The writer of this essay must not provide the text for a sermon. But the resolve: "I must do something good" (the conviction, of course, of all Loretto girls) recalls some words in the Apocalypse on which it would be hard not to dwell for a few moments.

Encouraging the soul which desires to do great things, Our Blessed Lord says: "He that shall overcome I will make him a pillar in the temple of my God." It is a promise and a reward. A pillar in the temple of God may support an altar in the sanctuary, or, in the porch, may serve simply as an introduction to the church. In any capacity its office is an honour to be envied. St. Paul speaks of "James, Cephas and John" (as) "pillars," and to this honourable office the Church is now inviting her layfolk with an insistence never, perhaps, equalled in the past. She not only invites; she implores. We are to be—each in place — her "living stones" erect ourselves and helping to support the weight of her ever-increasing burden

We live in days when the humblest lot and the narrowest sphere may provide conditions for the boldest endeavour and the widest influence; an age of astounding exploits when to gain the results of experience there are those amongst us who go all lengths and bring about contrasts and changes which at length fail to startle us. A Protestant Archbishop deplores not only empty churches, but "the want of the spirit of adventure in the youth of the present day." Surely exceptions here hardly justify the reproach. Boys and girls are venturesome to a degree hitherto undreamt of. As to the

ventures, there may be two opinions, but it looks as if daring in some form or other is to be one of the characteristics of the country.

To prove the efficiency of the British light areoplane, a girl of twenty-two takes a lone journey of nearly ten thousand miles by air from Croydon to Australia, encountering for the first time unknown perils by land and water, over tropical seas and forests, through storms and darkness and unexpected climatic conditions during nineteen and a half days and nights. Another adventurer chooses the sea and swimming contests for the display of her powers. And yet another traveller, this time a man, preferring to feel the solid earth beneath his feet, starts on a globe-trotting tour from Rome to Cape Town, walking alone, through Switzerland, Germany, Belgium, Poland, France, Spain, Portugal, Morocco, Algeria, Egypt, and Abyssinia, arriving after four years of travel at his destination, twice stricken down by black-fever, and killing five lions and two elephants on his way.

In the discharge of her divinely-appointed commission, the Church more than keeps pace with the adventurous spirit of the age. Universal in time as in place, she is at home in all these spheres of adventure and labour. When time and speed are considerations, her sacraments are borne by air over mountain, plain and sea. The first aeronaut, born in 1685, at Santos, Brazil, is portrayed in the new Brazilian stamp to be used for the Brazilian air lines. As instances of her familiarity with the sea, we need only recall how her missionaries were among the first pioneers to encounter its perils in their quest for souls. Aboard the "Lutzow" on her way to the Eucharistic Congress at Carthage, an Archbishop celebrated every day and about a hundred priests tried to say Mass on the portable altars set up in various rooms on the boat.

And what about the very young, the little ones so dear to Christ? Pius X. bade us prepare to find children saints. From the earliest Christian times they have never been wanting; and even in "the glorious company of the Martyrs" they are among the most glorious. In our own times it is truly "out of the mouths of infants" that God is perfecting praise. At the age of three, Thérèse of Lisieux, at four, Nellie Aherne of Cork, "Little Nellie of Holy God," entered consciously upon their upward path. And to name but one more, Guy de Fontgalland, who died in 1925, is becoming known all the world over and there is talk already of miracles and the introduction of his cause.

Small pillars these in the temple of God. But how beautiful, and how strong; else would they not be there. The promise of Our Lord is to conquerors. Combat and victory are required of all who have come to the use of reason.

We have been thinking of ambitions—more or less deserving—as a characteristic of the youth of the present day. Ambition is not in itself reprehensible. It is the very life-blood of youth. We may almost say of it, even in its least noble forms, what the Church says of life in the Preface of her Mass for the Dead: "Not taken away, but changed." We live by our desires. From the beginning God has shown His appreciation of noble desire: "Because thou art a man of desire I am come to shew it to thee," said the Archangel to the prophet Daniel whom he was sent to instruct as to the time of Christ's Coming and Passion. The loftiest lives earth has seen have sprung from desires. Every man has, or at one time had, his ideals as to what he would wish to be and the

life that should be his. Two disciples of St. John Baptist, drawn by the charm of our Lord's Person and words, timidly followed Him, for awhile in silence. Then their desire took shape: "Master, where dwellest Thou?" Its reward was the invitation: "Come and see," which brought Andrew and then Simon Peter, his brother, their vocation to the Apostleship.

Our ambition may be self in one or other of its many shapes—comfort, ease, excitement, whatever enjoyment we can reach for the satisfaction of the senses. Or it may be God for His own sake, and for His sake our own and our neighbours' salvation; not merely passing pleasure, but rest to our souls, the solid happiness which is satisfying and lasting, to be found by falling in with God's designs for us. He made me for a distinct purpose, not for honours or for wealth, because He knows that none of these things nor all of them put together, can satisfy the soul of man. It is too vast to be filled with anything of this world or any good less than God, because it was made for Him alone.

God is love. It was not enough for Him to be Absolute Beatitude in Himself. His happiness must overflow and be the beatitude of intelligent creatures. Therefore He created us in His own image and likeness. Because of this likeness we must find our happiness where He finds His own—in Himself. We are made "to know Him, love Him, serve Him and be happy *with Him*. Happiness is not to be found elsewhere. We can no more do without Him than we can breathe without air.

Men say they feel no need of God; they are satisfied with earthly enjoyments. It may be so, these may suffice them for a time. The body has cravings which the gratifications of sense may appease. But the aspirations of the soul, created to the image of God, are vast beyond conception, and not to be satisfied with anything of this world. Its needs have an intensity to which no need of the body can compare. Within it is a void which creatures can never fill. We do not feel this now, but we shall prove it hereafter. Separated from the body in the next life, the soul has an all but infinite desire of God, a desire which as long as it remains unsated, causes pain all but infinite. Unless the soul corresponds to the original, to the likeness of which it was made, it can never be satisfied. Unless it finally possesses God it must fail of the end of its creation and be for ever miserable. There will be a hunger and thirst which nothing can satiate or slake in time or in eternity. Therefore God has so prepared my path that all upon my way may bring me to Him. He gives each one of us something to do for Him in this life and He has taken care to make us capable of doing it.

This career for which He has specially fitted us we name our "calling" or "vocation." It must be of great importance for us to find out what it is, not only because it is God's will, but because it is the supreme need for us. Nothing is at its best unless it is being used for the purpose for which it was intended. Consequently we are only likely to be at our best when we have found the calling for which God created and fitted us.

But how am I to know precisely for what God intended me? Sometimes I am drawn in one direction, sometimes in another; which is His will? As soon as I know it my main desire and ambition will be to follow it.

"To the Lord was His own work known from the beginning," Holy Scripture tells us. And not known only, but lovingly prepared as for "most dear children. "Can He, then, be less interested in it than we are ourselves?

Think how that girl flier, soon to be on her way home from her perilous journey, must have prepared for it. How she must have cared for what was to be her only and inseparable companion on her air-course of nearly ten thousand miles. She was flying one of the smallest of our aeroplanes, and a second-hand machine at that. We are told that she made herself thoroughly acquainted with every part of its structure, knowing it would depend on her alone to provide for all its needs. Yet no affection for it blinded her as to its true character. Her very interest led her to estimate at their real value its good points, its defects, and its limitations. Startings and landings, and smooth running, the provision of fuel, risks and repairs, bad weather under appalling conditions, mischances of many kinds—for all these contingencies it must be prepared. She had qualified for an engineer's license as well as a pilot's, and had studied as far as possible the route her plane would follow. No care for its safety, no cost, no labor could be too great—it must not, it would not fail her.

And can we think our Heavenly Father will be unmindful of the work of His hands, from all eternity the object of His loving solicitude, the soul equipped to the least detail for the purpose He has designed, that all might be ready when its time should come?

The world followed the flier with admiration not unmixed with anxiety when as she neared the goal the daily record of progress brought by wireless failed for a while. When the glad news of her arrival in Australia reached her anxious family, and her father was asked what recognition of her wonderful achievement would be most acceptable to her, he suggested a new aeroplane. "Not," we can imagine someone objecting, "if this should involve the sacrifice of the tried and trusted companion of her venture. To that she would never consent. Dear to her almost as her own life; as a living human presence; an understanding faithful friend; in hours of perplexity and anguish her only earthly counsellor and resource—she must cherish it as her companion to the end.

Surely He who has not failed us in the past will not fail us in the future or turn a deaf ear to the humble, persevering prayer that only asks to know and do His will?

"You know not what you ask," was the answer of our Lord to the two apostles whose ambition had prompted their request for the first places in His Kingdom. How often He must make the same gentle reproach to us! We ask for trifles which would be in no way helpful to us, and perhaps hardly ever call to mind the vital matters on which our eternity depends. To take an instance: Do the generality of us ever give a thought to what will be our main concern when we come to die? We leave to those about us, possibly strangers, the care of providing along with spiritual helps, the dispositions we shall need. The Church, we hope, will fortify us with her sacraments and prayers, into the import of which we have never thought it worth our while to inquire.

However this may be, there is another vital question which every well-instructed Catholic must surely believe calls for constant and earnest prayer till it is settled: "What am I going to do with my life?" In other words "What is my vocation?"

To many this word simply means religious life ,and they turn away as from a subject that doesn't concern them. This is a mistake. The word simply means a call to some lawful career in life for which we are suited and by means of which we may save our soul. If we restrict it to the Religious Life it indicates, not

an order to be obeyed like the Commandments, but a choice offered as a greater good, which (except in quite exceptional circumstances) we are free to accept or to decline. "If thou wilt enter into life keep the Commandments," said our Lord to all. "If thou wilt be perfect," He said to the young man whom He loved for keeping the Commandments, and to whom as a mark of special love He offered as a counsel a further union with Himself. It was with disappointment rather than with displeasure that he watched the eager questioner going away sad. Unless, indeed, we take "appointment" and "pleasure" to indicate the distinction between command and counsel, between obedience to what is required, and the generosity that would offer what is more acceptable. This is what the child must have meant who being asked if she had a devotion to the will of God, answered: "I don't know that I have; I prefer His good pleasure." "In My Father's House," Our Lord tells us, "there are many mansions." This is not saying that perfection is for those only who are willing to sell all and follow Him. Numbers who are treading the ordinary paths of life may be following Him more closely than are many in the Religious State. The question for each of us individually is: "What does God want me to do with my life?" For many of us the question is answered by the circumstances in which we find ourselves. These are God's choice for us and so long as they remain inevitable we must accept them, agreeable or trying, as His will, and therefore capable of being made subservient, not to our salvation only, but to our perfection.

If the choice be left to ourselves, the only way to a safe decision is prayer, consideration, and, where available, prudent advice. Reading, too, may indicate by certain signs the kind of calling suitable for ourselves. The matter is a momentous one and we can hardly begin too early to make it a subject for patient, persevering, and trustful prayer, in these thoughtless times especially when acts of self-committal are so reckless and so common. We must be in our guard against precipitation on the one hand and unnecessary procrastination on the other. "Which is God's calling for me, that alone will be fully successful for the accomplishment of His purpose? Prayer for light to find it will help me, natural temperament may incline me, for grace often builds on nature; a calling—not necessarily the most distasteful and arduous—might be one to which my talents, qualifications and inclinations could be put to their fullest use.

And here we may call attention to a book by Father Bede Jarrett, O.P., written specially for the young who are at the parting of the ways. An unfounded apprehension nearly deterred him from writing "The Space of Life Between." "I was rather afraid of young men," he says: "they seemed to me so wonderful and even magnificent that I never thought they would pay attention to what I wrote."

Happily the friend to whom he confided his misgivings met them by saying that those whom he feared to approach were "extraordinarily shy and were only too pleased if anyone paid attention spiritually to them; they were the most forlorn folk in the Kingdom of God, too self-conscious to speak, too sensitive to religious ideals to want to escape religion, too tempted to move simply with the sacraments, too perplexed always to see their way."

It is impossible for anyone knowing nothing of American girls to say whether they share in any respect the accessibility discovered in a section at least of our English youth at the

close of their college course. But there can be no harm in drawing attention to a book which many who are nearing the school-leaving age will probably find both interesting and helpful. A chapter on "The Priesthood" provides useful hints for those who think they may be called to the Religious State.

I may perhaps find it useful to tabulate on paper the results of my inquiries, but over all will be the silent, persistent desire of God making its still voice heard in my heart as to that "more acceptable" Will of His to which I desire to conform my own. St. Paul speaks to his converts in Rome of "proving what is the good, and the acceptable, and the perfect will of God." And David's loyal heart cries: "Make the way known to me wherein I should walk, for I have lifted up my soul to Thee. Teach me to do Thy Will, for Thou art my God. Thy good spirit shall lead me into the right land" (Ps. cxlii.).

Prayer and trust in God is our great resource. From all eternity our path in life, with the action of our free-will upon its choices, has lain before Him, distinct in all its details. Will He not watch over it with a solicitude for which we have no name? Will there be any prayer to which He will listen more readily than to the earnest petition: "Thy Will be done on earth as it is done in Heaven."

The simple dependence on the Holy Spirit in which the early Christians lived is very striking. They turned to Him confidently as to a personal friend always present, protecting them, directing their plans, and so associating Himself with them that the Apostles could say: "It hath seemed good to the Holy Ghost and to us.." If we are weak, "the Spirit helpeth our infirmity." If "we know not what we should pray for as we ought, the Spirit asketh for us with unspeakable groanings." If in difficult circumstances where the interests of God are nearly concerned, we fear the result of our words, our Lord promises: "The Holy Ghost shall teach you what you must say."

To be guided by the Holy Spirit we have to follow the Will of God where we know it. Often it is not clear to us, but we are only held accountable for what we know. If we make good use of the light we have, God will give us more, and lead us to the fulfilment of His designs. In our doubts the Holy Spirit would have us consult enlightened persons. Thus He sent St. Paul to Ananias.

Some people are self-sufficient or impetuous and will neither seek nor listen to advice. They start with vehemence on a path of their own choice, come to grief, and then begin to ask for counsel, perhaps ask it of God. But it is too late. They are so committed that they cannot go back. We must mortify this impetuous self-will. "He is the best servant," says St. Augustine, "who does not desire that God should say the things that *he* wills, but who desires himself to will the things that God says." Before we ask to know the will of God, let us, to the utmost of our power, submit our will to His, saying: "Give me Thy Spirit to teach me. My heart is ready, O Lord, my heart is ready: what wilt Thou have me to do?"

To follow the direction of the Holy Spirit is to follow an unerring Guide. In such dependence we may live in great repose of mind, relying upon His care of us, which will be greater or less according to our recourse to Him in need and our fidelity in obeying His promptings. He is ever ready to assist us in all that regards the designs of God over us. I should never take any step of importance without seeking light from God. But when the results of a decision may be felt throughout

eternity, I must beware of counsellors whose views go no further than this life. Well-meaning they may be; untrustworthy they can hardly fail to be in matters beyond their province. To discern the path of duty and the Will of God amid the illusions of self-love and the conflicting interests that assert themselves, often calls for supernatural insight in a high degree, and points to the need of an enlightened guide. Our only safe course—above all when our state of life is the momentous question to be decided—is to turn for guidance to the Holy Spirit, and by earnest prayer and unreserved abandonment of ourselves to His good pleasure deserve to be led by Him. All life long we are choosing. A wrong choice may in some cases bring us misery in this world and in the next. Whose counsel will be always safe, always what is most for our good, will secure us against mistakes for which we should be grievously sorry later? What friend can never lead us astray because He can never be mistaken? Only our God. And just when we reach the age when our choices are most important, He comes forward and offers Himself to be our Friend all life long, to bring us safely through all its dangers to a happy eternity.

And so we end—with prayer. Thus by the blessing of God shall we find our way to Him; realize His purpose for us and the ideal of our early years "to do something good," at least by the example of a thoroughly Catholic life. So shall we be able to give of our best to God; to be "living stones" and "pillars" in His Temple; and—standing by His grace to the end—erect ourselves and upholding many, deserve to be admitted at last to His Presence for a happy eternity:

"To live for God and then to die—that done all is done."

CLASS POEM.

We'll say good-bye with a smile and a sigh
To Loretto and those we knew
O we can't forget, and we'd linger yet,
For a last adieu.
You didn't guess, and we'd not confess
Our hearts were sorrow-laden,
And though we smile, sad all the while
Is each Loretto maiden

For next September you'll not remember
The girls who left in June
And once gone, we'll pass on,
Forgotten all too soon
Other Seniors there'll be, and we know you'll see
Others in our places,
For the years have sped—too quickly fled,
And gone are familiar faces.

But when school is done, we'll come one by one,
The spirits of classes past,
To go wandering through the rooms we knew,
And sit in the seats we had last.
We'll join the racks and play our pranks
As we did in the long ago,
And the soft foot-falls in the darkened halls
Will be ours, though none shall know.

Marjorie Leary, '30.

Loretto High School, Englewood, Chicago

RIGHT REVEREND GERALD CASEY MURRAY, D.D.

Right Reverend Gerald Casey Murray, C.SS.R., Bishop of Victoria, was consecrated in St. Ann's Church, Montreal, on May 7th. Bishop Murray is the first English-speaking Montreal priest to be consecrated to the Episcopal office. He was professed in the Redemptorist Order on September 8th, 1907, and ordained on September 4th, 1910. He became head of the Canadian English Province of the Redemptorist Order in 1927. Bishop Murray was consecrated by the Apostolic Delegate, Most Reverend Andrea Cassulo, D.D., and Most Reverend Neil McNeil, D.D., preached the sermon. Present at the Consecration were the parents of Bishop Murray, Mr. and Mrs. G. Murray.

That evening a fitting address on behalf of the people of Montreal was read by Right Honorable Charles Doherty.

Loretto felicitates the Redemptorist Order on the distinction for which one of its holy and zealous members has been selected. Bishop Murray has long been a friend of Loretto and made a visit to the Abbey prior to his departure for his Western See.

Archbishop McGuigan Visits Loretto Convent, Sedley

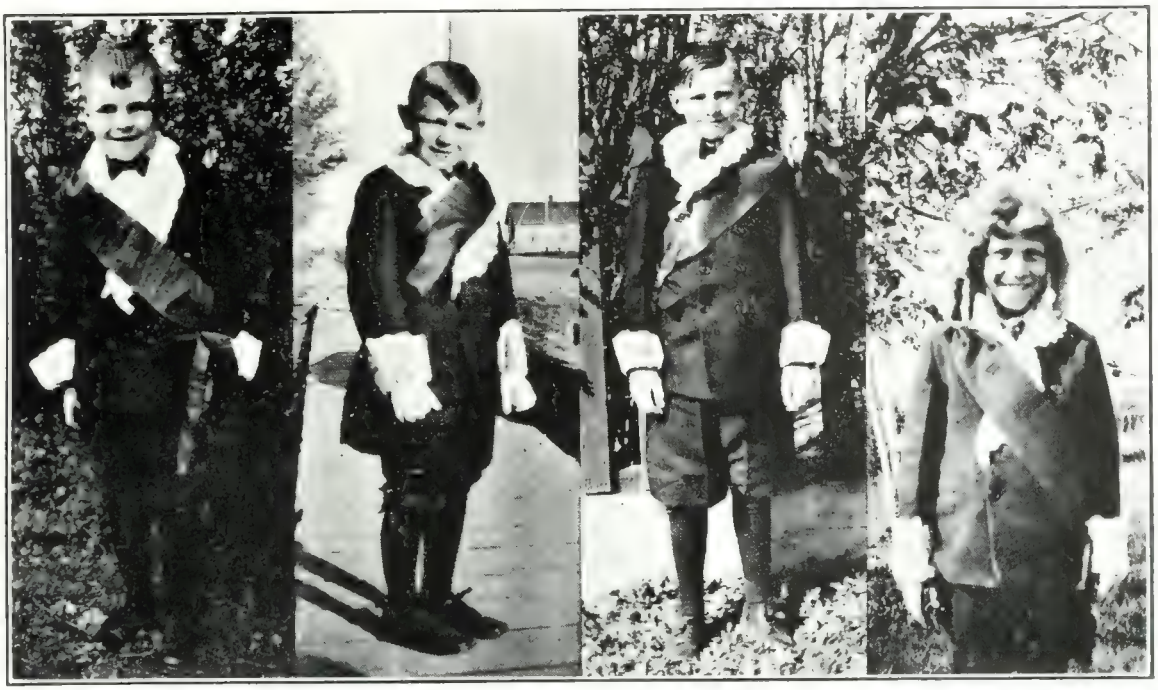
By Mother M. Loyola, I.B.V.M.

MOST REVEREND JAMES CHARLES McGUIGAN, D.D.,
Archbishop of Regina.

Wednesday, May 28th, will remain a day of golden memories for Loretto Convent, Sedley, as that of the visit of Most Reverend James Chas. McGuigan, newly-consecrated Archbishop of Regina, to Sedley. Genuine joy throughout the Archdiocese has marked his consecration and enthronement, and the demonstrations of love and loyalty with which he was welcomed to Regina indicate the enthusiasm of clergy and laity alike. Archbishop McGuigan receives the pallium at the early age of thirty-five. This fact is in itself proof of his outstanding ability and of the great service he has already rendered to the Church.

Archbishop McGuigan came to Loretto Convent, accompanied by Right Reverend Monsignor Marois, Reverend J. Campion, Mrs. McGuigan, His Grace's mother, and Mr. J. McGuigan. He was received by Reverend Mother Pulcheria, Superior General of the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary in America, Loretto Abbey, Toronto; Mother M. Blandina, one of her assistants; Mother M. Ernestine, Superior of the Sedley Convent; and by the other Sisters resident there. He then proceeded to the chapel, where the choir sang an appropriate hymn of praise.

After the dinner in his honour the school children held a reception in the auditorium. His Grace was ushered into the hall by four little honorary escorts, Douglas van Scheltinga, Joseph Helfrich, Eugene Parent, and Stafford Simons, to the strains of "Ecce Sacerdos Magnus," sung by the choral class. Sebastian Froh, on behalf of the pupils, delivered an address of welcome and presented an artistically illuminated copy of it. Miss Eileen Weylie then came forward with a beautiful bouquet of red roses. In the chorus of "Welcome to Loretto," the sincerity of the greeting to His Grace was emphasized by the feeling with



DOUGLAS VAN SCHELTINGA, JOSEPH HELFRICK, STAFFORD SIMONS, AND EUGENE PARENT, HONORARY ESCORTS OF HIS GRACE, ARCHBISHOP McGUIGAN.

which it was sung. A piano solo, Kuss Waltz, by Schutt, was skilfully rendered by Miss Myrle Kildea, who was also the accompanist for the entire programme. The kindergarten class next assured our newly appointed Chief Pastor that

"Though we're not grown up, you know,
Yet none the less sincere
Are the plain words we utter now
To bid you welcome here."

Little Miss Grace Quigley then offered a spiritual bouquet from the children, and Miss Rollande Martel showed the Community's appreciation of the presence of Mrs. McGuigan by presenting a souvenir book to her. The programme then continued with the singing of "Ave Maria Loretto," at the conclusion of which His Grace addressed those assembled in true Irish fashion. He congratulated Reverend Father Janssen on his long and fruitful service in this parish, the Religious of the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary on the very successful work being accomplished among the pupils, and the parishioners on their splendid church and convent. He said that he knew how much the parents appreciated what was being done for their children, since these children are their greatest treasure, far surpassing in value their fields of waving grain or their hoards of gold and silver, but he reminded them that only by co-operation with Church and State could these advantages be retained. True patriotism amongst Catholics must be a supernatural virtue, since the Church teaches that love and reverence for one's native land is required by the Commandments of God. His Grace commented on the evident spirit of peace and unity prevailing in Sedley, and expressed the hope that this feeling would extend farther and farther until it would permeate the entire province. This would only be so, he said, when

men had well learned the commandment of three short words so often repeated by St. John "Love one another.

The reception closed with the singing of "God Save the King," after which all present to the audience, parents, friends and children, were presented to His Grace.

Shortly after five o'clock the Archbishop returned to Regina leaving behind a deep feeling of joy and gratitude that we had been privileged to entertain such a distinguished prince of the Church.

Address to the Most Reverend James Charles McGuigan, Archbishop of Regina.

(Read by Sebastian Froh)

Your Grace,

With the Eastertide alleluia resounding throughout our church and convent, with the glad May chimes pealing forth the announcement of our Blessed Lady's special month with the early promise of Spring and its floods of golden sunlight to be poured unhampered over our far-stretching prairie land, with birds and flowers and foliage awakening to a new life, you come to us and evoke within us an additional cause for rejoicing.

Not without significance do we associate your coming with the glorious season of our Lord's resurrection and the world's rejoicing because the winter is over and gone. Our Archdiocese was recently entombed in grief, but now we know the stone has been rolled away, and life and energy and power and fair promise of a successful administration permeate it, and the very air responds to its throbbing vitality!

When Rome looks from ocean to ocean over the great expanse of our glorious Dominion, and selects as Archbishop of Regina a prelate in the flower of manhood, we may rightly judge that he has fulfilled a long space in a short while. Your Grace's career hitherto is sufficient passport to admit you to the heights of the ecclesiastical hierarchy. Ever faithful to the calls of sacerdotal duty, with the highest ideals leading ever onward, with culture and learning keeping pace with progressive religious advancement, Your Grace finally wields the sceptre, and the whole Archdiocese of Regina gladly acknowledges your sway.

The Community and pupils of Loretto rejoice that it is their privilege to entertain such a distinguished guest, and all join in uttering from the depths of their heart "Welcome to Loretto!"

ST. LORETTO ABBEY, VANCOUVER HEIGHTS

Right Reverend Dennis O'Connor, D.D.

The elevation to the sacred purple of the Right Reverend Dennis O'Connor, D.D., is a cause of rejoicing for Loretto, because of the proven zeal, devotion, culture and scholarship of the Bishop, and more intimately because of the close tie that binds him to the Community through his sister, Mother M. Catherine, I.B.V.M. Loretto Convent, Guelph, and his other relatives in the Community.

The Right Reverend Dennis O'Connor, D.D., formerly Vicar General of the Diocese of London, and head of St. Peter's Seminary there, was consecrated fifth Bishop of the Diocese of Peterborough on Wednesday, June 11th, by His Excellency Most Reverend Andrea Cassulo, Apostolic Delegate to Canada and Newfoundland. His Excellency was assisted by the Right Reverend J. T. McNally, Bishop of Hamilton, and Right Reverend P. T. Ryan, Bishop of Pembroke, as co-consecrators. The Most Reverend M. J. O'Brien, former incumbent of Peterborough, and now Coadjutor Archbishop of Kingston, Ont., was the preacher of the occasion.

In his first public utterances in Peterborough, Bishop O'Connor expressed his gratitude to the Papal Delegate and the Co-Consecrators, Bishop Ryan and Bishop McNally, whom he addressed as his "elder brothers," along with Archbishop O'Brien, his predecessor in office.

Remarking that he had no plan to formulate and no policy to announce, he said that the transcendent purpose of his life, to which all others were subservient, was the salvaton of souls. In pursuit of that purpose, "there is nothing in my mind but 'Jesus Christ and Him Crucified.'"

Most Reverend Andrea Cassulo, the Apostolic Delegate, eulogized Archbishop O'Brien and his successor, Bishop O'Connor, and hoped the rule of the latter in the diocese would be blessed by God and be the means of doing good.

The address from the priests of the diocese was read by Right Reverend Monsignor W. J. McColl, Vicar-General, Lindsay, who said in part: "St. Paul says, 'If a man desire the office of a bishop, he desireth a good work.' Yet many of the holiest of men hesitated to accept the dignity. You are one of these, but that only makes us more certain of your worthiness. A bishop is a chosen vessel to carry the name of Jesus and His holy teachings before the nations.

The address from the laity of the diocese was read by Mr. V. J. McElderry, K.C., who closed with the words: "Therefore, My Lord, in addition to the welcome which we are pleased to accord to you as a distinguished scholar, administrator and priest and as one whose family has already given leaders to the Church in Ontario, we desire to tender our fealty and loyalty to you as our Bishop and the visible fulfilment to us of that promise: 'Behold I am with you always, even to the consummation of the world.'"

RIGHT REVEREND DENNIS O'CONNOR, D.D.,
Bishop of Peterborough

Ad Multos Annos!

A Jubilee Retrospect

By MOTHER M. DOROTHEA, I.B.V.M.

REVEREND A. J. JANSSEN.

Five and twenty years of priestly life
What mean they in God's sight?
Each moment drifting into Eternity
Possesses its own right
To judgment from the Giver of such gifts
As Life and Time and Talents and Free-will
To use them for His glory,
To trade with them until
He calls for reckoning. Years are then
Just as He values them: no more, no less.
But He who prizes even a cup of water
Given in His Name, how will He bless
A Jubilee of years all spent for Him,
And preluded by noble deeds,
Forming a mind and fashioning a soul,
Preparing ground for sowing of good seeds!

In far-off Hungary, such experience
Came to a holy youth
Who realized the meaning of God's gift
And grasped their truth.
Life meant the threshold of Eternity,
Time the first-fruit offering,
Talents the Master's trading gift
Free-will a homage unto Christ, the King!
And all these gifts that are
Forever beyond price,
Were blended into one
Called [illegible]

Appeals from distant Canada
Went straight unto his heart:
From home and country
He was glad to part;
His mission henceforth was the care of souls
Where harvests were so great
And labourers so few, Alas!
Yes, he would consecrate
His life, his time, his talents,
His free-will;
And every sacred duty
Would lovingly fulfil.

The years that followed have their story written
In golden letters in the Book of Life,
Where precious leaves will not be turned
Until the ceasing of his earthly strife.
Recorded in these secret pages
Must be longings, dreariness,
Disheartenment and disillusion,
Sorrow and soul-weariness.
To drink of such a chalice
Through the ebb and tide of years,
Is the mark of predilection
In a soul who hears
The mystic voice of Jesus
Whispering soft and low:
So the brave young missionary
Would everything forego
To keep his solemn promise
At any price;
And he lived for five and twenty years
His life of sacrifice.
But emanating from the death to self
Must be a life transcending every hope
Of his young heart,
Offering for field of labour, wider scope.
Than all the northern prairie-land,
For it is nothing less
Than God's Immensity—
The secret of his happiness.
He finds God everywhere:
In silent loneliness, in grief,
In disappointment and in pain,
As in the solace and relief
That come to him in crowning joy
Of such a life for God alone.
What matters sacrifice to him
From whom desires have long since flown?
Whose immolated life, ere this
Hast been identified
With what he followed closely—
The life of Jesus Crucified?

This is the retrospect which greets to-day
Sedley's loved Pastor and Loretto's friend.
No sweeter presage could a mortal have
Of Jubilation without end!

July 14th, 1926

Reverend A. J. Janssen

Sedley, Saskatchewan

RECTORY, CHURCH OF OUR LADY OF GRACE, AND LORETTO ACADEMY, SEDLEY, SASK

By MOTHER M. ST. JOSEPH, I.B.V.M.

Reverend Father Janssen, resident missionary of Sedley, Saskatchewan, since March 19th, 1909, will celebrate his Silver Jubilee in the priesthood on July 16th of this year.

Father Janssen was born in Uden, North Brabant, Holland, where he received his early education. As a mere lad, the apostolic spirit which has dominated his life, inspired his vocation to become a missionary. Where? He did not know. But entering Crozier College, Uden, he laid the practical foundation in linguistic studies that comprise the major part of its curriculum. Here from time to time he heard prelates from all over the world plead for priests to help in the various "Fields Afar." When in 1902, His Grace the late Archbishop Langevin of St. Boniface, who in those days had the Great Central Plain of Canada for a diocese, made an eloquent appeal to the students for his scattered flock, Father Janssen recognized the "Vox Dei," and immediately volunteered his services to the Archbishop. With that prompt decision, that unwavering tenacity with which to be attacked and overcome life's difficulties, he left Crozier College, bade farewell to his family and friends, and turning his face westwards, accompanied Archbishop Langevin to Canada.

At the Grand Seminary of St. Sulpice, Montreal, he made his theological studies, and then went to his spiritual Father in St. Boniface for his ordination, July 16th, 1905. As he passed through the rugged grandeur of the Laurentians and on to the far stretching prairie lands, he may well have asked, "Where are the hundreds of souls? Where the great crowds of Europeans that are being lost to the Faith?"

The vigil of his ordination was spent alone and lonely. His Grace had said the flock was scattered—it was a case of build a "fold," go after the lost sheep, and having brought them together, keep them safe. The friendly spirit of the West was personified in one only visitor who intruded on his solicitude. Long years after he recalled the incident and how the spell was broken by a cheery voice: "I thought you might be lonesome so far away from home, so I came to congratulate you and wish you joy to-morrow." The speaker left a small ordination gift, a rekindled warmth of heart, and a new proof that kindness is a language understood by all. "Joy to-morrow!" And with it new graces and new responsibilities.

Father Janssen was first stationed at Wolsley, where among other duties, he was chaplain to the Sisters. After three months he was sent as assistant to Vibank, to attend in as impartial a manner as possible the outlying missions of Odessa, Kendal, Sedley, St. Peter's Colony and St. Joseph's Church, Balgonie. The "stations" and accommodations were absolutely primitive, often wanting in the bare necessities of life. The first Vibank rectory was a small frame structure that admitted the prairie winds in the winter, and absorbed the scorching heat of summer. Each Sunday as the kindly pioneers drove miles across the prairie to attend Mass, and to see their far-distant neighbors, they carried the weekly provisions for the priests. The heat of summer or cold of winter played havoc with the perishable food, and, more often than not—there was none.

At the first snowfall of that first long winter a fearsome dread took possession of the young priest. And, although the same feeling has returned with each winter, he has never decided whether it is "Der Schnee" or "la neige" or just "snow" that he dislikes most. The nearest neighbor was over two and a half miles away, and it was necessary to walk that distance to borrow a horse for far-off sick calls, visits, or "to make the stations" It was no uncommon experience to wade through mud and water on the newly-broken prairie trails, or in winter to be lost in a blizzard. Then the only hope was, with a fervent prayer to Divine Providence, to bundle the wrappings closer, and to let the horse find its way home. One wild Saturday, as Father Janssen prepared to set out, the Pastor said: "You will never make it, Father, and I do not think you need to go." But the thought of the poor people waiting in vain for the Sunday's Mass, prompted him to make the attempt. After a few miles he realized that he was lost; and what was worse, so was the horse. Hour after hour the faithful animal plodded on, in "a vicious circle." Only with the daylight did he succeed in returning home to hear, "I told you so." "Well," was Father Janssen's characteristic reply, "It would have been my fault if I had not tried; now I know I did my best."

After many trips to St. Boniface, for the much needed and readily granted support of the Archbishop, after long and fatiguing journeying across the plains, Father Janssen began to put some semblance of religion into the flocks of his scattered districts. By his persevering prayer, labour, persuasion, and force he gained first the reluctant consent, followed by the generous support of the Sedley parishioners, to build a local church. And so, which is quite unusual in the prairie small town, a beautiful brick church with lofty tower was completed and blessed by Archbishop Langevin on June 19th, 1907.

The following year, broken down by the severe climate and indefatigable labour, Father Janssen was sent to Holland for a rest. He returned to find himself in charge of Sedley parish—a parish extending over a territory of twenty square miles, with only two Catholic families in the village itself. Then, through governmental influence, and by his own administrative ability and adaptability, Father Janssen, as circumstances demanded, acting as father, general advisor, lawyer, interpreter, land agent, bookkeeper or corresponding secretary, in a few years changed Sedley into an [illegible] settlement, and the parish boasted of over one hundred and fifty families. Owing to his acquired knowledge of the country and his people, he secured the majority [illegible] on Educational matters, and employed

Catholic teachers for the town school. With the religious insight of a true Shepherd, Father Janssen realized more and more the necessity of saving and safe-guarding the children. So in August, 1920, the whole parish made a pilgrimage to the Lourdes of the prairies at St Peter's Colony, to beseech Our Lady to send religious teachers for the school. Father Janssen concluded his sermon that day by saying (and he always preaches in French, German and English). "For eight years I have tried to secure Sisters, and now I leave it to your prayers and to Our Lady."

His trust in our Blessed Mother was fully rewarded, as in the following September, when the pilgrimage of thanksgiving to Our Lady's shrine was organized, five religious of the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary, who had been sent from Loretto Abbey, Toronto, were among the "pilgrims" and were tangible proof of the efficacy of the prayers of the believing and the childlike.

This new venture proved as fruitful as Father Janssen had fondly hoped. Older children who had left school, flocked back, and with the co-operation of the Sisters, religious activities and influence grew apace. Soon a high school department was flourishing, and with the high testimony of inspectors and of the Department of Education, happy graduates from all grades attest the good work done. Nor are the people slow to avail themselves of the splendid musical advantages which they now enjoy. A beautiful convent with excellent accommodation for resident pupils, and a new school building, were completed in 1923. But the touch of final success blessed the good priest's efforts, and repaid the generous support of the people, when the dear Lord deigned to call some of the children to serve Him in religion. Already eleven chosen souls have responded happily and have joined the ranks of "the good Sisters, the Ladies of Loretto."

With keen foresight and untiring energy, Sedley's Pastor has given himself with steadfast purpose and unswerving devotion to the interests of God in his adopted country. We wish him the fullest measure of happiness on this, his silver anniversary, a foretaste of eternal joy: "For the Divine Will has assigned a duty to us to the very end, so to the end, too, this duty can protect our holy joy." May it be so indeed for our dear Father Janssen. Ad Multos Annos!

ENVOI.

And as young birds are winging
The blue untrammelled sky,
They chant a wistful melody
To be remembered by.
As from their nests they fly away
And bravely face the dawn,
A mother bird is sad—bereft,
Her brood—so young—is gone.
And four white years of peaceful days,
And four white years of song
Have flowed into the vast beyond,
Where all sweet years have gone.
And fair young souls go distant ways;
So destiny decrees;
Young lips are silent, and young hearts
Flooded with memories.
Two out-stretched arms reach to the sky
Above the convent door.
"Alma Mater, good-bye, good-bye,
Blessings for evermore!"

Catherine Walsh, '30.
Loretto High School, Englewood, Chicago.

GREEK TRAGEDY

By MOTHER M. CYRIL, I.B.V.M.

"O land to Memory and to Freedom dear,
Land of the melting lyre and conquering spear,
Land of the vine-clad hill, the fragrant grove
Of arts and arms, of Genius and of Love.
Hail to thee, fairest Greece! Though now no more
The sculptured forms of gods adorn thy shore,
Though vanished all that formed thine old renown,
The laurel garland, and the jewelled crown,
Yet still the faithful muses haunt thy shore
And love to linger where they dwelt of yore"

Greece with its glorious heritage of art and culture, its inspired poets, architects and sculptors, whose chiseled forms almost lived and breathed in their transcendent loveliness, is the home of the drama. And there under the clear Greek sky, in the land of eternal summer, amid the mulberry, the mint, and the laurel, both tragedy and comedy had their origin in the worship of the god Dionysus (Bacchus).

Living without anxieties, surrounded by deities who showed themselves to him through every form of natural beauty, reared on sunny hills, amid the olive, and the vine, trained in every exercise of health, beautiful in face and person as the gods he believed in, every Greek was in his measure an Apollo, always young in spirit, and cheerful and strong. The epochs of his simple life were the seasons of seed-time and of harvest, of pruning and of vintage; and they were marked by rustic ceremonies in honour of the gods of fruit, and flowers, and corn, and wine.

Of all the seasons those connected with with the grape were naturally the merriest and most famous. When the bright cluster were carried home, all the country side would gather round a rustic altar of Bacchus, at the foot of the warm hills on which the vines grew so richly, and there they danced and sang and played games, simple indeed, but marked by the grace and beauty which seem inseparable from the nature of the Greek.

This Bacchus whom they worshipped was not as he is to us, a statue, or a picture, or a name, but a real, merry boy, with a crown of ivy leaves, and a strange power of inspiring wild thoughts in the human breast.

When spring came around and last year's wine was opened there was another festival even more joyous and the merriment became boisterous as the power of the god made itself felt; and these Spring festivals grew to be the chief ones of the year. One of the sports was to dance upon the slippery changing surface of a skin of wine and he who kept his footing best, carried off the skin of wine for a prize. Another was to sing extemporized songs in honour of the god, and when in any district a poetical spirit sprang up this became a leading feature of the contests. Some particular village we may suppose would become famous for the hymns sung yearly at the Spring festivals and became the centre of a district, the villagers made themselves a

name, and went about to sing at neighbouring feasts. Then matches were made between different companies of singers, or individual poets contended for prizes. Soon there were organized bands who danced round the altar of Bacchus, singing hymns in his praise and ballads describing his birth, his loves and his exploits.

In Attica, the land of the drama, the first great addition was made to the simplicity of this chorus. Thespis, an inhabitant of one of country districts, introduced into the pauses of the choric song, a rude dialect, maintained at first by himself on the one hand and by the leader of the singers on the other. This actor would narrate some mythical story while the chorus would sing from time to time songs in continuation of his tale, or in comment upon it; songs of triumph when a victory was described, of mourning, when the action was sad, and at all times of moral and pious reflection upon the dealings of the gods with men.

Such was the earliest form of Attic tragedy; and much as it was afterwards developed it never entirely lost this form. To one actor such as Thespis, another was added so that there was now a complete dialogue independent of the chorus.

As we have seen, these choric songs were produced at annual contests during the Spring festival of the god of wine, and the same custom was continued when the dialogue had been added to the chorus, and the now developed dramas were presented in succession to compete for an annual prize. Having its origin in the country villages of Attica this form of poetic contest found its centre in Athens, and the two Spring festivals there became celebrated throughout Greece.

When Athens began to take the lead among the Grecian states, as she did after the Persian war, all that was most solemn in religion, most enthusiastic in national feeling, most beautiful in art, found its expression in the rival dramas which twice in every Spring were presented, one after another, to contend for the tragic prize in the great theatre of Bacchus. This theatre was excavated from the side of the Acropolis; its tiers were partly built up of Pentelic marble, and here thirty thousand could be seated. The theatre was open to the sky and to the fields, so that when a man looked away from the solemn, half-mysterious representations of the legendary glories of his country, his eye would fall on the city itself with its temples and its harbours, or on the rocky cliffs of Salamis and the sunny islands of the Aegean.

The Greek tragic theatre was purely Attic in origin, as we have seen, and the master dramatists themselves, Aeschylus, Sophocles, and Euripedes, whose plays survive as the sole fragmentary remains of that rich literary outpouring, were Athenian, and the Greek mind, throughout all the sundered colonies, was content to look upon Athens and its passions as the gods as representing the highest conception of the highest things.

Aeschylus had fought in the glorious fight of Salamis, and so poured into his lines the inspiration of the liberty of Greece. A native of Eleusis, after a childhood passed in contiguity to the oracles and their spells, he set the liberty and the life of Greece in a great solemn background of the gods, until his drama becomes at times like a gigantic oratorio. The purely creative faculty has never been exhibited upon a greater scale. He possesed in the highest degree the power of giving life and form to the vast, the incorporeal and the ideal. In his dramas mountains were made to speak. Oceanus received

shape, conversing face to face with Prometheus, while his daughters, nurslings of the winds and waves, were gathered on the Scythian crags in groups, to listen to their argument. Aeschylus conceived and executed upon a stupendous scale. His outlines are huge, his figures are colossal; his style is broad and sweeping—like a river in its fulness and its might.

Aeschylus gave to tragedy the form which it maintained throughout the brilliant period of Attic culture. It was he who curtailed the function of the chorus and developed dialogue, thus expanding the old Thespian elements of tragedy in accordance with the true spirit of the drama. By adding a second actor, by attending to the choric songs and dances, by inventing the Cothurnus and the tragic mask, and by devising machinery and scenes adapted to the large scale of the Athenian stage, he gave its permanent form to the dramatic art of the Greeks.

Of the few remaining plays of Aeschylus, the "Prometheus Bound" is the most typical, and the most interesting. Prometheus is nailed to a rock, and refuses even under this torture, to yield to the will of Zeus. That is all. Other persons come and speak to him, urge or command him to relent, but only to be repelled in turn. The attitude of the hero never alters; the issue is never doubtful. This probably forms the second of a series of three plays. We have one such complete series in the "Story of Orestes," a trilogy. The first of the three would have exhibited the crime of Prometheus, his stealing the divine fire for men; then came the Prometheus Bound, his punishment; and lastly, Prometheus freed, his restoration. The spectacle of a god suffering for the sake of men, so wonderful a prophecy of the great fact of Christianity, has for most minds a strong fascination. In the Greek play, Prometheus represents the cause of man against Zeus, and openly rebels against him. Now so long as the supreme god is represented as wicked or unjust, such an attitude can be an object of sympathy; but to those who believe in the true God, a rebel against Him cannot be regarded as a friend to man. The nearest parallel to Prometheus which modern literature affords is Satan himself in "Paradise Lost." Satan is the very counterpart of Prometheus; but all that wins our sympathy for Prometheus—his goodness, gentleness and love of men—is of course wanting in the character of Satan. Prometheus after long suffering, is restored to happiness.

Sophocles, the greatest of the tragic poets, was a native of Colonus, a village one mile north of Athens. The landscape of this "garden of Attica," was strikingly beautiful with its white limestone cliffs, its dark grove sacred to the gentle goddesses, and echoing with voices that warble notes—soft, soothing, and sweet; with pure clear stream of the Cephisus never failing in the hottest summer. At the age of sixteen the grace and beauty of Sophocles were such that he was selected from the youth of Attica to lead the choral dance around the altar in celebration of the victory of Salamis.

Athens was then teeming with an exuberance of life such as marked the renaissance in modern times. Thought found its utterance in action, in the passion for war, and in the restless spirit of enterprise, in all that many-sided energy which marked the Athenian. Sophocles lived in an age of heroes. All round him were the very men who had made his country what it was, and with most of

these men he was on terms of the closest intimacy. Athenian society opened its arms to the graceful and engaging poet so genial in his temper, so lively in conversation, so true a friend, so pleasant a guest. But not even the charm of a friendship with Pericles, could console him for the loss of literary ease; and we can understand how gladly he must have left the restless and busy Athens (whither as a politician he was often called), for the peaceful quiet of his native village. There he was free to follow the bent of his genius, and to draw from nature his purest and most perfect picture of a Greek landscape.

In Sophocles we have the graceful artistic poet, skilled in weaving plots and in delineating characters. In each of his plays he shows how passion works out its own end whether it be the pride of Oedipus, the stubbornness of Creon, the insane fury of Ajax, or the jealousy of Dejanira. All these passions are simple and natural. The Athenian audience, with the joyous instinct of children—ever ready to "make believe"—gave themselves up to all the illusions of the scene and story, delighting and freely expressing their delight in the picturesque and ever-shifting series of graceful tableaux so different from the still life of a statue or a painting.

Sophocles developed the religious aspect of the drama, and no Athenian could have seen his Ajax or Antigone without "feeling his heart burn within him," or without being touched and elevated by the mingled sweetness and purity and pathos which earned for the poet the title of the "Attic Bee." From his pages can be gleaned sentences which read like fragments from the inspired writings. With him the deity is a personal and omnipresent being. Here are lines worthy of a Christian divine—

"Speak thou no word of pride nor raise
A swelling thought against the gods on high
For time uplifteth and time layeth low
All human things; and the great gods above
Abhor the wicked as the good they love."

Our poet was himself a skilled musician; and in his choral odes we can faintly trace the echo of that sweet majestic melody which must have entranced all hearers—we can almost hear the harmony of voices now rising loud and clear as they hail a prince or victor and then dying away with a solemn memnonian cadence.

Sophocles was beloved by all men and after his death a statue of bronze was erected to his memory; but more enduring still, was his epitaph,—

"Creep gently, ivy, ever gently creep,
Where Sophocles sleeps on in calm repose;
Thy pale green tresses o'er the marble sweep,
While all around shall bloom the purpling rose,
There let the vine with rich full clusters hang,
Its fair young tendrils fling around the stone;
Due meed for that sweet wisdom which he sang,
By muses and by graces called their own."

Of all the plays of Sophocles, Antigone has had the most long-lived popularity. Not only was it acted on the Athenian stage, but it has been translated, imitated, and adapted by successive generations of dramatists from Seneca to Racine. The secret of this enduring favour with which "Antigone" has been regarded is not hard to discover. The heroine who absorbs the interests of the piece is the

purest and noblest idea of womanhood that ever inspired a poet. In reading the play we have something of the same feeling as when we look at Delaroche's famous picture of Marie Antoinette. All else in the painting—whether guards, judges, or spectators, sinks into insignificance before the one grand central figure standing out in bold relief against the darkness of the canvas. Confronted by death, Antigone is in poetry what Socrates is in history—a martyr in the cause of truth.

The sisters, Antigone and Ismene, had returned to Thebes after the death of Oedipus and there lived under the guardianship of Creon. Then came the famous siege. For three days the battle raged, until at last the son of Creon devoted himself as a sacrifice for his country. Then the Argive host, seized with sudden panic, fled in headlong rout. It is the morning after their flight that the play opens. All that scenery can do to heighten the effect has been employed by the poet. In the background rises the palace of the king of Thebes and on the walls are hung suits of armour taken from the Argive chieftains. One side scene represents the distant hills of Cithaeron, on the other is depicted the city itself with its houses and temples, the sacred streams of Dirce and Ismenus, and the "Scaen gates" still bearing traces of the late assault.

The audience who have murmured their applause at the beauty of the scene, are hushed into silence as the two sisters enter. Antigone is the first to speak:

"Ismene, mine own sister, dearest one,
Is there of all the ills of Oedipus,
One left that Zeus will fail to bring us
While still we live. For nothing is there sad
Or full of woe, or base, or fraught with shame,
But I have seen it in thy woes and mine."

More than two thousand five hundred years have passed since the day when Antigone made her noble protest; but time has only justified her cause, and her voice still seems to speak to us across the lapse of years.

"No ordinance of man shall override
The settled laws of nature and of God,
Not written these in pages of a book!
Nor were they framed to day nor yesterday,
We know not whence they are, but this we know
That they from all eternity have been,
And shall to all eternity endure."

The works of Euripides, the youngest of the three great tragic poets, are generally regarded as showing a decline in Greek tragedy. The idea of Fate, hitherto dominant in the plays of his predecessors, tends to be degraded by him to mere chance; the characters lose much of their ideal quality and even gods and heroes are represented as moved by the petty motives of ordinary humanity. Yet Euripedes remains a great poet; and his picturesqueness and tendencies to what are now called realism and romanticism, while marking his inferiority to the chaste classicism of Sophocles, bring him more within the sympathetic interest of the modern reader. The following lines taken from Euripedes' play, Andromeda, give us an idea of its beauty. It is still night, and from the cliff rises the lament of the captive:

"O [illegible]
How slowly thy coursers trace,
Amid the holy Heaven star-bought,

(Continued on page 53)

SINGING FOR THE HOLY FATHER

By MISS EDNA DOOLEY.

A letter to her mother, Mrs. John M. Dooley, Guelph. Miss Dooley is a former pupil of Loretto Academy, Guelph, and is engaged as a teacher of Ward Method at the Institute of St. Gregory, in Florence, Italy.

Saturday, May 10th, 1930

En Route Rome to Florence

Dear Mother, —

We left Florence on Tuesday at a quarter to ten in the morning, and arrived in Rome at four o'clock. We were met by Padre Abbate Ferretti (Abbot and Benedictine head of the Pontifical School of Sacred Music in Rome), by Mrs. Ward, and Signor Fabbi's sister, Signora Van Vorst. We were taken to our respective destinations (the women to a beautiful house for travellers conducted by French nuns), supper, rehearsal and then "riposo."

All rose early next morning and attended rehearsal at Pontifical School at half-past nine, refreshments at eleven (delicious). At twelve o'clock we arrived at St. Peter's Square by autobus. We were in all forty women and children and thirty men, besides Mrs. Ward, Signor Fabbri, his sisters and a friend (a daughter of a former Portuguese ambassador), Don Angelo, pastor of Serravalle, Pastor of the Sacred Heart Church in Florence, and the Mother General and several superiors of the Monte Latte Nuns (our nuns).

We had our first thrill passing the Swiss Guard and mounting the long marble staircase. I cannot describe the various ante-rooms, officials and beautiful surroundings. We had charge of the children and that occupied our minds. When we finally reached the Aula di Consistorio (where the audience was to take place), we had a wait of over an hour during which time we were presented to the Pope's sister who shook hands with us. The calmest and strongest were tense, and all silent. Often the door opened, and everyone was excited but only an official or a mere Cardinal! All were hurrying to and fro, telling us what to do—how to arrange the singers—yes! we could applaud—all knelt. The children were in white, the men and women in black. I shall always remember that hour. Finally the Holy Father arrived, preceded by guards in uniform and laymen attendants in morning dress. He was accompanied by a Cardinal, a young cleric, and Dom Ferretti, by whom we were presented. All knelt and applauded; tension was immediately relieved and we felt perfectly at ease. Simplicity was the keynote. He came to each of us (we were lined around the wall). When His Holiness reached me he stopped to speak with a child who was beside me; thus I had an excellent view of him. Al. kissed his ring

THE SERRAVALLE CHOIR AT ST. PETER'S.

Miss Dooley is standing at the extreme right of the second row.

(I forgot to say that during our long wait the Holy Father gave private audience to our superiors). He told them it is a work for God and the Church, therefore a Papal work; to expect crosses and difficulties, the sure sign of God's work, and to go on in spite of everything.

Next we grouped the singers, and Mrs. Ward conducted four Gregorian numbers unaccompanied. I watched the Holy Father closely and the music touched him. He looked very tired, very peaceful and as though he knew great sorrow (other people's). One of the Monsignori told us later he had seldom seen His Holiness so pleased. In conclusion the Holy Father addressed us in Italian. His discourse is in the "Osservatore Romano" of May 9th, which I am sending.

"The children of the great Catholic family in the house of the Father"—these are his words. He spoke with simplicity and true feeling. His blessing is for all our lives and for all our dear ones. We are always in his prayers. I expected at the Vatican rigid discipline. Instead we found all, from the Holy Father down to the simplest official, easy and courteous, and a Christlike spirit—as though indeed we were children come home to visit our Father, and all the family treated us with the most charming and gracious hospitality. There were human touches which were most interesting, though better told than written. Even the guards have an air of pride in their great privilege, without a trace of conceit. After the Holy Father left us we had the freedom of the room for a few minutes and departed at our leisure. We attracted considerable attention because it is a rare honour to sing for the Holy Father. All were villagers., chiefly the poor, who sang not by memory, but by reading the Gregorian notation from their Libers. These villagers are trained in the theoretical side of music sight reading, ear training, melody writing in any of the keys: Gregorian rhythm, modes, neums, etc.

We teachers called on Mrs. Ward at her hotel that evening; she received us most graciously. During her visit to Italy Mrs. Ward inspected all our schools and gave us great encouragement and fresh ideas.

Alone in my room that night I sat for awhile at the open window—there was a lovely moon, a beautiful garden with roses and palm trees. Someone was playing a mandolin in the apartment across the street—an occasional note of song and laughter floated on the air. In the distance were the many sounds that come up from a great city. I thought for a moment of ancient classical Rome the early Christians—the Martyrs—the Emperors—and then of the people of modern times: either those whom we have known personally, or who are dear to us like the "Little Flower" and many others, and I wondered what more the Lord could give me than this wonderful memory and experience.

At eleven o'clock next day we sang for the Queen and the representatives of the Government, and at five in the afternoon we gave a demonstration open to the public, in the Pontifical School of Music. Eight hundred were present, many of them distinguished people.

. . . . . Edna.

THE CANONIZATION OF THE CANADIAN MARTYRS

Canada is one of the youngest in the family of nations, but she is fast taking on the attributes of her older sisters. The newest addition to her list of honours is the Canonization of the Canadian Martyrs.

These famous Jesuits won their crown on our own soil. It was they who three centuries ago watered with their blood the seed of Christianity in this country. All Canadians, and especially all Canadian Catholics, should rejoice that now at last they are raised to the altars of the Church. Their names are well-known. There were six priests: John de Brébeuf, Gabriel Lalemant, Anthony Daniel, Charles Garnier, Noel Chabanel, and Isaac Jogues, and two laymen — René Goupil and John de la Lande. With such sponsors the Church in Canada could not but prosper!

It is well at this time of their canonization to recall some of the high-lights of their lives.

Their apostolic work was carried on chiefly among the Hurons, the least ferocious of all the Indian tribes. The habits of these poor savages were, however, a farcry from those to which these cultured gentlemen were accustomed. The "black robes" came to be regarded as magicians and were held responsible by the superstitious Indians for whatever fortune, good or bad, befell them.

The Jesuits went in groups of two or three far into the wilderness. That they might better reach the souls of the Indians they mingled with them even to the extent of sharing their primitive huts. It is impossible for us to appreciate the discomforts and actual sufferings they must have endured. In a report they briefly listed their hardships under four heads: Cold, heat, smoke, and dogs. The huts were badly heated by an open fire in the centre under a

hole in the roof, and were shared on an equal basis with the dog.

The Canadian Martyrs were the true sons of St. Ignatius, the brothers of St. Francis Xavier and the other great missioners and saints of the Society of Jesus. Nor were their labours fruitless. Large numbers of Hurons embraced the Faith, and many of them later gave their lives for it along with their teachers. Of much lesser importance, but note-worthy, the Jesuits improved the living habits of their poor charges.

And as has so often been the case, their zeal was rewarded with martyrdom. Their heroism under torture excited even the admiration of their fiendish murderers. It was the last and perhaps the greatest lesson they taught.

It may be truly said we are in a particular sense their spiritual children, and it is reasonable to hope that they look with special favour upon our petitions, we who live in the same country where they reaped their rich harvest, and where they laid down their lives for the same Faith we hold.

H. M. R.

The Life in Letters of Simplicia Borgia

Loretto Abbey College,
Toronto, May 15, 1930.

Dearest Mother,—

At last the end of our first year of college formation approaches, and even now I feel what a vast difference a college education will make in my life. Fancy, Mother dear, how empty it all would be if I had not learned the appreciation of the better things as I have.

Sometimes now they even call us "incoming Sophomores," instead of "Freshies," and I like it so much better. And anyhow, all the Sophomores tell us that the second year is really the basis on which the other older girls stand.

The examinations have been exceedingly trying and at times I fear for my very existence, but I console myself with the thought that the ore must always be put in the hot crucible to be gold.

I put General Science down as a subject for study next year, thinking a little General Knowledge (though I agree with the Poet, of course, that it is a dangerous thing), might, like dynamite, prove useful at times. I discussed the question with our lecturer in Latin and she said after some little thought that yes, dynamite would be useful at times.

It's most regrettable, dear mother, but some of our Seniors take uncultured subjects, like learning to cook vegetables, and they so far lose their appreciation of the beautiful that two of them took to giving recitations. One was about a gnostic gnome, gently gnawed by gnats who went galloping over gnarled gneiss on a gnashing gnu, it went on and on like that. Most ridiculous, I thought, besides they pronounced all the "G's," which is most incorrect, because an Oxford dictionary I borrowed said they are silent like "P" in pneumonia.

At times I feel very much like the man in the book who thanked heaven he was not as other men.

Your loving daughter,
Simplicia.

P.S.—This would be longer except that as a great woman once said, I must seclude and eliminate to succeed.

S.B.

P.S.—Give my love to Dad and thank him for the cheque.

S.B.

Loretto College
May 17, 1930.

Dear Tomus,

I was awfully glad to get your last letter, and besides, I was glad to know that you had not been ill. I know that you will be sorry to hear that I am sick.

Just think, we finished our examinations yesterday and I got sick this morning. And the worst part of it is that now I won't get home before you go up North again. But don't feel too badly, because I'll worry about you burning up all summer just like I did last year.

Even more, maybe, because I read that the fires were much worse this year. Besides, I read once about a man who was caught in a pond in the middle of a forest-fire and just as the crater started to boil from the heat a mounted policeman saved him on horse-back. You'll really be safe because they even have mounted policemen in cities now. Whenever people talk about traffic policemen I always think of that poor man trying to decide whether to boil slowly or burn quickly.

Good bye, and I hope you have a nice time.

Sincerely,

Simplicia Borgia

P.S. I hope you don't get German measles, because that's what I have, and I have to drop the letter out the window so someone will pick it up and mail it.

S.B.

Friday.

Darlingest Gemma,—

At last our exams are over. They were just simply awful. I thought they would never end. But I'm pretty sure I got through in everything. First is awfully hard, so they let us have two stars each, but I don't think I'll have any. In fact, I may get a "B" and go into Modern History. Then I would be in an Honour Course. It's wonderful that you are writing off enough Upper School to go into Second Year Pass. I was so sorry you couldn't be in my class this year, but now we'll graduate together.

I decided to stay over the week-end because there are so many things I want to do. And besides my room-mate's uncle, you remember, is here again, and he is going to take us to the theatre and to dinner to-morrow. His letters are so interesting, he's an anthropologist or something like that, you know. He is taking us to see the "Desert Song." It's his favorite show. Imagine, he was in Egypt when they dug up King Tut. One of the Seniors said he looks as if he might also have helped dig him in. But they're like that. He's hardly old at all.

I don't feel very well to-night, so I guess I better not write any more.

Lovingly till I see you,

Simplicia.

P.S. Tomus wrote me a long, long letter. He just can't wait for me to come home. He was too shy to say so though, but I understand him so well.

S.B.

LORETTO COLLEGE GRADUATION

Loretto College graduation took place on Friday, June 6th, the evening of Convocation. The rose garland processional, with the singing of the Loretto College song, "Gaudeamus nos Alumnae," brought the graduates to the flower-encircled stage surmounted by Our Lady's statue. A special feature of the evening was the new college graduation song, which appears in this issue of the "Rainbow," and which was sung for the first time on this occasion.

Miss Geraldine Maloney, B.A., in an eloquent valedictory defined the value of higher education as the full development of the faculty to balance the problems of life in the words of Mother Loyola, "to prize all things by their lasting worth." This was the aim of the College, to send out its daughters with this maturity of judgment.

Reverend H. Carr, LL.D., of St. Michael's College, in his address to the graduates, dwelt on the meaning of university education. People vaguely agree that a university education is a good thing, but very few knew precisely in what its value consisted. As the valedictorian had said, this value was not in the acquirement of knowledge, but in the ability to think clearly. Father Carr, in his beautiful conclusion, said that his prayer for them to-night and through all the years to come would be that they should remain unspotted from the world.

Loretto Abbey College graduation medals were conferred on Miss Isobel Devlin, B.A., Barrie, Ont.; Miss Mary Fitzpatrick, B.A., Hamilton; Miss Marie Hefferman, B.A., Toronto, Miss Rita Macklin, B.A., Toronto, Miss Geraldine Maloney, B.A., Toronto; Miss Evangeline Mulvihill, B.A., Arnprior, Miss Florence O'Brien, B.A., Erindale, Ont.; Miss Helen Radigan, B.A., Guelph; Miss Muriel Smith, B.A., Toronto; Miss Mary Uhrich, B.A., Mildmay, Ont.

Congratulations were offered to Miss M. A. Ryan, I.B.V.M., and Miss Agnes F. Lee, I.B.V.M., who also received the B.A. degree, and to Miss Helena McGrath, of St. John's, Nfld., who obtained the M.A. degree, the culmination of a brilliant undergraduate career.

The College also offered congratulations to Miss M. A. Street, I.B.V.M., on obtaining the proficiency prize in St. Michael's College for highest Grade A standing in Third Year Arts, also for the prize in Third Year English, an honour equally shared by Miss Knowlton.

A tribute of appreciation was offered to Reverend Father Ronan for the privilege of his direction of the choral and liturgical singing throughout the year.

Congratulations are also offered to Mother M. St. Edward, I.B.V.M., who at the same time in Chicago received the A. B. degree from De Paul University, and to Mother M. Callista, I.B.V.M., who received the degree of Bachelor of Music from the American Conservatory of Music.

COLLEGE NOTES.

The cycle has again been completed—registration, freshman reception, retreat, Christmas tree, dances, dinners, dread examinations, suspense, results, convocation, and finally familiar "official capacities" borne by new but able shoulders. The "editorial pen" is regretfully relinquished as Time demands our departure. However, we have no fear for the "Rainbow."

its fate lies with one who will give it the kindly interest it deserves.

Our word of advice to our successor is that she should strive, as we did, to equal the success of our former chief, Miss Helena McGrath.

Having given this sisterly bit of advice, we feel we have earned the right to pause a little to record the events which are our last and perhaps dearest memories. The function, in our honour at graduation give us our first realization of how truly worthwhile it is to be one of Loretto's College Graduates.

First of these was a tea given by the Loretto Alumnae Association at Loretto Abbey, Armour Heights, on Thursday, June, 5th.

A reception for the graduates and their friends was held in Hart House on Thursday evening. The softly lighted quadrangle, beautiful always, was especially enticing because the evening was almost too warm for dancing. The hard-worked word, "thrilling," in its full meaning seems the best description of the dance.

Then on Friday, the 6th, we were commanded to be present in East Hall at 1.45 p.m., not for an examination this time, but to form in line for the procession across the campus to Convocation Hall. Once there, one manages to get up the steps somehow, to kneel in petition at the feet of the Chancellor. And it's worth the four years to feel the hood slip over one's shoulders.

The weather man smiled on us benignly at the Garden Party afterwards. But beam, as needed, he was outdone by our parents and friends who looked at each and everyone of us as if it had never been done before. Needless to say we liked it.

The climax was Graduation. Words really fail to describe our feelings as we walked down the aisle between the Faculty and our families, guarded on right and left by the undergraduates. Our class was especially honoured in being the first to sing the new Graduation song, the beautiful words of which were written by a member of the Faculty and set to music by Father Ronan. The graduation medals were presented by Father Carr, who afterwards gave an especially fine address. As always it ended with the prayer, "Ora pro nobis, Maria."

It seemed natural that night to make connections with the Dean to arrange for a leave to go to the dance at Newman. The dance itself was a fitting ending to one's undergraduate days at the Club. More could not be said of any dance.

On Saturday morning the resident graduates enjoyed a special gathering, at which the entertainment took the form of monosyllabic speeches given by themselves from the depths of their downy couches.

At noon the Faculty gave a delightful luncheon for the class. It was so pleasant that even the famous critics of 3T0 were moved, against their principles, to unqualified words of praise.

The class held a meeting, at which Miss Mary Fitzpatrick, B.A., was elected permanent President of 3T0.

Reverend Mother General Pulcheria received the members of the graduating class at the Abbey on Saturday afternoon, after which Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was given.

On Saturday evening St. Michael's College Alumnae entertained their youngest members at dinner at the Alexandria Hotel.

On Sunday, June 8th, the Faculty had a tea for the graduates and their friends. The tea was lovely, but one could not quite forget that in a short hour all would be over and the class

GRADUATES, LORETTO ABBEY, ARMOUR HEIGHTS

Left to right: Misses Alice Shepherd, Alice Belair, Greta Whitton, Kathleen Englert (Valedictorian), Mary Heavener, Clara Cox, Aileen McLaughlin, Margaret Parnell, Frances McCarron, Aileen McGuire, Isobel McComb, Clara Dunn, Nora Brown, Andrea Gormaly, Loretto Parnell, Jay Latremouille.

of 3T0 would be scattered as so many classes before have been. Nonsense ruled for the hour, but it's safe to say that Retrospection was King on the way home.

At such times we appreciate what a marvellous gift memory is.

H.M.R.

AD ALTIORA TENDO.

"Ad altiora tendo!" How the ideal embodied in this phrase has inspired Loretto girls for years and years! It was not until I began to write this, that I realized all that Loretto has meant to me.

Loretto is *our* Alma Mater, but it stands for even more to us: for many of our mothers and our grandmothers, and even our greatgrandmothers have been proud to be her children, and have held her standards high. We are justly proud to follow in their footsteps.

If we realize how much Loretto means to us now, how much more will be our gratitude and endearing remembrance in the years to come. To be a Loretto girl once is to be one always. Even now it is a wonderful thing to think of days in years to come, when perhaps thousands of miles away from Loretto Abbey, we may be reminded by hearing at sundown, the tolling of a vesper bell, that the nuns are in the chapel beseeching God to bless "all the children who have been and are now under our care." Perhaps we may be troubled or anxious then, and that thought will give us renewed strength to do our duty and to overcome all obstacles.

The loving protection of our Mother Mary always enfolds Loretto girls, for they are especially dedicated to her. They have too the privilege of constant association with the de-

voted nuns, who do so much by word and example to mould their characters and to make them set out on the right path through life.

Being a Loretto girl gives one the exhilarating knowledge that she is even a very small part of the great Institute that in so many parts of the world is working to save souls for Jesus Christ.

It is my boast always to have been a Loretto girl. I pray and trust that through the aid and intercession of the Blessed Virgin, I may always be true to my beloved Alma Mater and live according to her high standards.

Aileen McGuire Form IV.

Loretto Abbey, Armour Heights, Toronto.

L'ILE D'ORLÉANS.

Parmi les nombreux touristes qui viennent admirer les monuments de notre vieux Québec, peu se soucient de faire, comme on dit chez nous, le tour de l'Ile d'Orléans. Au dire d'un connaisseur "Une promenade autour de l'Ile d'Orléans est un enchantement pour l'esprit et pour le coeur." L'Ile d'Orléans renferme une population fort intéressante. Tout y évoque le souvenir d'un autre age: mœurs, coutumes, language, forme des habitations, disposition des champs, vieux moulins, vieilles églises.

Lors de son arrivée au Canada, Jacques Cartier donna à cette île, située un peu plus bas que Quebec, le nom d'Ile de Bacchus, à cause des risques innombrables qui la couvraient. Un peu plus tard il l'appela Ile d'Orléans en honneur du duc d'Orléans, fils de François Ier.

L'Ile d'Orléans comprend six paroisses. Sainte Pétronille, située au bout de l'île, en est le port maritime où débarquent les touristes qui viennent visiter l'île. C'est de cet endroit que Wolfe débarqua ses troupes en 1759.

St-Pierre fut autrefois un centre industriel mais maintenant l'industrie du fromage raffiné est la seule qui y subsiste encore.

Ste-Famille est la plus vieille paroisse de l'île; ses vergers possèdent une très grande renommée; son eglise de style renaissance est une des plus belles du genre.

St François est situé à l'extremité est de l'île; la chasse et la peche le rendent populaire, ses prunes sont toujours bien appreciées.

St-Jean est sans contredit la plus importante des paroisses de l'île; le professionnel, le commerçant et le marin s'y coudoient. Le manoir, "aux allures feodales," en rehausse l'importance. Il y a quelques années un citoyen emmenant de Québec entreprit de restaurer cette vieille demeure seigneuriale où vécurent ses ancêtres. Maintenant le manoir avec sa chapelle attenante, revit ses jours passés tout en permettant à ses habitants de jouir du comfort moderne. Ses murs ont conservé l'empreinte des boulets anglais lancés en 1759.

St Laurent, une villégiature assez achalandée des citadins, possède un chantier maritime, ses fraises sont toujours goutées des amateurs de fruits.

Ma plume est un pauvre instrument pour chanter les beautés de notre jardin de verdure; je conseille à tous ceux qui reellement aiment la nature de venir eux mêmes, pour, ne fut ce que quelques heures, d'un vrai petit coin pittoresque et enchanteur canadien français.

Madeleine Rey.

GRADUATES LORETTO ACADEMY, HAMILTON, ONTARIO.

Left to right—Back row: Misses Marion Flynn, Nora Nelligan, Dorothy Blacklock, Margaret Gillen, Louise Spotts (Valedictorian), Betty Townsend, Margaret Grace, Kathleen Loughlin, Jean Dore. Front row: Misses Christine LoPresti, Ruth Dooley, Daisy Dooley, Jean Buchan, Wilma Easterbrook, Helen McCulloch, Blanche Mays, Marie Blake.

THE JESUIT MARTYRS.

The approaching canonization of the Jesuit Martyrs makes it interesting to note that their heroic deeds have been used as subjects for both prose and poetry. Canadian writers more than others seem to have expressed the feelings of the Martyrs clearly and sympathetically.

Among these writers—a poet, Marjorie Lickthall, who, although born in England, spent most of her life in Canada, and is therefore classed as a Canadian. In her poem, "Père Lalemant," the Jesuit Saint is pictured alone in the forest, except for his Indian guides who wander about cautiously and silently, while he says Mass on a moss-covered, elevated stone. The trees around him are better than the magnificent cedars which Hiram brought out of Tyre to build a great temple, but no worshippers come to this outdoor chapel. He hears the birds singing and imagines that they are his choir. The deer come to watch him, and they remind him of the oxen in the stable at Bethlehem. He catches glimpses of wolf-sinewed and wolf-eyed Indians among the trees and begs God to help him to convert them; he reasons that they are the Children of God, even if cruel and unworthy. His thoughts then

GRADUATES LORETTO ABBEY COLLEGE SCHOOL, BRUNSWICK AVENUE.

Left to right—Back row: Misses Rita Ball, Dorothy Marks (Valedictorian), Patricia Callen. Second row: Misses Lorraine Thompson, Mary Brohman, Helen Brohman, Naomi Griffiths, Bernice Pyman, Clare Tumpane, Helen Hingston, Sophie Stockwell, Mildred Johns. Front row: Misses Geraldine Lyons, Helen McConvey, Margaret Whelan, Ethel McBeth, Marie McBeth, Margaret Hyde, Marie Markle, Maureen O'Gorman, Margaret McCormack, Margaret Gropp, Veronica Murphy.

wander to Mount Royal, and he wonders if the French still hold the fort, now that it is Spring. He is far from all civilization and is sad because he is a shepherd without a flock. He must not remain so, but set to work among the Indians. His prayer to God is:

"Only be Thou beside me day by day,
Thy rod my guide and comfort, underneath
Thy everlasting arms."

In her poem on Isaac Jogues, that great Jesuit saint, is portrayed as the prisoner of the savages. Between the times of torture he speaks of God to his fellow captives, a band of Huron Indians, as they invoke aid from their favourite spirits. At last, one soul is touched, and speaks the name of God "with stumbling lips." Before morning all are converted and he baptizes them "with dew from the down-flung ears of corn, and the silver runnels of the moss." Père Jogues then blesses the night that brought them grace, the fir trees "that saw them bleed," and the birches that stood over them as a "white sponsor of the lovelier deed." He says that the gifts of the Wise Men to the Babe of Bethlehem are poor compared with the wild, blind and untaught souls that he had given to God that night.

GRADUATES, LORETTO ACADEMY, GUELPH

Left to right, standing—Misses Margaret Bicker, Adeline Teehan (Valedictorian), Alice Phelan, Loretto Hohenadel. Seated—Misses Marguerite McGowan and Margaret Jean Broadfoot.

His final prayer is that he and these converts

"Together shall efface the world,
And wake to find the world in Thee."

Genevieve Vale, Form II.
Loretto Academy, Hamilton.

TO MOTHER.

Mother darling, Mother dear, no one with you can compare
You were [illegible] out for me, by God's loving care.

Every day till holidays, I count them all the while,
Till I shall hear your voice again and see your welcoming smile.

Each day goes by and makes you dearer
Each task grows lighter when I see you hearer,
Till at last the hour arrives, and at the journey's end
The happy, long vacation with you, my dearest friend!

Paula Tillman, Form III.
Loretto Abbey, Armour Heights, Toronto.

GRADUATES, LORETTO ACADEMY, SAULT STE. MARIE, MICH.

Top to bottom, beginning left. 1st row—Misses Lillian McDonnell, Anne Alfonso, Madeline Payment.
2nd row—Misses Mary Crowley, Lillie Mae Ottemus, Noel Finlan.
3rd row—Misses Mary Murphy, Thelma McCarthy, Edna Crimin.
4th row—Misses Lucille Halloran, Grace Belperio, Mina Miller.
5th row—Misses Betty Bruce, Beatrice Van Egmond, Mary Lawless.
6th row—Misses Esther Hanna, Mary Elizabeth Sullivan, Constance Lucas.
Lower three, from left to right—Misses Geraldine Fox, Mary Furlong (Valedictorian), Laura Kaine.

VACATION.

Of all the seasons of the year,
The one that I love best
Is when vacation comes around,
And we girls get a rest.

No warning then. "There goes the bell!"
And no reproof is heard.
No talking in the study hall,
Nor "SH! Just one more word."

It seems that's just our version, though,
Our teachers must have theirs:
We students oft bewail our woe,
But—think of Sister's cares!

She goes on toiling every day,
And keeps away all frowns,
While we fret through our Latin verbs
And other ups and downs.

Vacation time is here at last
The time we all love best,
But Sister—don't you think she's
The one who earned the rest?

Constance Moran '31
Loretto Academy, Sault Ste. Marie, Mich.

GRADUATES, LORETTO ACADEMY, NIAGARA FALLS, ONT.

Back Row—Misses Dorothy Didemus, Ruth Henry, Gertrude McAndrew, Marie Sullivan, Kathleen G. O'Leary, Eunice Kuntz, Mary Padgon, Kathleen O'Leary, Alice Goetter, Dorothy Dwyer, Norma Crane, Theo Elmsley.
Front Row—Misses Madeline Thiel, Jeanette Morphy, Catherine Boland, Barbara Moore, Catherine Kilawee, Louise Bucke.

GRANDFATHER PAYS A VISIT TO HIS BOYHOOD HOME.

"De fiel's 'll soon be hummin'
Roun' de country high 'n low;
De harves' is a-comin'
Hoe yo' row!
Hoe yo' row!"

At the request of the aged passenger the taxi stopped in front of an old plantation home in South Carolina. The driver jumped down to open the door and allow a kindly looking coloured man to shuffle out. One need not look twice to see that time had dealt none too gently with him. His fuzzy hair had lost all its rich black colour and was a tumbling ocean of grey waves. The broken frame still showed the semblance of a one time youthful physique. His palms were worn and hard from a life time of tasks well done. Over his massive shoulders hung a black overcoat that reached below the knee. He carried a black felt hat in one hand and a worn valise in the other.

The arrival was evidently not a surprise for the people on the plantation. It seemed as if the village had assembled for the occasion

and everyone from the coloured mayor to the family cat was on the reception committee. Young and old greeted him alike; children crowed their pleasure; the very animals welcomed him. Many titles were given him, but most frequent of all was "Gran'fatha'."

Soon the old man was hurried off, and I knew that a much-prepared-for dinner was in store.

Some hours passed before I saw him again, and indeed the sight was well worth the waiting. On the first step leading from the front door was "Gran'fatha'," seated and smoking, as comfortable as could be. All around him were little boys and girls, about ten in all. The darkness was creeping on and the glow from his pipe showed clearly as he puffed away. He was the centre of attraction. As I listened more carefully I could even hear him, and I gathered that he was telling tales of his boyhood days. Each little fuzzy head was bent forward in eagerness to catch every word the old man uttered. Some of his experiences must be especially interesting to the children since they were of places and things they themselves knew so well. Soon it was so dark I could scarcely see the old man and his youthful audience, but through the summer night I heard a sweet, slow monotone half humming, half singing:

"No time now for de sleeper,
It's git up now 'n go!
It's de sower makes de reaper;
Hoe yo' row!
Hoe yo' row!

"It's sweet de birds is singing
De songs yo' lovin' so;
But de harves' bells is ringin';
Hoe yo' row!
Hoe yo' row!"

Miriam Mracek.

Loretto Academy, Niagara Falls, Ont.

THE PRINCESS.

Editor's Note. This is presented not to supersede Tennyson's version, but as the altogether refreshing expression of the impressions of a First Form pupil.

We had a play at the Abbey one day,
Or to be correct, night, I should say;
It was by Tennyson, called "The Princess,"
And pell-mell, to sure was a great success.

The Princess, lovely Loretto Parnell,
Dwelt with her maids in the forest dwell;
She looked really charming, all dressed so [illegible],
And her maids too were a pretty sight.

There were many of them in the play too,
But I won't have time to name all to you,
But just a main and principal one
Like Isabel McComb, and Callie Dunn.

The Princess' father, old and thin,
Was no other than Aileen McLaughlin,
And Frances McCarron, the next in rank,
Was very funny and very frank.

And then there was the lover gay,
And a Prince too, needless to say;
Who played her part well and sang well too,
And what more than that could any prince do?

Her follower, cunning—well, as a fox,
(To make my line rhyme) was Clara Cox,
And there was also Cyril Gay,
But Clara was Florian in the play.

The Lady Psyche was Nora Brown,
Gracefully garbed in a long flowing gown,
It was to her class that the three men came
And spoiled everything; it was a shame.

The other lady, fair and tall,
Was Aileen McGuire, loved by all.
She was the Lady Blanche, in red,
And pretty enough to turn any head.

Melissia, Kathleen Englert, came after that,
Who did with the men in the forest chat,
And Violet, Miss Shephard, sang us a song,
That was very sweet, but didn't last long

The story itself I suppose you know,
But in case you don't I'll tell you. So:
The Prince is in love with the Princess gay,
And he never has seen her, but finds a way.

He and his friends, disguise themselves
And with the help of the fairy elves
At last they find the Princess true,
But until he can win her the Prince feels blue

They go as pupils to Psyche's class,
But at length they are found out, alas!
For Psyche is Florian's sister true
And she doesn't know what on earth to do.

And as they were talking Melissia came
But she promised that she would play the game,
But sad to say Lady Blanche found out
And told the Prrincess what 'twas all about.

Imagine three men! How could they dare
To enter the grounds of the Princess fair?
And the Princess' father was so enraged
That he at once in war engaged

So the Prince and his followers *had* to leave,
And then the Princess herself was grieved
For 'way in her heart she began to feel
That she cared for the Prince, and quite a deal.

And there was a fight the very next day
Between father and Prince no longer gay,
And everyone thought the Prince was dead,
When he was still much alive instead.

And as they were singing a very sad song
For the poor Prince supposedly gone,
In walks the Prince and goes straight to her side
And begs of her please to be his bride.

Then all forgiven and hand in hand
Happy there in the midst they stand,
And everyone smiles bright and gay
On the Prince and the Princess. It *was* a nice play!

Mary McCrea, Form I.
Loretto Abbey, Armour Heights, Toronto.

THE LONELY ROAD.

Upward into the fast-falling dusk stretches, the winding country road, and like a silver ribbon ever growing darker it loses itself in the soft covering of twilight. Here and there over the tumbling fence, barely discernable in the dim light, hang the overladen branches of August apples. In the sweet clover-blossomed field glorious maples spread their majestic forms, and sink into the background of dusk. Farther down the road an old gnarled tree, moss-covered and blackened, lies beath its dark foliage half covering the grey road.

Partly hidden and sheltered by two singing pines, is the homely weather-beaten church dimly outlined by the pale moon. In the remote distance stands a small cottage from

GRADUATES LORETTO ACADEMY, WOODLAWN, CHICAGO

Left to right—Back row: Misses Josephine Freeman, Winifred May, Margaret McIsaac, Marion Hayes, Adele Dickson, Dorothy Mannion, Adelaide Charles, Ann Reilly, Mary Ryan, Alice Virginia Purcell, Mary Ann Haggerty (Valedictorian), Mary McCarthy, Dorothy Dyson, Janet McCann, Jane Fulton, Marguerite Brown, Martha O'Loughlin, Catherine Heatherly. Second row: Misses Mary Elizabeth Munroe, Rita Mahoney, Marion Moylan, Constance Porter, Rita Collins, Mary Elizabeth Courtney, Violet Love, Norma Jeria, Dorothy Mahoney, Marion Coffey, Adelaide Charles, Helen White, Madeline Hanrahan, Frances Palton, Margaret Cmarik, Mary Helen Cornelissen. Front row: Misses Virginia Graham, Mary Agnes McCann, Ruth Dailey, Regina LaPac, June Braden, Agnes Sullivan, Geraldine Murphy, Lorraine Somers, Edith Allen. Absent: Miss Gertrude Pender.

[illegible] shines casting a growing triangle on the road and revealing the grass and the late summer flowers growing in [illegible] profusion against the white of the [illegible]. It [illegible] the purple wisteria loosely [illegible] from the cottage roof to meet the [illegible] roses.

The air [illegible] but for the gentle murmuring of eventide. Softly the last songster [illegible] his melody and gently comes the [illegible] welcoming the dark. Across the [illegible] the [illegible] or the drone of the grasshoppers on the road. The trees themselves sing the reverent melody to the nestling swallows high in the cottage eves. The sweet-scented breezes sway the poplars whose rhythmic song fills the air. Even the sleepy brook, slowly [illegible] over the moss-covered rocks, adds its note to the evening refrain. Far on the horizon the [illegible] of the passing train crossing the [illegible] road on its journey to the [illegible] upon the air to leave [illegible] the more peaceful the [illegible].

And now the moon begins to climb slowly higher into the darkening sky, and there appear, creeping from every shadow, phantom figures of the gay past. The rustling trees seem to sing the sweet haunting melody of the long ago, low whispers softly carried on the laughing breeze. From every shadow daintly step the beautiful women of time gone by, in all the splendor of their old-fashioned dress, vague forms that quickly melt back into the dreams of the past. On the road is dimly perceived the fancied outline of the old coach with prancing steeds and gallant men. The road is filled with these phantom memories lightly passing with laughter on lip, before the eye.

Suddenly in a burst of splendor the moon shines out fully and now every object is brightly revealed. The road is again deserted. Gone are the graceful figures, the happy, haunting melodies; and the lonely road stretches up to the horizon, like a silver ribbon loosely laid on the deep velvet shades of dusk.

Mary Bootle, Form III.
Loretto Abbey College School, Brunswick Avenue, Toronto.

THE LITTLE COUSINS OF THE FIELD AND GARDEN.

Hyacinth, the pretty thing,
Comes to us in early Spring;
Says she always likes to hear
Easter bells a-ringing clear.

Lady Tulip, a proud dame,
From across the ocean came;
Liked this country very much,
Although she only spoke in Dutch.

Pussy-Willow said, "Meow,"
Wish someone would tell me how
Other kittens get around
And roll and frolic on the ground."

Pansies like the shady places;
With their friendly little faces,
Always seem to smile and say
"How are all the folks to-day?"

Lilac wears a purple plume,
Scented with a sweet perfume;
Very high-born lady she,
Quite proud of her family tree.

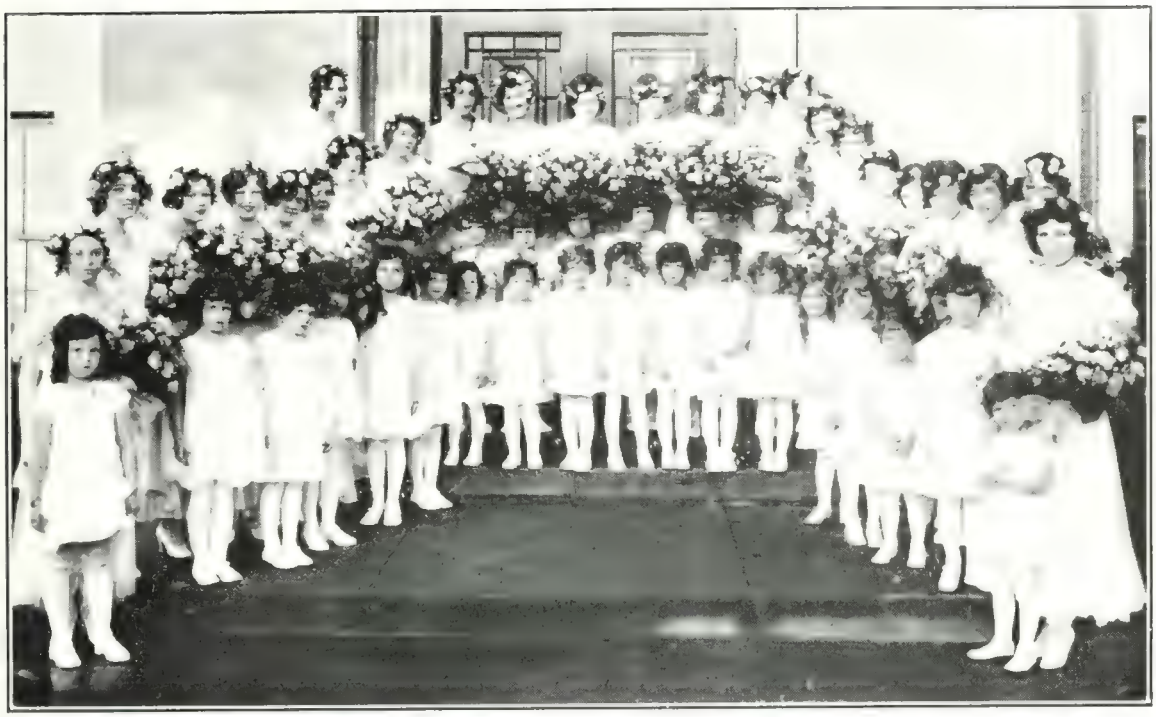
Modest little Violet
Was her loving mother's pet;
Didn't care to go and play,
Rather stay at home all day.

Laughling, lucky Four-Leafed Clover
Is a most atrocious rover,
Doesn't stay long in one place,
Goes and never leaves a trace.

Thirsty little Buttercup
Caught the dew and drank it up,
Said cool water was so good,
She didn't seem to care for food.

Sweet little maid Forget-Me-Not,
She's such a darling little tot,
A blue-eyed child with modest ways
And never spoiled a bit by praise.

Snap-Dragon is very bold,
He plays his tricks on young and old;
Hides behind the old stone-wall
And shoots his pop-gun at us all.



GRADUATES, LORETTO HIGH SCHOOL, ENGLEWOOD, CHICAGO

Left to right: Misses Gertrude Scanlan, Catherine Walsh, Marjorie Leary, Annamae O'Brien, Marjorie Murphy, Frances Bartlett, Frances Maloney, Mary Gallagher, Alice O'Leary, Margaret Burke, Margaret Hoffman, Anna McDermott, Kathleen Garvey, Muriel Voke, Kathleen Riordan, Dolores Goeckel, Alice O'Neill, Lucille Roche, Kathleen Conroy, Agnes Walsh, Geraldine Cullerton, Genevieve Bamrick, Margaret Mulhall, Mary Gilmore

Peony's a charming lady,
She doesn't like a spot too shady
Likes to live out in the light
Dressed in red or pink or white

Live in a country garden,
Politely said "I beg your pardon,
But I'm from Sunny France you see,
And my real name is Fleur de Lis"

Waterlily's very bold
On floating in a sunny pool
Teasing every little creature
Like to grow where one can't reach her

Ever see a plant so jolly
And good fellow is as Holly
Makes no difference what's the weather,
He and Christmas come together

Now let the banners be unfurled
To greet the fairest of the world
Come rose, all and pay your duty
Madame the Queen, American Beauty!

Betty L[illegible] '29
Loretto Academy, Englewood, Chicago

The Rainbow

LORETTO ABBEY, ARMOUR HEIGHTS, TORONTO

Published at Toronto Four Times a Year.
Subscription, $1.00 per year.

All business communications should be addressed to the Business Office, Loretto Abbey, Armour Heights, Toronto, and all literary communications to the Editorial Office, Loretto Abbey College, 387 Brunswick Ave., Toronto, 4.

Associate Editors.

Loretto Abbey College, Brunswick Ave., Toronto	Miss Helen Radigan, 3T0, Editor-in-Chief.
Loretto Abbey College Alumnae, Toronto	Miss Mary Harkins, B.A.
Loretto Abbey, Armour Heights Toronto	Miss Gertrude Cain
Loretto Abbey College School, Brunswick Ave., Toronto	Miss Patricia Callen.
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ALUMNAE NOTES

LORETTO ALUMNAE ASSOCIATION
LORETTO ABBEY, TORONTO.

Patroness	MOTHER GENERAL PULCHERIA.
Hon. President	MOTHER M. AGATHA.
Honorary Vice President	MRS. D. RAE MACKENZIE
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Convener of Entertainment	MISS MONA COXWELL.
Convener of Membership	MRS. E. R. DE VANEY.
Convener of Press	MISS KATHLEEN CORBETT

Presidents of Loretto Associations.

Loretto Abbey College, Toronto	Miss Elsie Irvine.
Niagara Falls	Miss Florence Mullin.
Hamilton, Ont.	Miss George Anne Dell
Stratford, Ont.	Miss Jane Megan.
Englewood, Chicago	Miss Mary Collins
Sault Ste. Marie, Mich.	Miss Gertrude Newhouse
Joliet, Ill. (St. Mary's High School)	
Joliet, Ill. (St. Mary's Academy)	Mrs. Hayes Kennedy
Woodlawn, Chicago	Miss Olive Smith
New York, N.Y.	Miss Edward Scanlon
Detroit, Mich.	Miss Vera Resume
Buffalo, N.Y.	Miss Mary Maxwell

The third quarterly meeting of the Loretto Alumnae Association was held at Loretto Abbey, Armour Heights, on May 6th. The President, Mrs. Frank Cassidy, was in the chair. The business meeting was followed first by Benediction, and then by a delightful musical programme, when Mrs. Percy Sheriff sang, accompanied by Mrs. M. J. Carnahan, and Mrs. Jessie Alexander Roberts, elocutionist, gave several charming selections. Mrs. Hugh Ryan was responsible for the pretty decorations in the tea room, where Mrs. Bailey and Mrs. E. M. Carroll poured tea.

At the annual meeting on June 5th Mrs. Frank Cassidy presided at the business meeting when the reports of the officers were read and approved. Mrs. Hugh Ryan, the Convener of the House Committee, was in charge of the tea which followed in honour of the 1930 graduating classes of Loretto Abbey College, of Loretto Abbey, and of Loretto Abbey College School.

On May 26th Mrs. Frank Cassidy, the President, gave a luncheon in a private dining room of the Arcadian Court, in honour of Mrs. Harry T. Roesler, Governor of the Ontario Chapter of the I.F.C.A., and a former President of the Loretto Alumnae Association. Among the guests were Mrs. James Mallon, and Mrs. D. Rae MacKenzie, both former Presidents; and the members of the Executive: Mrs. Thomas Kilgour, Mrs. E. Van Dine, Miss Alice Gormaly, Miss Mary Harkins, Mrs. David O'Meara, Mrs. Hugh Ryan, Miss Mona Coxwell, Mrs. E. R. DeVaney, and Miss Kathleen Corbett.

* * * * *

Loretto deeply mourns the loss of a loved and valued member of the Community, Sister M. Leontia, whose holy death occurred at Loretto Abbey, Armour Heights, on April 13th. Sister Leontia possessed in a high degree the spirit of counsel and fortitude. She was a woman of prayer, and of remarkable gifts of mind and character, and was a tower of strength to the

many who sought her advice and help. Sympathy is especially offered to her sister, Mother M. Canisia, Loretto Abbey, Toronto, and to the other members of the family.

* * * * *

Loretto Alumnae, Hamilton.

The eleventh annual dinner of the Alumnae was held at Loretto Academy on the evening of June 9th. The President, Miss George Anne Dell, B.A., with Mrs. Hiscott and Miss Kate Fitzpatrick received the large number of guests among whom were Very Reverend Dean Cassidy, Reverend Father E. J. McCorkell, C.S.B., Superior of St. Michael's College, who spoke on Higher Education; Reverend T. Traynor, and Mrs. John Sullivan, Amherstburg, the lady speaker of the evening, who was presented with a lovely bouquet by Mrs. F. McKelvy, on behalf of the Alumnae.

The very successful dinner dance of the Loretto Alumnae, Hamilton, took place on Easter Monday.

* * * * *

Loretto Alumnae, Woodlawn, Chicago.

Miss Mary Houle, Vice-President of the Alumnae, was general chairman of the successful Ball held on Friday evening, May 23rd, at the "Bal Tabarin," Hotel Sherman, Chicago.

The twentieth annual luncheon of the Alumnae was held on Saturday, June 14th, in the Presidential Suite of the Congress Hotel, and was in honour of the Graduates of 1930, who were welcomed into the Alumnae. Miss Olive Smith, the President, was toast-mistress.

Miss Mary K. Gallagher, Alumna of Loretto Academy, Woodlawn, assisted by Miss Ann Reilly and Miss Veronica O'Meara, gave a delightful piano recital at the Academy on June 11th.

Loretto Alumnae, Englewood, Chicago.

The June luncheon of the Alumnae was held at the Palmer House on June 21st.

* * * * *

The Graduates Club of Loretto Abbey College School gave their annual dinner for the Graduating Class at the College on May 29th. Reverend Father Carey, C.S.P., was the speaker and guest of honour. At the business meeting the election of officers for the coming year took place as follows: President, Miss Veronica Stockwell; Vice-President, Miss Loretto Garry; Secretary, Miss Katherine McDonald; Treasurer, Miss Ruth Baigent; "Rainbow" Representative, Miss Mary Barrett.

* * * * *

Detroit Circle of Loretto Alumnae.

At the January meeting Miss Iris Sullivan, '12, Sault Ste. Marie, was hostess at the luncheon at which twenty-two members were present. Election of officers was held as follows: Miss Vera Reaume, '07 Abbey, President; Mrs. Harry Graffius (Sarah Gallagher, '01, Sault Ste Marie), Vice-President; and Miss Loretto A. Dupuis, '15, Sault Ste. Marie, Secretary-Treasurer.

On Feb. 15th Mrs. R. E. Danaher (Lula Hubbert '10, Sault St. Marie), was hostess to twenty-eight members at a luncheon-bridge at the Women's City Club. A committee was appointed by the President to draw up the By-Laws for the organization. This committee had its first meeting on May 3rd, with Mrs. R. E. Danaher as Chairman. Other members are Mrs. Joseph Daly (Alberta McNab, '07, Abbey), Miss Merlyn Bowker, Stratford; Miss Lillian Thurston, Guelph, and Miss Loretto A. Dupuis. Only the Constitution was written at this meeting; the By-Laws are reserved for the September meeting. The Committee is pleased that the Section on Dues did not meet with any criticism

at the regular meeting. One dollar has been specified for a year's subscription to the "Rainbow." It is hoped that in this way the list of subscribers will be increased.

On the same day the regular meeting was held at the home of the President, Miss Vera Reaume. Reverend Father Corrigan, S.J., gave an informal talk on Mary Ward, touching on the important facts of her life, her invaluable qualities and staunch characteristics which made her the leader she was at a time there was such persecution. Father Corrigan has had the good fortune to visit a number of Loretto Convents in Europe, so that his description in relation to the life of the Foundress were vivid.

Miss Vera Reaume, President of the Detroit Circle of Loretto Alumnae, is working heart and soul with the Christ Child Society of which she is Secretary, so undoubtedly members of Loretto Alumnae will have a few meetings next winter for the purpose of aiding this work.

* * * * *

Prior to the marriage of Miss Dorothea Cronin, B.A., the Loretto Abbey College Alumnae, of which Mrs. Joseph O'Leary (Marie Campbell, B.A. '24), is President, gave a tea in her honour at the Royal York Hotel on May 11th.

RECENT BRIDES OF LORETTO ABBEY COLLEGE

Left: Mrs. James Brawley (Claire Yates, B.A.). Right: Mrs. Michael P. Byrne (Dorothea Cronin, B.A.).

* * * * *

Congratulations are offered to two former Loretto pupils of Guelph, Ont., Reverend George Nunan, S.J., and Reverend William McTague, S.J., ordained to the Holy Priesthood in the Society of Jesus at the Martyrs' Shrine, Midland, Ont., on July 6th.

* * * * *

Congratulations are offered to Miss Helen Cronin, Toronto, at the recent graduation exercises of St. Michael's Hospital School of Nursing, winner of a $400 scholarship for one year's post-graduate work in public health nursing; and to Miss Josephine Schwalm, Toronto, winner of the prize for loyalty in the School of Nursing. Both are former Loretto pupils.

* * * * *

Marriages.

Miss Dorothea Cronin, B.A., a graduate of Loretto Abbey College, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Patrick F. Cronin, to Mr. Michael P. Byrnes, Collingwood, on May 17th, by Reverend William McCann, assisted by Reverend John O'Brien, Collingwood, at the Church of St. Francis of Assisi, Toronto.

Miss Claire Yates, B.A., a graduate of Loretto Abbey College, daughter of Mrs. Yates, and the late William James Yates, to Mr. James Brawley, on June 3rd, at New Liskeard, Ont.

Miss Margaret Murray, a graduate of Loretto Academy, Niagara Falls, daughter of Mr. J. J. Murray, to Mr. Carl Dreyer, on April 24th, at the Chapel of Christ the King, Hollywood, California.

Miss Mary Catherine Boylan, a graduate of

Loretto Academy, Niagara Falls, daughter of Mrs. M. Boylan, to Mr. Thomas Kennaley, Peterborough, on May 24th.

Miss Elizabeth Faundy, daughter of Mrs. T. Faundy, to Mr. J. Ambrose Cunningham, on June 14th, at St. Mary's pro-cathedral, Hamilton, by the rector, Reverend Dr. Joseph Ryan.

Miss Helen Ryan, daughter of Mrs. Ryan and the late Hugh A. Ryan, Toronto, to Mr. Harry Nerlich, on June 19th, by Reverend Father Doherty, assisted by Reverend Father Coyle and Reverend Father Caulfield, at Holy Family Church, Toronto.

Miss Mary Benson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Worthington Benson, to Mr. Glenn Sullivan, on June 26th, at St. Peter's Church, Toronto, by Reverend P. Gallery, C.SS.R.

Miss Rose Mottar, a former pupil of Loretto Academy, Niagara Falls, to Mr. Michael Hannan, on May 1st.

Miss Clara Carroll, daughter of Mrs. Carroll and the late Arthur Carroll, to Mr. William Lyons, on June 25th, at the Church of the Holy Family, Toronto, by Reverend P. Coyle.

Miss Genevieve Ann Furlong, a graduate of Loretto Academy, Sault Ste. Marie, Mich., daughter of Mr. Patrick Furlong, to Mr. John Paul LeBlanc, at St. Mary's Church, by Reverend Father Duquette.

Miss Margaret Elizabeth Butsch, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Albert Butsch, to Mr. Walter A. Prange, by Very Reverend Dean Stenglein, at Sault Ste. Marie, Mich.

Miss Mary Clerihan, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. S. A. Clerihan, to Mr. Donald Tobin, at St. Bernard's Church, Chicago.

Miss Virginia Greene, alumna of Loretto Academy, Woodlawn, to Mr. O'Rourke.

Congratulations to:

Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Wingfelder (Kathleen Dillon, alumna of Loretto Academy, Stratford), on the birth of a son.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Reid (Loretto McCall, alumna of Loretto Academy, Niagara Falls), on the birth of a son.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Magee (Marjorie Moran, alumna of Loretto Academy, Niagara Falls), on the birth of a son.

Mr. and Mrs. John F. Warriner (Esther Johnston, alumna of Loretto, Guelph), on the birth of a daughter.

Dr. E. H. Webster and Mrs. Webster (Marion Hickler, a graduate of Loretto Academy, Sault Ste. Marie, Mich.), on the birth of a son.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles D. Oremus (Sadie Lane), Sault Ste. Marie, Mich., on the birth of a daughter.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Collins (Ruby Enerdell), on the birth of a son.

Mr. and Mrs. John Craven (Mary Burke), on the birth of a daughter.

Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Corbett (Eileen Sleeman), on the birth of a son.

Mr. and Mrs. George Cartledge (Violet Griffenham), on the birth of a daughter.

Mr. and Mrs. John Hayes (Margaret Hannigan), on the birth of a daughter.

Mr. and Mrs. Martin O'Heaney (Isabel Drago, alumna of Loretto Academy, Niagara Falls), on the birth of a son.

Mr. and Mrs. John A. Parent (Helen McCarthy), on the birth of a son.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Hubeny (Mary Ray, Loretto, Englewood), on the birth of a daughter.

Loretto Offers Deepest Sympathy To:

Mother M. Zita, Loretto Academy, Stratford, on the death of her father, Mr. McLaughlin, and to the other members of the family.

Mr. Owen J. Sheerin, Niagara Falls, Ont., his daughters, Sister M. Isidore, Loretto Abbey, and Miss Hilda Sheerin, on the death of Mrs. Sheerin.

Sister M. Cleta, Loretto Abbey, on the death of her father.

Mr. Walsh, Brudenelle, Ont., his daughter Sister M. Aurelie, Loretto Abbey, and other members of the family, on the death of Mrs. Walsh.

Mrs. John Nelligan, and family, on the death of her husband, and to Reverend Leo Nelligan, S.J., a brother, and other members of the family.

Mrs. Paul Kelly, on the death of her husband, and to his daughters, Mrs. Oliver F. Cummins, Mrs. Conlin, and to the other members of the family.

Mrs. Martin McCarron and other members of the family, on the death of her sister, Mrs. Kader.

Miss Camilla Casserley, Dr. Casserley, and other members of the family, on the death of their father.

Mrs. Frank DeVaney, and family, on the death of her husband, and to his mother, Mrs. E. R. DeVaney.

Mrs. Townsend on the death of her father, Mr. Finley.

Mrs. O'Reilly, Hamilton, and family, on the death of her husband, Mr. M. J. O'Reilly, K.C.

Mrs. Peter Ryan, Hamilton, her son, Reverend James Ryan, and other members of the family, on the death of Mr. Ryan.

Mr. Charles Cronin, Chicago, on the death of his daughter, Mrs. Moriarty (Veronica Cronin), former president of the Loretto Alumnae, Englewood, Chicago, and also to the late Mrs. Moriarty's sisters, Mrs. Patrick Brennan and Mrs. Lawrence Ryan.

Mrs. C. Lea and Mrs. A. Meredith, on the death of their sister, Mrs. Agnes Nolan.

Mrs. Thomas McFarland, Mrs. Patrick McFarland, and Mrs. Wade Brady, on the death of their mother, Mrs. F. Loughran.

Mrs. P. F. McCue, her daughter, Miss Betty McCue, and other members of the family, on the death of Dr. McCue.

Mrs. Agnes Banks, Chicago, on the death of her sister, Miss Mary Joyce Shine, a graduate of Loretto Academy, Englewood, Chicago.

Mrs. Anna Ward, Chicago, on the death of her father, Mr. Anthony McVady.

Mrs. Crawford, Miss Cecilia Foote, and Mr. Mark A. Foote, Chicago, on the death of their father, Mr. Mark M. Foote.

Mrs. John F. Shea, Mrs. P. Averall, Mrs. Horace Bloxham, Mr. Edwin Daly, and Mr. Leon Daly, on the death of their mother, Mrs. A. F. Daly (Helena McGuire), at the time of her death Honorary President of Canadian Chapter of Loretto, Niagara, Alumnae.

Mrs. McCall and family on the death of her son, Mr. Gene McCall.

Mrs. Zimmerman and Mrs. Dowling, on the death of their father, Mr. Charles McDonald, Buffalo.

Mrs. Cornelius Kidd and family on the death of her husband, and to his brother, Right Reverend John T. Kidd, D.D., Bishop of Calgary.

Mrs. Clement McIlhargy, and family, Stratford, Ont., on the death of her husband.

Mr. Chown, Toronto, on the death of his wife (Dorothy Dawson, a former pupil of Loretto College School), and to the other members of the family.

Mr. John Scanlon, on the death of his mother, and to the other members of the family.

Mr. and Mrs. Augustine Pape, on the death of their son, David.

Madame Plamondon (Marguerite Amyot, alumna of Loretto Academy, Niagara Falls) on the death of her father, Lieutenant Colonel George E. Amyot, Quebec.

Mr. and Mrs. P. Reid, Toronto, on the death of their daughter, Miss Katherine Reid, alumna of Loretto, Niagara, and to her sister, Miss Margaret Reid.

Mrs. Patrick J. Kelley, on the death of her husband, and to their daughter, Mrs. Leonard Murphy.

Mrs. Thomas H. Rochford on the death of her husband, and to their daughters, Mrs. Paul Morrow and Mrs. John Ames.

Miss Kathleen Cullinane, Buffalo, on the death of her sister.

Mrs. Grenier, on the death of her son, Mr. Joseph Grenier.

Mrs. Hugh Murphy, Stratford, and family, on the death of her husband.

Mr. O. A. Knights, Port Arthur, and little daughter Maureen, on the death of his wife (Helena Murphy, alumna of Loretto Abbey), and to her mother, Mrs. James Murphy.

Mr. and Mrs. G. Curtis, and family, Guelph, on the death of their daughter, Miss Evelyn Curtis.

Mr. and Mrs. B. Doyle, on the death of their daughter, Miss Hilda Doyle, alumna of Loretto Academy, Guelph.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Heffernan and family, Guelph, on the death of their son, Mr. Austin Heffernan.

Mrs. P. J. Hayes, Toronto, and family on the death of her husband.

Mrs. Thomas J. Regan, and family, on the death of her husband.

Mrs. Brennan, Chicago, on the death of her husband, and to their daughter, Mrs. Thomas P. Flynn.

GREEK TRAGEDY.

Continued from page 28

Their pathway through the deeps of
space."

At each pause in her song comes the voice of Echo repeating the sad syllables, till Andromeda is joined by the maidens who form the chorus. Now comes unlooked for aid.

These lines are taken from "Hyppolytus," another play of Euripedes.

"O for a deep and dewy spring
With runlets cold to draw and drink!
And a great meadow blossoming,
Long-grassed, and poplars in a ring,
To rest me by the brink."

The more we study ancient Athens unfolding to our wondering eyes her marvellous treasures of painting, sculpture, architecture, and art ,especially her literary art, the more we admire and love her. But the culminating point of this literary art is tragedy, in which Athens is supreme. Tragedy is the perfect expression of the Athenian mind in an age when the national genius for that art had reached its greatest height, a height at which the world still marvels. Yet literary excellence is not the greatest merit of tragedy. It became a school of conduct for the whole state and for all classes. In Athens under the shelter of religion it was untrammelled and unrestrained, and it created a public morality so pure and lofty that its own morality was braced by the very atmosphere itself had made

SCHOOL CHRONICLES

Loretto Abbey, Armour Heights.

March 29th,—Once again an exciting game with Loretto, Niagara, when we won the coveted basketball trophy, and the Niagara Junior team went home champions.

April 16th, Congratulations to Misses Roberta Rankin, Aileen McGuire and Katherine Roche, on successfully attaining their silver medals for life saving.

May 1st, The May-band Captains were elected, Miss Aileen McLaughlin for the band of Our Lady of Loretto and Miss Dorothea McLaughlin for the band of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart.

May 1th,—The Fourth and Fifth Forms of the Abbey and of Loretto Abbey College School attended a tea given in their honour by the Freshmen of Loretto Abbey College.

May 20th, Mrs. Whitton sang for us, a pleasure eagerly looked forward to since her visit last year. The piano numbers by Mrs. MacManamy were also very much enjoyed.

May 21st,—Miss Katherine Roche carried off the laurels in the Senior swimming meet, but all the girls acquitted themselves creditably.

May 31st,—The traditional procession in honour of Our Blessed Mother. Miss Aileen McLaughlin had the honour of crowning Mary's statue.

June 4th, The eighty-third annual commencement exercises took place in the presence of a very large audience, including Right Reverend Bishop McNally Hamilton, Right Reverend Monsignor Blair and a large number of the clergy. Reverend D. L. Forrestell, C.S.B., was the speaker.

Gertrude Cain.

The Princess.

On Monday evening, May 4th, the Graduating Class of Loretto Abbey, presented in the Auditorium an arrangement of Tennyson's famous poem, "The Princess." A large and appreciative audience did much by its consistent applause to encourage the performers, all of whom played their parts with ease and grace, and many of whom showed marked dramatic ability. The character portrayal was good. The theme songs were sweetly sung by the girls taking the parts of the pupils of the University of Gamma. In their pretty white costumes and little caps these pupils in the woodland scene gave a graceful demonstration of Grecian aesthetic dancing.

In all respects the play was a success. The performers worked hard to make it so, but the real credit is due to our Mistress of Schools and to a member of the faculty of Loretto Abbey College for their tireless work in the direction of the performance. The play was well received and is one more in the long list of the Abbey's successful dramatic productions.

Kathyrn Ferguson, Form IV

* * * * *

Loretto Abbey College School, Brunswick Ave.

In the absence of Reverend Mother Pulcheria in Sedley, Sask., Mother Irene was the guest of honour at the final Crusade meeting of the year, and was presented with a cheque completing $225, the School's gift for the Chapel of the new Abbey.

May 29th, Graduation. Right Reverend Monsignor M. D. Whelan, Vicar General of the Archdiocese, and a large number of clergy were

present. Reverend M. J. Carey, C.S.P., was the speaker and also the guest of honour and speaker at the banquet given that evening by the Graduates' Club.

May 30th. The traditional May procession in which each pupil carried a rose and the graduates their bouquets to present to Our Lady. Miss Clare Tumpane had the privilege of crowning the Blessed Virgin's statue. Before Benediction Reverend H. Fleming, C.SS.R., preached on devotion to Our Blessed Mother.

On the closing day of school, June 13th, an exhibition of work and charming programmes were presented by the Junior pupils in the morning, and by the pupils of First and Second Form High School in the afternoon. The annual scholarship given by the Graduates' Club of Loretto Abbey College School, competed for by the girls obtaining highest standing in the Entrance Classes of Separate Schools taught by Loretto Nuns, was awarded to Miss Marion Whitcombe, St. James' School. Partial scholarships in this contest were awarded to Miss Margaret Glover, Holy Family School, who ranked second, to Miss Noreen Cummins, St. Vincent's School, who ranked third, and to Misses Agatha Cira, Our Lady of Perpetual Help School, Lorraine MacMillan, Our Lady of Lourdes School, Mary McCague, St. Anthony's School, Mary Ostapowick, St. Rita's School, Eileen Sheehan, St. Cecilia's School, Muriel Skerritt, St. David's School, and Aileen Stephenson, St. Martin's School.

Mrs. Harry T. Roesler, Governor of the Ontario Chapter I.F.C.A., presented the prize given by the Federation, to Miss Lois Berryman who ranked second in the recent essay competition. Miss Mary McConvey ranked third.

Patricia Caller

Loretto Academy, Niagara Falls.

May 1st.—Our monthly S.S.C. meeting and formation of the May Bands. Miss Kathleen F. O'Leary and Miss Dorothy Dwyer are chosen the leaders.

May 2nd.—The Seniors present their play, "The Sleeping Beauty," a great success so much so that the audience is made to believe in fairy-tales.

May 17th.—The Seniors delightfully entertained by Miss Jordan of Buffalo at a luncheon given at the Red Coach Inn in honour of Miss Ruth Henry.

May 18th. At our monthly Sodality meeting, Reverend Father Garcia, C.M., speaks very inspiringly on vocations.

May 19th. Reverend Father Docherty, C.M., missionary from Panama, tells us much about his work, and we realize that Panama can be just as interesting as China.

May 21st. Miss Varey, our athletic instructress, gives an exhibition of her Physical Training classes. Drills, games, and exercises all make it a most creditable and entertaining performance.

May 22nd.—The Loretto Iris, 1930, is returned from the publishers and unanimously voted the best yet!

May 23rd. The last of our classes in Religious Doctrine given by Reverend Father Richard, O.Carm., who has made them so interesting that we regret their completion.

May 29th.—The W.N.Y.S.S.C. May Day at Canisius College, Buffalo, with Reverend Father Lord, S.J., present. We are well represented by a bus load of eager Sodalists.

May 30th. Our own May Day and crowning of Our May Queen—Our Blessed Mother. It is Miss Dorothy Dwyer's privilege to crown Our Lady.

May 31st.—We again compete at Hamilton in the Annual Musical Festival. Our choir of forty voices brings home second prize.

June 3rd. The Seniors are royally entertained by the Juniors at a banquet.

June 6th. Graduation! Need more be said?

Dorothy Dwyer.

* * * * *

Loretto Academy, Englewood, Chicago.

May 4th. Six young men from Ignatius High School gave a debate that was both educational and entertaining. The argumentative demonstration was held in the school hall.

May 26th, 27th, 28th. The Loretto Dramatic Club of Englewood produced its annual play. Tennyson's "Princess" was chosen and was a distinct success. There were two casts, and on the third night it was played by an all-star cast. One hundred and fifty girls took part in the play.

May 31st. The members of Our Lady's Sodality took part in a ceremony dear to the heart of every Catholic girl, the Crowning of the Blessed Virgin. A senior and loyal sodalist, Miss Genevieve Bamrick, who had attended Mass and Communion on every day during May, placed the wreath on Our Lady's brow.

June 10th. Miss Fisher lectured to us on "The Power of To-morrow," a very appropriate topic for the closing of the school year.

June 12th. The Juniors entertained the Graduates at a lovely reception, a tradition at Loretto and one which grows dearer with every year.

June 13th. The graduates with their mothers went to Mass and Communion in the convent chapel; after which they breakfasted in the Senior club room.

June 15th. Graduation! Glad and sad, this occasion. Happiness in accomplishment, sorrow in parting. And mingled with these sentiments a flurry of excitement as we began the walk over to church, where beautiful and touching ceremonies took place. Afterwards congratulations from our teachers and friends, then half reluctantly we leave, some of us forever, all of us carrying in our hearts loyalty and love for our Alma Mater.

Marjorie Leary, '30.

Scholarship Examination.

Misses Gertrude Scanlon, Anne McDermott, Frances Maloney, Muriel Voke, Kathleen Garvey and Margaret Hoffman represented Loretto, Englewood, at Immaculata High School on Saturday, April 26th, the morning of the Mundelein College Scholarship Examinations.

After a month or so of awaiting the returns we had the pleasure of learning that Miss Gertrude Scanlon, the Senior Class President, had been awarded a scholarship for Mundelein College. We are told that her rating is very high and we are justly proud of her.

Margaret Hoffman, '30.

* * * * *

Loretto Academy, Hamilton.

April 28th. An interesting talk on elocution was given by C. Egbert Ford, Mus. Dr., F. R. C. O., Examiner for Trinity College, London, England.

Pupils who passed the elocution examination were: Misses Betty Cameron, Dolly Cameron, and Muriel Hayes (Junior Elocution), and Misses Marguerite White, Mary Helen Byrnes and Edna Hayes (Primary Elocution).

Another clever and amusing playlet of the season was "What's Wrong With the Seniors."

written by Miss Margaret Sharkey and presented by Form I.

June 2nd—Right Reverend J. T. McNally, D.D., Bishop of Hamilton, presided and was the speaker at the sixty fifth annual commencement exercises. In his message to the seventeen graduates he referred to the seventeen roses recently sent him by the nuns on the occasion of his seventeenth anniversary. "To-night," he said, "they are presenting me with seventeen lilies."

Helen McCulloch.

* * * * *

May 5th—The Mission Crusade Unit held its final meeting. After the reports were read, the President, Miss Louise Spotts, thanked the classes for their active co-operation throughout the year. A spirited debate followed, the affirmative side maintaining that we should help Home Missions before Foreign, ably upheld by Miss Margaret Goodrow and Miss Genevieve Vale of Second Form, and the negative by Miss Helen Goodrow and Miss Regis Palmer, of First Form. The points of each side showed that an unusual amount of research regarding Missions had been done. While the judges were determining the winner, a piano solo was played by Miss Margaret Gillen. The decision was in favour of the negative.

Margaret Gillen, Form IV.

* * * * *

Loretto Academy, Guelph.

March 31st—Beautiful slides on the Life of Our Blessed Lord, under the auspices of the Sodality of the Children of Mary.

April 13th—The Basketball season came to a close when the Commercial team defeated the Second Form, 4-11. As these were the leading teams of the Inter-form League, the play-off yesterday decided the championship. It was difficult to chose the stars of either team, because every girl played excellent basketball. On the winning team the Misses Mary Murray and Henrietta McGillivray deserve special mention, and on the losing team, Miss Veronica Murray's play was noteworthy.

Messrs. Lafontaine and McKenna presented each of the winners with a "Loretto" pennant. Messrs. Murphy and Jones gave the prize for the girl scoring the highest number of points in any one game, won by Miss Bessie Healey, who scored seventeen points. Miss Mary Murray came second, with sixteen points.

The line-up for the championship contest was as follows:

Commercial—Guards, Misses Henrietta McGillivray, Loretto Hohenadel, Agnes Wakefield; forwards, Misses Kathleen Callahan, Mary Murray and Margaret Thompson.

Second Form—Guards, Misses Clara Wright, Madeline Merlihan and Grace O'Brien; forwards, Misses Marie Barry, Veronica Murray and Bessie Healey.

Coach—Ramon Ortiz.

The Little Flower Literary and Mission Club held the last meeting of the scholastic year in the school assembly hall which was fittingly decorated. In replying to the vote of thanks proposed by Miss Jessie Meagher, the President, Miss Margaret Bicker, expressed appreciation of the splendid co-operation on the part of the members and attributed to it the success achieved by the club. The following short programme brought to a close an enthusiastic meeting: Duet, Pomp and Circumstance, Elgar, Misses Regis and Adeline Teehan; Recitation, "The Call to China," Miss Mary Coyne; Piano Solo, "Rostrevor," McEvoy, Miss Geraldine Schmuck. Hymn to Our Lady, God Save the King.

June 1st—First Communion and close of May Procession.

June 17th—Graduation. Reverend J. A. Kearing, S.J., preached at the Graduation Mass in

the Convent Chapel and at the Graduation Exercises in the evening Reverend J. Monaghan, S.J., was the speaker.

Marguerite McGowan.

* * * * *

Sioux Lookout, Ontario.

May 1st - Opening of the May devotions with Mass each day at which the children recited the Rosary and sang, and Benediction. Our Lady's shrine is a bower of flowers and lights.

May 23rd - In the morning Empire Day exercises in all the classes; in the afternoon Pilot A. Cheeseman and Dr. O'Gorman were welcome guests at the Sacred Heart School. Mr. Cheeseman recounted his experiences, full of vital interest, under Captain Wilkins on the Antarctic expedition from which he has but recently returned. He added a few words of practical advice to our boys which were warmly endorsed by Dr. O'Gorman.

May 29—The town endanged by surrounding forest fires.

May 31st - Close of May procession. Miss Gertrude Furlane had the honour of crowing the Blessed Virgin's statue.

June 2rd - The forest fires are well under control.

Our Archbishop, Most Reverend Arthur Beliveau, D.D., arrived and a large gathering greeted him at the station. In the evening he held a Confirmation class in the church. On the following morning, Pentecost Sunday, the St John Berchmans' Sanctuary Boys led the procession, escorting the Archbishop from the rectory to the Church for the Pontifical High Mass, after which he administered the Sacrament of Confirmation. The girls' choir sang at the Mass, and greeted the entering procession with the "Ecce Sacerdos." The Renewal of Baptismal Vows took place in the afternoon. An Act of Consecration to the Sacred Heart was read by Master Morris Berry, and to the Blessed Virgin by Miss Tranquilla Favot. The Mission opened in the evening. It was given by Reverend Father Legris, C.SS.R., and had a splendid attendance throughout.

June 3rd - Mr. Kennedy arrived from Toronto to conduct the music examinations. En route, very early in the morning, he visited the Church while Mass was being said, and the school children were singing. He afterwards commented favorably on both choir and Sanctuary Boys. Later the music pupils presented themselves for examination; fluency and ease showed a year of united effort of both pupil and teacher.

June 5th—The school inspector, Mr. McDonald, paid his official visit and was well pleased.

June 9th - Archbishop Beliveau, accompanied by our Pastor, Reverend Father Bellevance visited the school, encouraged the children in their earnest efforts, and bestowed a parting Benediction. By way of celebration we had a half holiday in the afternoon.

In September a school unit seemed a far away possibility, but after surmounting various obstacles a hockey team was organized and carried off the shield. Then came baseball and basketball, which are now in full swing under the management of Dr. O'Gorman. Look out for Sioux Lookout!

Bernadette George.

* * * * *

St. Bride's School, Chicago.

On Friday, June 13th, sixty-two girls and boys were graduated from St. Bride's Grammar School. Three scholarships were awarded: Miss Mary Thomas and Miss Marguerite McManus and Miss Marquerite McManus scholarships for Loretto Academy, Woodlawn, and Frederica Sneed a scholarship for Mount Carmel Monastery, Niagara Falls, Ont.

Loretto Academy, Stratford.

May 10th. Our basketball game at Loretto, Hamilton. We were badly beaten, but the pleasant day with our friends was worth it all.

May 23rd. Amid a pretty setting of flowers the Junior music students gave a clever and talented recital.

May 30th. Reception of new members into the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin. Reverend Father Goldwyn Moir, C.S.P., Toronto, preached an apropriate sermon based on the words of Holy Writ. "I am the Mother of fair love and of fear and of knowledge of holy hope. In me is all grace of the way and of the truth; in me is all hope of life and of virtue." Solemn Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was given by Father Moir, assisted by Very Reverend Dean Egan and Reverend Father Kelly.

May 31st.—The closing of May was marked by our usual procession in honour of Our Blessed Mother. Miss Corinne Lamphier had the honour of crowning the Blessed Virgin while Miss Mary Kane read the Act of Consecration.

June 2nd.—The Senior Music Recital was an interesting event to-day. After the programme the presentation of honours included a scholarship for highest standing in advanced piano won by Miss Margaret Buckley; the Medal for Christian Doctrine, donated by Very Reverend D. J. Egan., obtained by Miss Monica Gaunt; Medal for Highest Standing in Junior Matriculation, donated by Loretto Alumnae, obtained by Miss Mary Tillmann; Medal for highest standing in Lower School, donated by Reverend W. J. Kelly, obtained by Miss Jean Cole; Medal for highest standing in Matriculation Mathematics, donated by Miss Rose Kennedy, obtained by Miss Alexice DuCharme, Medal for highest standing in Matriculation Composition, donated by Very Rev. D. J. Egan, obtained by Miss Mary Tillmann; Medal for Fidelity, for non-resident students, donated by Miss Rose Kennedy, obtained by Miss Ruth Allen; Medal for Intermediate Theory, donated by Loretto Community, obtained by Miss Helen Lavelle; Medal for highest Junior standing, donated by Miss Mamie Kappelle, obtained by Miss Margaret Buckley; Medal for Lower School Art obtained by Miss Paula Tillman; Prize for highest elementary standing obtained by Miss Mary Wimpory; Prize for highest primary standing obtained by Miss Marie Garbutt; Prize for highest introductory standing obtained by Miss Helen Rumig.

June 6th. An inspiring lecture was delivered in our auditorium to-night by Reverend Dr. O'Reilly of St. Augustine's Seminary, Toronto, on the life of "The Little Flower" of Jesus. It was illustrated by beautiful slides.

Jean Cole.

* * * * *

Loretto Academy, Sault Ste. Marie, Mich.

April 6th, 7th, 8th. Silence reigned supreme for the three days of our Retreat, while each one spent her time in prayer and meditation. Reverend Father Paiement's wonderful sermons were a source of inspiration to all of us. It is to be hoped that we will prove faithful to our good resolutions.

April 30th.—"The Story Book Ball," the musicale presented by our music pupils, was a grand success. Old King Cole presided over the affair with great dignity, while Little Red Riding Hoods and Little Miss Muffets sang songs and performed pretty dances. All were in costume as they played their pieces, and the performance ended with a Grand March.

Constance Lucas.

Loretto Academy, Woodlawn, Chicago.

On May 2th, the procession and crowning of Our Blessed Mother took place with all the beauty that the closing of May brings. Miss Mary Ann Haggerty was almost unanimously elected to crown Our Blessed Lady. Her attendants, also elected, were Misses Mary Elizabeth Munroe, Frances Patton, Margaret Cmarik, Madeleine Hanrahan, and Mary Helen Cornelissen. Reverend Father Basil took part in the procession and gave Benediction.

MISS MARY ANN HAGGERTY, CLASS PRESIDENT AND VALEDICTORIAN

On Tuesday evening, June 10th, forty four graduates received their diplomas from Loretto Academy, Woodlawn. Very Reverend Basil Koehler, O.Carm., conferred the honours on the graduates and Reverend Martin O'Donnell, O.Carm., delivered the address.

Miss Dorothy Mahoney gave the Salutatory, and Miss Mary Ann Haggerty, Class President, the Valedictory. The St. Xavier's College Scholarships were won by Miss Mary Ann Haggerty and Miss Helen Cornelissen, and the De Paul University Scholarship by Miss Madeleine Hanrahan. Miss Mary Elizabeth Munro was awarded the Proficiency Medal.

The parting with this Graduation Class was particularly sad, as they are the last class who have been at the Academy from babyhood. When this class reached Eighth Grade the Academy discontinued taking children in the Grades.

Especially enjoyable Commencement events were the Bridge-party given for the Seniors by the Freshmen; the Graduation breakfast, at which the flowers were the gift of the Sophomores; the Junior-Senior luncheon, a tradition in the School; and the luncheon given in the Congress Hotel for the Seniors by the Alumnae.

At the Mass for the Seniors the sermon, brief, clear and penetrating, was given by Reverend Joseph Moynihan. At the breakfast which followed a presentation was made to the Class Business Manager, Miss Mary Elizabeth Munro, in appreciation of her fine work.

Prizes were awarded as follows: Miss Margaret Cmarick for Church History in the Fourth Year; Miss Marion Moylan for French in the Fourth Year; Miss Marie Stanton for Church History in the Third Year; and for Highest Averages to Miss Katherine Coony, Third Year, Miss Mary Petrie, Second Year, and Miss Lucille McIntosh, First Year.

Marion Moylan.

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THE RAINBOW

LORETTO ABBEY
ARMOUR HEIGHTS TORONTO, CANADA

64 HIS HOLINESS POPE PIUS XI — Frontispiece.
65 EYE-WITNESSES AT ST. PETER'S. — Catherine Cronin, B.A., and Sheila Cronin, B.A.
70 THE DEDICATION OF ST. ADRIAN'S — Mother M. St. Edward, I.B.V.M.
74 MRS. HARRY T. ROESLER
75 REPORT OF THE CANADIAN MEETING, I.F.C.A.....
78 NINTH BIENNIAL CONVENTION, I.F.C.A.....Mrs. Frank Cassidy.
79 THE LATE MRS. DE ROULET.....
80 THE FORMAL OPENING OF THE CHURCH OF THE BLESSED SACRAMENT
81 ADELAIDE — Francis T. Leahy
82 A SILVER JUBILEE
84 THE LATE REVEREND J. LEO O'REILLY, D.D.....
85 THE FOURTH YEAR — Florence Prud'homme
88 THE SONGS I MAY NEVER WRITE — Ruthmary Treacy
96 THE VALUE OF LITERATURE.....Kathleen F. Hickey, B.A.

Articles by Mary Barrett, Frances Clarke, Lillie Mae Oremus, Marjorie Leary, Stella Barnabé, Margaret Gillen, Sydney Israels, Berenice Berry, June Mary Hoffmann, Lois Berryman.

Verse by Dorothy Shultz, Jane E. Rankin, Ruth Bower, Georgia Cameron, Dolores Smith, Clare Colgan, Alma Eberl, Veronica Purpuco.

Loretto Abbey College, Brunswick Ave., Toronto, MISS BERNICE VENINI, 3T1, Editor-in-Chief.

Associate Editors: *Loretto Abbey, Armour Heights, Toronto*, MISS FRANCES CLARKE; *Loretto Abbey College, School, Brunswick Ave., Toronto*, MISS MARY WYNN SLIPPER; *St. Nicholas Convent, Toronto*, MISS KATHLEEN McQUINN; *Loretto Academy, Guelph, Ont.*, MISS GLADYS DODDS; *Loretto Academy, Niagara Falls, Ont.*, MISS MIRIAM MRACEK; *Loretto Academy, Hamilton, Ont.*, MISS MARGARET SHARKEY; *Loretto Academy, Sarnia, Ont.*, MISS JEAN COLE; *Loretto High School, Lakewood, Chicago*, MISS RITA FITZPATRICK; *Loretto Academy, Sault St. Marie, Mich.*, MISS LORETTA MILBAUER; *Loretto Academy, Woodlawn, Chicago*, MISS KATHRYN BURKE; *Loretto Convent, Sedley, Sask.*, MISS ALMA EBERL; *Loretto Convent, Chicago*, MISS ROSEMARY WELSH; *Loretto Convent, Sault Lookout, Ont.*, MISS BERNADETTE GEORGE; *St. Mary's School, Saskatoon, Sask.*, MISS PATRICIA METTEL.

Published at Toronto Four Times a Year. **Subscription, $1.00 per year.**

All business communications should be addressed to the Business Office, Loretto Abbey, Armour Heights, Toronto, and all literary communications to the Editorial Office, Loretto Abbey College, 347 Brunswick Ave., Toronto, 4.

HIS HOLINESS POPE PIUS XI

LORETTO RAINBOW

Earth's noblest thing—a woman perfected.

VOL. XXXVII. TORONTO, OCTOBER, 1930 No. 2

EYE-WITNESSES AT ST. PETER'S

By CATHERINE AND SHEILA CRONIN

HOMEWARD bound, and resting in deck chairs aboard SS. Conte Biancamano, we have plenty of time to meditate on the scenes of the last fortnight. Around us the blue Mediterranean, northward and southward the horizon breaks in faint blurs which are Spain and Africa, and a day's journey behind lie the Sabine mountains, the grey-green olive groves, the golden stones of Rome. The ceremony that took place at St. Peter's on June the 29th, feast of the Apostles Peter and Paul, seems only the last link in a chain of history which we have been touching all our lives.

How often, as children, did we pore over the wonder and heroism of the Jesuit Relations! The edition by Reuben Gold Thwaites, in father's library, gives the original French with maps, charts, and facsimiles of handwriting. Though naturally unable to understand much of the narrative, something of its indomitable spirit spoke to us from those pages, so often inscribed in blood.

A few years later we were pupils at the Ursuline Convent in Quebec. There is a small oratory, which dates from the time of Marie de l'Incarnation, and where her remains lie in a sarcophagus. At the altar of this room, Father Jogues said Mass, by special dispensation, for his maimed hands were one result of his labors among the Indians. Shortly afterwards he set out again for the missions, and for his death.

Only last September we found his trace again, in the magnificent flamboyant cathedral of Rouen, where he was ordained priest. And Lisieux, which saw the life and death of Thérèse Martin, saw also the ordination of Jean de Bréboeuf. In Paris, thousands of visitors go down behind the Hotel de Ville to visit the old church of St. Gervais where, on Good Friday, 1918, a bomb from a German plane came crashing through the roof, to kill

ST. PETER'S, ROME

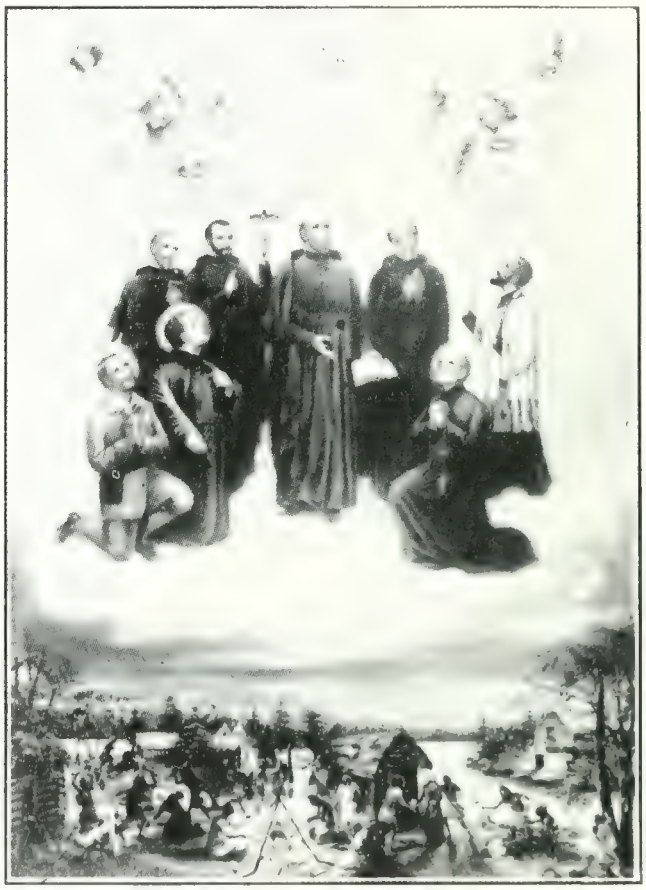
Miss Catherine Cronin is standing at the left, and Miss Sheila Cronin is the centre of the group.

scores who had come to commemorate the agony of the Prince of Peace, and who encountered their own. Very few notice a small tablet on the opposite wall, which relates that Gabriel Lalemant and Charles Garnier were members of this parish.

So, to us at least, it seemed only a fitting culmination to the story that we should witness the canonization in St. Peter's on the feast of the martyred apostles. For years we had been tracing the footsteps of these heroic Jesuits, which led in the end to Rome. And after all, we arrived in time to witness the triumph and the rejoicing.

It was a fortunate coincidence that our student days in Paris came to a close towards the middle of June and the hurried tour of the Italian cities that we had planned synchronized with the celebrations in honour of the Canadian martyrs.

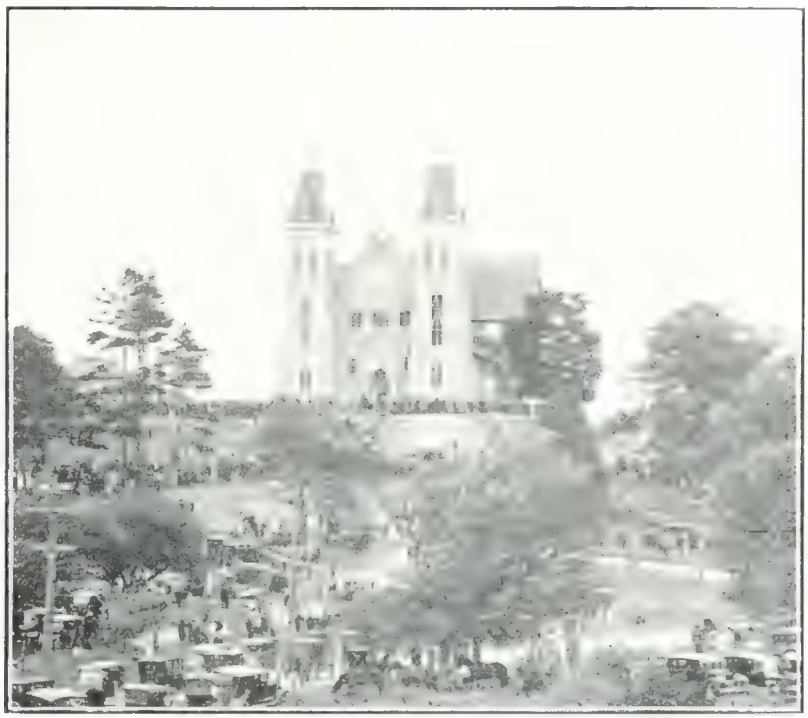
Almost the first person we met in Rome was our very good friend, the Reverend Dr Byrne, of Kingston. A year ago he had been our mentor and guide during an Easter visit to the Holy City. He had later returned to Canada, and become Secretary to His Grace the Archbishop of Kingston. "Rome will hardly be the same without you," we exclaimed rather sadly as we planned a second visit. We called at the Canadian College on the day



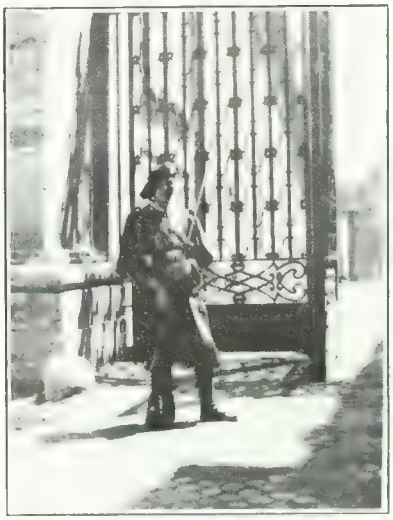
THE CANADIAN MARTYRS

of our arrival, and found to our pleased surprise that Dr. Byrne was back in Rome for the canonization. We hurried to his hotel, but the voice that answered our enquiry said that he had gone out. "If you will wait a moment," added the owner of the pleasant voice, "I am coming down." It was His Grace Archbishop O'Brien, and we soon learned that Dr. Byrne had gone out for no other purpose than to look us up. Presently he returned, pleasant and cordial as ever, and we were able to congratulate him for the degrees he had won since we last met. It was the Archbishop who presented us with the cards for the canonization, and for the special audience for the Canadian pilgrims. Thus was our way to St. Peter's made easy.

The next afternoon we had our audience, and after we had kissed the Fisherman's ring, the Holy Father came into a smaller room off the great audience chamber, and spoke to us of ourselves, our families, our friends, and especially of our glorious martyr intercessors now numbered among the saints of the Church. The Pope's voice is very clear and fairly deep. His manner was conversational, the words without the least apparent effort at choice, and seeming to carry thoughts direct from his heart to the rapt listeners. His French is easy, coming in simple phases, his meaning crystal clear as the sunshine in his kind, encouraging eyes. Several persons close by whom we had last seen in Canada, were beside us as if called out of nowhere, and the Pope's face seemed strangely familiar, like that of one very near to us. It is not merely that we had seen his picture so often, and that his photographs are very true to the reality. It came suddenly,



[illegible]YRS' SHRINE, MIDLAND, ONTARIO



A SWISS GUARD

while he was telling us of his joy at seeing so many Canadians, that after all the Italian word "Papa" is the only word, giving as it does the childish household name to the highest dignity on earth. In Rome the Holy Father is really "il Papa."

All the while his fatherly voice flowed on, telling us of the new saints, revealing their glory in new lights. Then he altered his tones ever so slightly, and told us to think of our family circle, of our friends, and of all whom we loved, for he was about to pray for them. At his words distance and scene seemed to dissolve, and most certainly, for our part, we felt translated for the moment, and united with many far away. The dream feeling (if we may so call it) passed; a few moments later we were chatting merrily with the Canadian Jesuits, Father Hingston, Father Lally, and others we knew or who knew us. The audience was over.

Next morning, in the golden sunlight, we were at St. Peter's ahead of time to behold a scene that we shall only describe as one of splendor and of joyous shouts. Six French Jesuit priests and two French lay brothers were canonized; all eight sacrificed their lives gladly for the faith in the Canadian wilderness, in the first half of the seventeenth century. The names of the martyrs are Isaac Jogues, Jean de Brébœuf, Noël Chabanel, Antoine Daniel, Charles Garnier, Gabriel Lalemant, and the Brothers Jean de la Lande and René Goupil. At the same time, the Holy Father proclaimed the sanctity of the illustrious Robert, Cardinal Bellarmine, and of Theophilus da Corti.

Once again, as on the preceding day, the scene we were witnessing became dream-like, as if time were dissolved, or meant nothing. The immense basilica, filled with sunlight and glowing with candles, rang with the shouts of "Viva il Papa," or "Viva il Papa-Re," as the Pope was carried in over the heads of the sixty thousand come from all quarters of the globe. But the watchers were unconscious of the presence of the multitude, and nothing else seemed as real as the timeless measure and glory of the reward to which saints attain with the certainty and unerring swiftness of the stars marching across the heavens. A few centuries of years, and these men who laid down their lives in Canada had come "in majorem Dei gloriam," as surely as if we had seen the heavens open to receive them on the day of their death. Through the deep perspectives of St. Peter's we could see the rugged hillside near Midland, where the martyrs passed away, and where thousands were now hailing them as saints. Members of our own family were there, kneeling on the ground hallowed by their sufferings. But we in Rome, and they in Huronia, made but one assembly of witnesses to the wonder of martyrdom and its heaven-shaking rewards, in which time and space count for nothing.

We rouse ourselves from the dream. The shouting has begun again, and louder than before. It is so truly deafening that the glowing church seems profoundly silent. The Pope is going out. The guards make way for him through the vast throng, he smiles and blesses right and left as the roar of loving homage breaks out to greet him. Many people are weeping.

In spite of the solemnity and the emotional heightening of the scene we had just witnessed, there was no reaction of fatigue or sadness. We came out into the strong Roman sunlight, and the wild confusion of St. Peter's Square, in the gayest of spirits. We paused for a little fun with a cherubic Swiss Guard, who permitted us, not at all expectantly, to step in and his vivid blue and yellow suit, designed by Michael Angelo to add colour and brightness to the Vatican. The tawny columns of St. Peter's stood out against the blue sky and filled the whole square with the Swiss Guard colours. We felt like dancing and shouting.

Here on ship-board, at last homeward bound, we feel amused at our temerity in writing any account of scenes far beyond adequate description. "Rainbow" readers, however, will not misunderstand.

A MOONLIGHT EXCURSION.

When at the night
I'm ready for bed,
The light turned off
And my prayers said,

Raising the blind,
My seat I take,
And let my mind
It's pictures make.

There at the end
Of a busy day,
My thoughts I send
World-wide away.

A course I steer
By moon's white light,
Where cloud-banks rear
In silent flight.

Above them all
At last I'm free,
Nothing at all
'Twixt stars and me.

Garden on high,
My mind's retreat!
Star-flowered sky,
Where angels meet!

With heart at rest
I do affirm
That God knows best,
And home return.

Jane E. Rankin, Form II
Loretto Abbey,
Armour Heights, Toronto.

ST. ADRIAN'S CHURCH AND SCHOOL, CHICAGO

THE DEDICATION OF ST. ADRIAN'S

By MOTHER M. ST. EDWARD, I.B.V.M.

HIS EMINENCE, GEORGE CARDINAL MUNDELEIN
Archbishop of Chicago

JUNE 1, 1930, was an ideal day for the greatest event in the history of the new parish. The beautiful Marquette suburb, Chicago's great Southwest, radiated the sunshine of God's smile. St. Adrian's parish, the very heart of this attractive settlement, was the scene of joy and gladness. Why not? Had not Pastor and people reason to rejoice that the long anticipated day had come, the day that was to witness the realization of their hopes? The daily

REVEREND LEO McNAMARA, PhD

sacrifices, their devotion to the Master. This gift to Him was the beautiful Gothic Chapel and School dedicated this day.

Friends from near and far gathered to honor and to congratulate the zealous Pastor, Reverend Leo McNamara, PhD., who two years ago came to us from St. Bede's where he was the beloved assistant.

Steadily the stream of friends pours in until the recently-completed edifice is filled to its capacity by nine hundred. There in solemn stillness are the richly-decorated altars, and the handsome devotional statues. The gorgeous hues of the sanctuary furnishings make a striking contrast to the sombre effect of the

black and white dress of the Sisters in the front pews.

The spot-light of this inspiring scene is focussed on the sanctuary steps and its rows of bright, beaming girls and boys appropriately uniformed in white and Cardinal red.

The Dedication is most significant to this indispensable group of youthful choristers, for are they not God's little ones privileged to represent St. Adrian's School, to welcome the Cardinal, and to render to God the glory of Church music? How pleased they are to stand there in readiness to give welcome! Suddenly the bugle sounds. The Cardinal is coming. The great procession enters the Church, uniformed Knights of Columbus with sword and plume, Holy Name men with banner and badge, acolytes and altar boys in red and white, one hundred priests in surplice and cassock, the Reverend John L. Seary, O.S.A., celebrant; Reverend Joseph Morrison, Deacon; Reverend John Halligan, Sub-Deacon; Reverend J. P. Morrison, Master of Ceremonies.

Right Reverend John F. Ryan and Right Reverend Dennis J. Dunne, are assistants to His Eminence, who is followed by Knights of St. Gregory, guards of honour and pages.

The organ plays and the words of the "Ecce Sacerdos" ring out in the clear angelic strains that only children's voices can achieve. The Cardinal smiles and blesses the children as he passes into the sanctuary.

When all kneel profoundly for the Confiteor, the beautiful liturgy of the Church peals forth from the very souls of these little ones in the Solemn Chant of the Mass. The "Gloria in Excelsis Deo" and "Sanctus, Sanctus, Sanctus" recall to our mind the sweet [illegible] of Christ. With wonder and admiration we hear these sixty children whose song is a "Sursum Corda" to the entire congregation, Priests, Sisters, and all.

Soon it is time for the sermon, and our kind, true friend Reverend William J. Lynch, Pastor of St. Bride's, steps forth and in his usual happy way congratulates the parishioners who are being guided by "a saintly and cultured Pastor" and bestows sincere praise on the Sisters in charge of the school, and on the privileged pupils.

Then His Eminence, George Cardinal Mundelein, greatly pleased with the rapid progress of a parish only two years organized, pays a glowing tribute to the patient, zealous, energetic Pastor, and to the generous co-operation of the parishioners. To the children he expresses his personal sentiments in these words: "It is indeed gratifying to hear the ancient chant of the Church so admirably rendered by such young children, trained by the Ladies of Loretto, a band of teachers unsurpassed in this great Archdiocese." The Cardinal then comments on the splendid future of St. Adrian's, its convenient location in the centre of a fine residential district known as Marquette Manor. He congratulates the people on having built homes here, and with good wishes and blessings for all, concludes the Dedication Ceremonies with the Papal Benediction.

Afterwards, in the School Hall, a banquet was served to seventy priests.

The school is a twelve-room brick building with modern equipment and surrounded by beautifully cultivated grounds. At present the enrollment of pupils numbers three hundred and fifty. Eight classrooms are now in use. Within a few years the new convent and rectory will complete the parish building project.

MRS. HARRY T. ROESLER

Loretto Alumnae Association, Loretto Abbey, Armour Heights, Toronto

Past President of the Loretto Alumnae Association, Loretto Abbey, Toronto

Governor of the Ontario Chapter, International Federation of Catholic Alumnae

Vice President of the International Federation of Catholic Alumnae

Loretto rejoices in the honour recently conferred upon one of her devoted daughters. At the Ninth Biennial Convention of the International Federation of Catholic Alumnae, held August 23rd-27th, 1930, at St. Joseph's College, Emmitsburg, Md., Mrs. Roesler was elected First Vice-President of the Federation. Mrs. Roesler is also Vice-President of the Catholic Women's League, organized at Loretto Abbey, Toronto.

REPORT OF THE CANADIAN MEETING

Held at International Federation of Catholic Alumnae Convention, Emmitsburg, Maryland, August 25th, 1930.

FOR many years the Canadian Provinces of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Quebec, Manitoba, and Ontario have been federated with the International Federation of Catholic Alumnae, an organization representing 80,000 convent and college graduates of the United States and Canada, and these provinces have been represented at International meetings by their Governors and Alumnae delegates. The earnest wish of His Grace, Archbishop Neil McNeil, of Toronto, and of Canadian alumnae, has for some time been that these provinces unite and form a national body. At the Ontario Chapter Convention in 1924 the following resolution was endorsed by the meeting: "Whereas the Ontario Chapter of the International Federation of Catholic Alumnae is part of an organization known as the International Federation of Catholic Alumnae, and we in Canada are not federated nationally, but provincially, and our problems are but vaguely understood by the United States, we are of the opinion that Canadian alumnae should be organized nationally and then federated with the United States national organization. Therefore be it resolved that the Ontario Chapter proceed to take the initiative to ascertain whether the Alumnae of the other provinces desire to organize a federation of Catholic alumnae of Canada."

Mrs. E. P. K[illegible], [illegible] of the Ontario Chapter, made a comprehensive survey and succeeding [illegible] on the work. In April, 1930, sufficient encouragement was given by Canadian alumnae that the time had arrived for definite action, at which time the Ontario Chapter called a meeting of representatives of the various provinces, but owing to the distances and cost of travel this meeting was postponed until August, when the International Federation was holding its Convention in Emmitsburg, and the delegates were notified to meet there.

On Monday, August 25th, fifteen Canadians representative of the various provinces, were present at this meeting. After the roll call, the call of meeting was read along with letters covering a period of years, from His Grace, Archbishop Neil McNeil, from past and present Governors of provinces, from Ontario Chapter officers, and Alumnae Presidents, and telegrams from St. Ann's Academy, Victoria, B.C., and St. Bernard's College Alumnae, Antigonish, Nova Scotia, all advocating and encouraging a Canadian Federation of Catholic Alumnae. The following motion was carried unanimously: "In accordance with a motion passed at the Eighth Biennial Convention, International Federation of Catholic Alumnae, at Loretto Academy, Niagara Falls, Ontario, that we form a Canadian Federation of Catholic Alumnae, a committee be now appointed to draw up a constitution to be presented at a meeting to be held in Canada, in 1931—place to be determined later—when officers will be elected." It was then suggested that the officers of this organization, consist of an Honorary Patron, to be appointed; the Honorary Vice-Presidents, to be the Superior Generals of the various Communities whose Alumnae Associations were members of the Federation; Vice-Presidents, to be the Governors of the

Provinces; the President, Secretaries, etc., to be elected.

The object of the organization would be to provide scholarships or summer courses for teaching Sisters and afford them the opportunity of advanced study. The benefits to be derived from such scholarships by the Sisters and the pupils of our Catholic schools would be unlimited. Individual alumnae associations do provide scholarships for the pupils in their schools, but these associations united provincially and co-operating with the other provinces could do splendid work for the advancement of Catholic education in the Dominion. Two of our Canadian teaching orders, the Sisters of Charity, Mt. St. Vincent's, Halifax, through the Nova Scotia Chapter, I.F.C.A., and the Ursuline Convent, Chatham, through the Ontario Chapter, I.F.C.A., have provided scholarships. A Sister from Rideau St. Convent, Ottawa, is now taking advantage of the Mt. St. Vincent, Halifax, N.S., award and two Sisters from the State of Kentucky are now reaping the benefit of two scholarships for complete courses in Brescia Hall, London, generously donated by the Ursuline Convent, Chatham.

Another work of the International Federation that has met with whole-hearted approval, as the reports at the Convention showed, was the Braille work for the blind. In Eastern Canada splendid work has already been accomplished. This very worthy endeavour will appeal to individual alumnae associations, and the Chairman of Braille is working on a plan to show how each Alumnae, with very little effort, can become active in this work.

The spiritual side of the organization could be the sponsoring of "Mary's Day," which has already met with unqualified success in many provinces. In the Ontario Chapter alone on Saturday, May 10th, 1930, the Saturday preceding Mother's Day, more than 10,000 alumnae members, parochial-school children, religious, members of literary circles and reading clubs, received Holy Communion in honour of our Blessed Mother.

The Motion Picture Bureau of the I.F.C.A., a most efficiently organized committee for the betterment of motion pictures, an article on which is printed in this issue, will have a Canadian Chairman who will co-operate with our Alumnae Associations in presenting to them a White List of plays.

The advantages to be obtained from a Canadian Federation of Catholic Alumnae are so many that at the present time it would be impossible to enumerate them. That this Federation, founded in response to the desire and encouragement of Canadian alumnae may successfully serve the purpose of its origin, we earnestly urge the Governors of the provincial chapters to organize, as soon as possible, all alumnae associations in their respective provinces.

The above-mentioned article on the betterment of motion pictures is from the Toronto "Mail and Empire" of August 15th, 1930, and is as follows:

The International Federation of Catholic Alumnae will hold the ninth biennial convention August 22-27, 1930, at St. Joseph's College, Emmitsburg, Md., with Mrs. Mary B. Finan, A.B., of Chicago, International President, presiding.

This organization represents over 80,000 convent and college graduates in the United States and Canada, and the establishment of scholarships for the Sisters in the affiliated schools, and the advancement of education in

the arts, literature and social service are the outstanding works of the Federation.

In a recent edition of the "Woman's Home Companion" there was an article on the work of Mrs. Thomas McGoldrick, LL.D., wife of a talented physician of Brooklyn, N.Y., as chairman of the Motion Picture Bureau, I.F.C.A. After enumerating the participants of a recent assembly of men high up in the fourth largest industry of America, the making of motion pictures, workers from the Daughters of the American Revolution, the General Federation of Women's Clubs, the American Association of University Women, the Federal Council of Churches, the Boy Scouts of America, the Girl Scouts, the Young Men's Christian Association, the World Federation of Education Association and many educators, psychologists, librarians and clergymen of half a dozen different denominations, the writer says:

"Possibly representatives of the industry were most impressed by the report of Mrs. McGoldrick, LL.D., chairman of the Motion Picture Bureau, International Federation of Catholic Alumnae, which is composed of college and university women exclusively this group, it is conceded, has done the most effective and consistent work in film betterment for the community. It is evident that when other social organizations emulate the example of the I.F.C.A. in endorsing and exploiting high-grade films, the salacious film will disappear."

Committees of Catholic college women have been organized to preview films, serving in the studios at Hollywood and New York. From ballots received from this group Mrs. McGoldrick issues a printed monthly list of endorsed pictures; 42 papers carry these lists and 10 radio stations broadcast these lists weekly and thus cover a vast field.

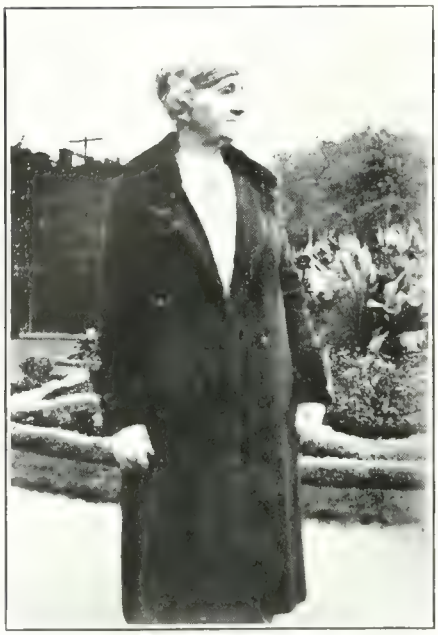
Editorial comment in the same issue, by Bride Broder, editor of the Woman's Point of View Page, is as follows:

"It is with much pleasure that we publish in an adjoining column a brief notice of the work being done by the International Federation of Catholic College Alumnae, in the improvement of the films. These women have gone about this difficult matter in the best way. They have tried honey in preference to vinegar. Instead of condemning the films that deserve condemnation, instead of advertising these objectionable elements in the screen world by instituting a campaign against them, they have commended the films that deserve praise. In this they have been following the advice of St. Paul, who intimated that filling the mind with good thoughts was the surest way of keeping out the bad ones. When powerful bodies of women such as the alumnae referred to, exploit and advertise and patronize high-grade productions, the objectionable ones will disappear. We should like to recommend the plan to those committees of women who are concerned about objectionable printed matter. Patronage and advertising of the good will go very much farther in clearing up the condition that exists, than the finest crusade ever instituted."

NINTH BIENNIAL CONVENTION OF THE INTERNATIONAL FEDERATION OF CATHOLIC ALUMNAE

By MRS. FRANK CASSIDY,

President of the Loretto Alumnae Association, Loretto Abbey, Toronto



MRS. FRANK CASSIDY,
President of the Loretto Alumnae Association, Loretto Abbey, Armour Heights

THE Ninth Biennial Convention of the International Federation of Catholic Alumnae was held August 23rd-27th, at St. Joseph's College, Emmitsburg, Maryland. Situated in a valley of the Blue Ridge Mountains, whose peaks are not far distant, the Convent is in a picturesque and charming location.

The first two days were taken up with meetings of the Executive and Advisory Boards. On Saturday evening a reception was tendered the delegates and visitors, when very interesting addresses were given by the Bishop, by the Mayor of Baltimore, and by the President of the I.F.C.A.

On Sunday morning Pontifical High Mass was celebrated at Mount St. Mary's College, Emmitsburg, by the Right Reverend John M. McNamara, D.D., V.G., Auxiliary Bishop of Baltimore. In the afternoon we enjoyed a sight-seeing trip to Gettysburg, Pa., where there was a civic celebration in honour of the visitors. At dusk on the same day a procession formed of priests, religious, delegates, and visitors, singing hymns and carrying lighted tapers, wended its way to the convent cemetery, where Benediction was sung at the Shrine, the tomb of Mother Seton, foundress of the Sisters of Mercy of St. Vincent de Paul, —a most impressive ceremony.

The Convention opened formally on Monday morning, with prayers by Mother de Paul, a co-founder of the I.F.C.A. Addresses were given by the Director, the Right Reverend Monsignor Edward A. Pace, Ph.D., and by Mrs. Mary B. Finan, A.B., President, followed by Roll Call and the reports of the officers. In the afternoon the Departments of Education and Literature held our interest. Discussion was in order. On Monday evening we enjoyed a "Talkie," a vivid presentation of Benediction, and a very interesting paper by Cardinal Hayes, whose voice was transmitted to us.

Tuesday belonged to Social Service with its many activities, Girl and Child Welfare, Girl Guides, etc. Among the many fine reports the one on Braille was outstanding, perhaps because newer to us. Simply marvellous work is being done for the blind. Many books have

been transcribed for them by the various chapters of the I.F.C.A. Governors' Session was on Tuesday afternoon, and nominating committee met on the same evening.

On Wednesday was the International Session. The Canadian program opened with prayer, then a very beautiful tribute to Mother Seton was given by a Sister of the same Order from Halifax, Nova Scotia. Mrs. Robert Devine, Ottawa, spoke on Catholic Education in Canada. The delegate from a Convent of the Sacred Heart in Australia, told of educational conditions in her country. Afterwards when we met this lady we learned that she had at one time been a Loretto pupil, thus making the contact doubly interesting to us. The Loretto Abbey College delegate, Miss Mary Mallon, B.A., explained in a very lucid way how degrees were obtained through affiliation of colleges in the University of Toronto.

The elections took place on Wednesday, when a signal honour was conferred upon the Loretto Alumnae Association. One of our past presidents, Mrs. Harry T. Roesler, Governor of the Ontario Chapter, was unanimously elected First Vice-President of the I.F.C.A.

The closing function was the banquet for about one thousand persons that evening in the College dining-room.

When we see the strenuous efforts that must be made and the unlimited work done by Catholic women in the United States to support their schools, we appreciate the more the rights we enjoy in this respect as citizens of Canada.

Loretto Abbey

Armour Heights

THE LATE MRS. DE ROULET

In the death of Mrs. A. de Roulet Catholic literature has sustained a severe loss. As the "Ave Maria" of September 13th remarks, she was a contributor to practically all the Catholic magazines in the United States. It goes on to say: "She ever kept a high standard in her stories and did [illegible] that it would be difficult to measure. Mrs. de Roulet was a convert to the Catholic faith. She was the daughter, niece, and granddaughter of non-Catholic clergymen; and from the time of her reception into the Church she devoted herself [illegible] with unflagging industry to the faith she had received. There are some twenty volumes to her credit, a number of which are good juvenile stories, so comparatively rare in these days. Not the least of the good work of this ideal Catholic woman was her raising of a family to which she gave, with a love of the Catholic faith, a love for Catholic literature. They have already done excellent [illegible] and promise to carry on the work [illegible] a Catholic mother."

Mrs. de Roulet's death is a particular loss to Loretto whose devoted friend she ever was, and to the "Rainbow," to which she had been a contributor. Miss Veronica de Roulet, who inherits her mother's talent and who is already well known as a Catholic writer, is a graduate of Loretto Academy, Woodlawn, Chicago.

THE FORMAL OPENING OF THE CHURCH OF THE BLESSED SACRAMENT, TORONTO

The many friends of Reverend Father F. Pennylegion rejoiced with him when on Pentecost Sunday, the formal opening of the Church of the Blessed Sacrament took place. The Pastor's anxious hours of planning and the generous offerings of the parishioners had not been in vain. Here was the culmination of their efforts, the realization of their hopes.

Not only the parishioners, but hosts of interested friends filled the spacious church. In the sanctuary were many of the reverend clergy of the Archdiocese, and in the front pews nuns from various religious orders. The De La Salle cadets in their attractive uniforms added pomp and dignity to the solemn occasion.

Most Reverend Neil McNeil, D.D., Archbishop of Toronto, himself blessed the church. The Mass was sung by Reverend Father E. J. McCorkell, C.S.B., assisted by Right Reverend

Monsignor Hand, and Reverend Father P. Coyle.

The Pastor's address was rather a paean of thanksgiving, not only to Almighty God, but also to those who had been His instruments in the accomplishment of this great work. All were remembered in the Pastor's words of praise and appreciation.

Right Reverend Monsignor O'Sullivan, the speaker of the occasion, in an unparalleled flow of eloquence, dwelt on the miracle of Pentecost, and explained how it was reacted in the ceremony of the church dedication. He also congratulated the people of Blessed Sacrament Parish on their splendid achievement in erecting such a handsome edifice in a remarkably short time.

The music of the Mass, that of "St. Publomena," was furnished by the gallery choir under the direction of Mr. Peter Ross and Mr. A. E. Adam, organist. The "Proper" was rendered by the school children, directed by the Religious of the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

Loretto congratulates a valued friend, Reverend Father Pennylegion, on the success of his work and rejoices that the parish in which the Mother House, Loretto Abbey, is situated, has such a beautiful church to be a home for the King of kings.

ADELAIDE.

By FRANCIS T. LEAHY.

And I would lay a wreath upon her grave
  Where loveliness lies sleeping in the Lord
And I would rev'rent kneel to one who gave
  So much in love and kindness, that reward
Impatient rushed and claimed her for its own,
  And in the op'ning bud exultant bore
The fair young flower to the Great White Throne
  To bloom in blessedness for evermore.

And I would shed for her no bitter tear,
  But in unswerving faith do I rejoice
That when the fair young bride went forth from here,
  She left in answer to the angel's voice;
"Come, wear the crown thy virtues rare have made,
  Great is thy heritage, fair Adelaide."

(This beautiful poem from the pen of Mr. Francis T. Leahy, Brooklyn, N.Y., is a tribute to the memory of his wife's friend and former schoolmate, who met her death in an automobile accident returning from her wedding trip. Mrs. Leahy (Elizabeth Cronin) is a graduate of Loretto Academy, Niagara Falls.)

A SILVER JUBILEE

REVEREND M. J. WEDLOCK

Loretto offers congratulations to Reverend Father M. J. Wedlock on the happy occasion of his twenty-fifth Sacerdotal Anniversary. Clergy, parishioners, and friends celebrated the event on Wednesday, September 24th, at St. John's Church, Newmarket, Ontario, where Father Wedlock has been for sixteen years the self-sacrificing and devoted pastor. Reverend Father Wedlock has been a constant friend of the Community. Ad Multos Annos!

Address From the Clergy.

To the Reverend Matthew J. Wedlock,
Parish Priest of Newmarket.

Dear Father Wedlock:

Foremost of the friends that surround you, your confreres intone a glad "Te Deum" and felicitate you as an "Alter Christus." We owe it to our Priesthood to hearten you at this opportune moment, and rarely does affection so blend with admiration as on this the occasion of your Sacerdotal Jubilee. That you sought neither recognition nor preferment makes our tribute the more sincere. We will not deprive the laity of the pleasure of their eulogy. They will hail you as their eloquent preacher, their efficient administrator, their priestly "Melchisedech." But listening in from all parts of the Diocese, your fellow-laborers have heard emphasized your citizenship and thirst for education. These glories have crowned you in the public mind and have reflected credit upon our ministry. The Parish School has rightly claimed your predilection. You have ever displayed that burning love for Christ's little children that gives religion due prominence. The good Pastor has led their growing steps to the High School. In Newmarket your counsels tided over a crisis and contributed not a little to the new Collegiate, of which your town is justly proud. Your principles have done much in moulding the characters of all the pupils of this hall of learning. Your Priesthood has been rounded out by shouldering the duties of citizenship. You have not only advocated every good movement, but have loved your country more in deed and in truth. Hence your name is revered in North York and beyond as a promoter and worker of civic betterment.

Others may dwell upon your achievements in public welfare. We priests admire them, but we glory the more in your regularity of life before God and with ourselves. You have deemed worthy Ambassador of Heaven and a "fit Minister of the New Testament." We who have known you for a quarter of a century are inspired by the retrospect. High ideals have illumined the span. While your orisons

to God and outward zeal have been known only to Him and the faithful, your relations with us have been most cordial. Unable to review all in this short address, we have sought out the hidden springs of your life. Religion has dominated your devotion to the flock, while manliness has stirred and priestliness enhanced your clerical associations. Your air of distinction and courtly dignity have blended upon occasion with the genial smile, the kindly word and the affable manner that makes you one of Nature's noblemen. Holy Order perfected your earlier virtues. As a priest you have always been the gentleman. Your hospitality has drawn the clergy to your home, and what greater joy can grace our calling than the affection of our Brothers in Christ?

Tennyson's thought reverts to us as we glance at the screen of the two and a half decades you have "borne the white flower of a blameless life," in the light that beats upon the priesthood to-day. Your heart brims over with humble gladness, and ours well with gratitude to the Giver of Grace. We rejoice with the devout laity of Newmarket, and pray that you may "labor the more" that many more fruitful years may precede your "Nunc Dimittis." And we share St. Paul's hope that you will fight on and promote the faith until the High Priest you serve will proffer His "reward exceeding great."

Representing the Clergy of the Archdiocese of Toronto, we subscribe ourselves

J. L. HAND.
H. J. MURRAY.
ARTHUR J. O'LEARY.
F. J. FLANAGAN.
JAS. C. CARBERRY.

September 24th, 1930.

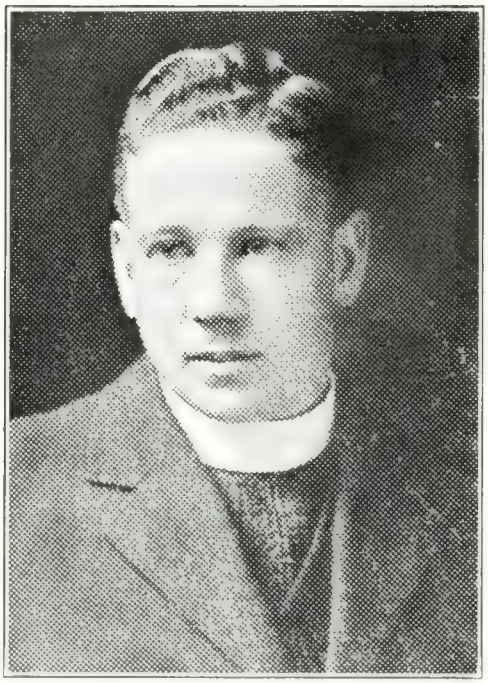
LORETTO GRADUATE WINS ESSAY PRIZE

Miss Kathleen Hickey, B.A.

Miss Kathleen Hickey, B.A., 136 Emerson Ave., Toronto, was in June of this year awarded first prize in the essay competition, conducted by Mr. J. M. Eso[illegible] in journalism and writing at the University of Toronto. There was in the classes competing a registration of two hundred. Miss Hickey received her education in Loretto schools, first at Loretto Abbey, and afterwards at Loretto Abbey College, where she graduated in 1928.

Miss Hickey says: "The thought often occurs to me that if students in general had any idea of the enjoyable instruction to be gained in these classes in journalism and writing conducted by the University, the enrolment would tax the capacity. No qualifications are necessary except a desire to write and a determination to overcome obstacles. The expense is almost negligible, and the opportunities limited only by individual talent and perseverance. And, what makes the idea more attractive to the embryo 'writer' the hours of the classes seem to fly by, and the process of assimilating knowledge is made surprisingly pleasant."

THE LATE REVEREND J. LEO O'REILLY, D.D.



THE LATE REV. LEO O'REILLY

The Church in Canada mourns one of her most eminent and learned theologians, Reverend J. Leo O'Reilly, D.D., Vice-President of St. Augustine's Seminary, Toronto, and known from coast to coast in Canada, and in parts of the United States and of Europe, as "the best moralist" in Canada and an authority of very high standing. His relatives, and friends innumerable, all those who knew him personally, mourn the man and the priest, of whom Right Reverend Monsignor J. A. O'Sullivan said in his panegyric: "His character was so charming that to know him was to love him, and he captivated into lasting friendship all who came under his care. . . Although he could lecture ably on almost every subject, even the most abstruse, the topics he loved best to speak about were the humble virtues of the Little Flower and Blessed Bernadette of Lourdes, for I think he saw in these the exemplification of that sanctity that he loved and tried always to imitate."

It is interesting to note that there is perhaps no person in America to-day who has done so much to promote devotion to St. Thérèse of Lisieux as did the dead priest. Long before her beatification his work in her behalf paved the way for the great devotion and enthusiasm with which this singular event and her canonization were received. He visited her home at Lisieux many times and was privileged in so much that he was chosen to carry her remains through the streets of her own town during the procession in her honour previous to her beatification. The first first class relic of the Little Flower in Canada was in his possession.

Loretto mourns the loss of this holy priest. The tie of friendship that bound him to the Community was strengthened by that of close relationship.

THE FOURTH YEAR

BY FLORENCE PRUD'HOMME

I

UNKNOWN to classmates, Marie Desrosiers was facing a critical turn of events. Her father had died during her second year at College and now, at the end of the third year, she must discontinue her course. Never had Loretto College, the fair vistas of the campus or comradeship of college years seemed as pleasant as when she must lose them.

Popular Marie Desrosiers, with a very complete wardrobe and plenty of money to spend, could not visualize college life without a well filled engagement book. Though she was always dated for weeks ahead, she kept up her studies, and because she was her father's daughter, she did not lose sight of real value in the midst of diverting company. That is why Theresa Cheyne looked with loyal devotion on the popular Marie, whom she could not hope to rival. This year of mourning had given Theresa many opportunities of reciprocating innumerable kindnesses the wealthy Marie had shown her.

Marie's grief for her father was mingled with regret that she had not been more of a companion for him. It was not the poignant sorrow she had felt when brought to the convent as a child of six and she had wept piteously for her dead mother. Though the nuns had told her that mother was in Heaven, it had not stemmed the flow of tears. How could mamma be happy in Heaven when she was so lonely? Now she could talk to Theresa and rely on understanding sympathy.

Theresa Cheyne came from Quentinville where as eldest, she had figured largely in family life as her father's pride and joy, her mother's trusted companion and the beloved guardian of numerous brothers and sisters. Her father was the local editor and owner of the Quentinville News. She spent her summer working to replenish her wardrobe and always was in search of further funds. Nevertheless she seemed to have such happy times in her holidays and never to be bored. She had a burning desire to see Europe and to own a car.

Marie Desrosiers never had burning desires. She liked to do and say and think the correct thing. She was oddly modern and old-fashioned in acting very independently yet longing for old-time ceremonial. She allowed Theresa to drive her car, cheerfully supplying the gasoline, being fully alive to the fact that Theresa did not abuse the privilege. Theresa was a reliable companion for long trips in the car even before Marie's mourning precluded very gay parties. Marie always had an extra wrap or sweater to lend the touch of expensive simplicity to Theresa's inexpensively pretty costume.

The two were noticeably friendly, though neither was given to extensive confidences. Wherefore Marie said no word of her new poverty.

One day Theresa asked, "Do you get your trip to Europe this summer?"

Marie glanced above her letter, on the defensive. It was very dreadful to have to tell her secret.

"There'll be no trip to Europe. The lawyer has not definite news of my stocks. You

know my father had so much money in his mining claims that require capital immediately that I will likely lose it all. My father had great faith in the future of our own country. The lawyer says it's to be regretted he died while his affairs were so unsettled."

"Well, worse could happen. Come to Wanaki Camp this summer. I'm going as Secretary, but they need a swimming instructress. We can go to Quentinville for a week first." Theresa was never embarrassed by shortage of funds.

"That's dear of you, Theresa, to invite me. I'm afraid this letter makes it clear that I had better find work for longer than the summer."

"O Maria, you mean your money's all gone?"

"Well, it seems that only a mining engineer or a man like father could make money out of it, so I may just as well face the loss now. Why wasn't I a man?"

"You wouldn't be any nearer completing your course if you were a man, and without experience where would you be?"

"If this were in the talkies I would go and camp on the claims in becoming riding breeches and marry a man of the great open spaces."

"Rough diamonds are plentiful in the movies, but I think you can reduce expenses without going into camp. How about winning a scholarship for your last year and then tracking down a job in the wilds of Toronto armed with a degree?"

"Sounds quite perilous or penniless, but where do I get the brains to win the Mary Ward Scholarship?"

"Where in whole of the Juniors is there a girl better equipped to compete for the scholarship? The other day we were talking in the common room. There's not a junior who can expect to take honours except you. Agnes Gray or Agnes O'Shaughnessy are out because they have missed so many lectures. Claire Winters simply can't make the grade, because she's doing extra classes, and the rest of us are lucky to get through at all."

"I don't know what I can do, but I know I'd like to finish my course. Let's see, just six weeks to examinations."

"We can drive down to Quentinville next Saturday and leave your car there. Then you won't need to exercise will power about week-ends. You needn't worry about mathematics, but the languages and English will keep you so busy you can't spend money, and I'm sure you'll make it."

"Well, I can try," replied Marie, reflectively.

II

When at Commencement Marie Desrosiers was presented with the Mary Ward Scholarship there was much comment on her appearance, her cleverness and on the fact that one who was so wealthy should win a prize she really had no need to use. Who in that auditorium could tell that her rich white satin gown was the crepe she had worn the year before, skilfully turned and lengthened by Theresa's mother?

When Marie found there was no need to publish the fact that she was now "on her own," she wisely took Theresa's advice to explain her less extravagant mode of living as having scholastic origin. Soon she began to feel studiously inclined. Her abundant reserve strength gave additional zest to her studies, and the ease with which she conquered gave her courage for the fourth year. She made up her mind to make it by reducing all expenses. Theresa gave her pointers on reduction that made an amazing decrease in what she spent. Now the scholarship made it possible for her

to live without cutting things too fine. "It was most amazing luck for me to win a scholarship," she always said when congratulated.

III.

The fourth year began with Marie and Theresa again sharing a room. There was real intimacy after the summer at Wanaki. The two held the fort against all comers. Theresa had always taken keen interest in the committees and quieter gatherings of college life, which Marie had been too busy to attend. Now they formed a powerful triumvirate of the august Seniors. Marie's talent brought her starring parts in various plays.

"You know, Marie," said admiring Theresa, "I think you ought to go to Hollywood when you get your degree instead of going North to be a miner."

Marie Desrosiers' dark eyes flashed with Gallic fire when she answered.

"When I am through perhaps I may try Hollywood but the next stop is Paris if study can get me there with a scholarship."

A LESSON FROM THE GARDEN.

The violet is humble, sweet scented and blue,
Is she not an admirable model for you?

The lily is tall, and stately, and pure,
You want to imitate her I am sure.

The sunflower, [illegible] yet upright and [illegible],
Teaches a lesson for me and for you.

The daffodil's yellow, so bright and so gay,
And sunny her disposition each day.

Dear little pansies with elfish faces,
Gladden our hearts in the shady places.

Hollyhocks standing in a long, straight row,
Teach us the soldierly way to go.

Blossoms of fruit-trees help us to know
That beauty and service together may go.

The beautiful rose has also a thorn;
So if we too have troubles, let's not be forlorn.

God gave us the flowers to help show the way
To be strong and useful, and happy and gay.

Ruth Bower,
First Year High School.
Loretto High School, Englewood, Chicago.

The Songs I May Never Write

A verse may drip from my scribbling pen,
  A rhythm may dance in my head,
But the songs, the songs I may never write,
  Are the sweetest ever read.
They dance in my brain like the silver rain
  That drums on the casement glass,
But they're misty and dim, and as gossamer, thin,
  As the fleecy clouds that pass.

  For words, O words, ye English words
  Who will never serve my will,
  In your pride arrayed you will never aid
  My stumbling, erring quill.

And these are some of the songs I'd sing
  With those words that hurry by:
There's one of the stars and cloudy bars
  That hang in the summer sky;
There's one of a maid in silk arrayed,
  Who lived while the world was young;
And there's many a song has been waiting long
  But has never yet been sung.

  But those haunting words, elusive words,
  Whose service is never mine
  They turn and flee and they laugh at me
  And my weak unmated line.

But sometimes to me comes an echo faint
  Of the songs I long to write,
In the dawn's soft hush, in the note of a thrush,
  In the beautiful starlit night.
And this think I, when I come to die,
  And am wrapped in an angel's wing,
I'll hear it there through the glowing air
  In the songs the angels sing.

Ruthmary Treacy, 3T2

IN MEMORIAM

MISS RUTHMARY TREACY

On July 17th, the death was announced of Ruthmary Treacy, of Windsor, an undergraduate of the College, who had just completed her second year.

Ruth's zest for life, and her courage, undaunted even in the face of failing health, made her beloved by all her fellow students. Her love of fun and gift of leadership, manifested with tact and good humour, made her the centre of many pleasant gatherings and excursions, long to be remembered by those who shared them. Her activities outside the College, in particular her Girl Guide Company, much beloved by her, and of which she was nominal captain, also benefitted by these happy characteristics.

Ruth had all the zeal of a crusader for her faith. She never hesitated when an occasion presented itself—which to a student of a large University is never lacking—to affirm the principles of her religion, and to correct misapprehensions concerning it with all the energy she possessed. She strove, too, to increase her own knowledge and ability to that end.

Her loss is very great to all of us, especially to those of her own year, whose president she was. Her own personality, the sweetness of which is attested by the accompanying poem with its beautiful imagery, and her whimsical humour, have endeared her to our memories.

OUR NEW COURSE.

From the "Rainbow" of October, 1929.

The College this year offers a new one-year course leading to the degree of F.C. (Freshman Conductor).

Those eligible for this course include:

(a) All sophomores (who usually comprise almost the entire class), and

(b) Some few upper classmen of exceedingly kind and obliging character and of non-terrorizing appearance.

Prerequisites:

(a) The aspirant must herself have matriculated in freshmanship, tact, patience and answering teolist questions.

(b) She must present a medical certificate certifying that her pedal extremities are exceedingly strong and capable of trudg-

ing many miles across campus, and standing long hours outside Convocation Hall.

SUBJECTS OF COURSE:

Freshman Enrolling.

1a—This course consists of practical exercises in extracting from bewildered Freshmen information as to which classes they intend to enroll in, whether or not they are registered, etc., etc., etc.

1b—This course comprises the art of watching, and answering the questions of five Freshmen simultaneously, and keeping said Freshmen from being run over between L.A.C. and U.C.

Campus Geography.

A course of lectures and map exercises in the geography of such obscure places as the Biology Building, Room 82, U.C., and Baldwin House. Candidate must draw at examination a map capable of directing a Freshman to any spot on the campus.

College Economics.

1a—This course includes the art and science (and wiles and tricks) of selling to Freshmen as many as possible of the candidate's old books.

1b—The candidate for this course must be prepared to supply the Freshman with information as to where to purchase stationery, pennants, and green hair-ribbons.

Mathematics.

1a—A practical course in reckoning two-thirds of the various prices.

1b—The student in this course must be able to inform Freshmen: How many miles to U.C.? How many students in College? How many late leaves per week, etc., etc., etc.

Further courses are also offered leading to the degree of M.I. (Master Initiatorum). These include courses in hair-washing, face-washing, and Freshman gulling.

Ruthmary Treacy '32.

BEFORE THE TABERNACLE.

Silence there, so still, so calm,
Cloaks you with a rapture blest.
Are you troubled, weary, waiting?
Do you long to stop and rest?

There you'll find a welcome refuge
Calling you where He is King.
Bow to Him in adoration,
You can tell Him everything.

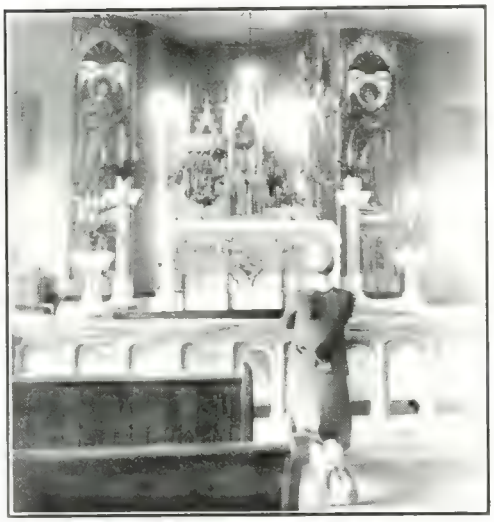
What to you was hopeless, futile,
Now transformed by unseen Hand,
Aids you on your onward journey,
Leads you to the promised land.

Try those calm and blessed moments,
Close before the golden door,
Ask Him for the succor needed,
He will share your burden sore.

Georgia Cameron '31.

Loretto Academy, Saint Ste. Marie, Mich.

LIVE YOUR LIFE



AT about the time this magazine goes to press the students of Loretto Abbey College are in retreat under the direction of the Reverend Father Peter Crumbley. A retreat is always a timely thing, of course, for many reasons, for many reasons common to all of us.

But particularly to the educated youth of to-day, or, I should say, the youth in the process of being educated, is a retreat an interesting thing. We are, perforce, since this age is more gregarious than usual, brought into contact with students of all natures and creeds, and with philosophies of all shades. And, since we are considerably impressionable, if only subconsciously, we often assume an attitude of ennui, or even rebellion, and ask the question, "What is the use of all this?" "Why am I at college?" is merely another phase. "What, for instance, is the use of our being editor of this magazine? What good is it doing?" (We reserve our own opinion in the matter). "You are fond of books, we of music; let us study more of these things—but what is the use, they will not last long?" Ah! we are in the depths of self-pity! Why?

Because we have no aim in life.

On the first morning of retreat we are startled by the simplicity of the explanation of all our questions—something we memorized from our catechisms during our earlier school stages. *We are to know, love and serve God.* To our still rather un-Christian, or shall I say irreligious young eyes? this appears to be an unexciting prospect for a life-span.

The idea is natural to us however and grows on us, and in spite of what smirking cynics whom we meet about, might say to the contrary, does give a certaintain glamour or even excitement to what was formerly an uninspiring or even depressing business. There is no particular reason why we rather than any other student, should be editor of this college magazine, nor do we consider ourself equal to those who have filled the position before us. One is naturally elated at the possibilities in the work of an editor, but the fact of one's inability is equally depressing. Or, may we say that it is rather galling to our vanity to think that flaws will show so plainly? But since we are here, let us at least know *why*, and *then* we *can* give and receive the pleasure that is the result of such a position.

And may our fellows in retreat and those who will participate in retreats in Loretto houses in the coming year, see our point and live life by *living* it, not by being [illegible] to it in boredom.

M.B.A. [illegible]

LORETTO ABBEY COLLEGE-SCHOOL GRADUATES' CLUB

By MARY BARRETT.

Miss Marion Whitcombe (St. James School), Now of Form IC, Loretto Abbey College School winner of the Graduates' Club Scholarship

THE Graduates' Club of Loretto Abbey College School, which was formed by the graduates of the year 1924, is beyond doubt living up to and possibly surpassing the ideals of its founders. The aims of our (no longer little) Club are to keep the girls in touch with one another and close to their Alma Mater; in short, to keep alive that "old school spirit" and last, but not least, to assist the cause of Catholic education. We realized the great need of Catholic education in this world of ever-changing standards, so in the year 1928 the Graduates' Club Scholarship was established. This Scholarship is a year's tuition at Loretto Abbey College School, awarded to the pupil attaining the highest proficiency standing at any of the Toronto Separate Schools taught by Loretto Nuns. When we consider the diligence and ability of the pupil who wins the Scholarship, we feel more than repaid for the little effort we put forth to establish it.

The Graduates' Club, although still quite young, has contributed many girls to the business world, to professional life, and to the religious life; this year we were honoured in having one of our former and much-loved Presidents, Miss Mary Lacey, enter the novitiate, Loretto Abbey, Armour Heights. It was during Miss Lacey's year as President that the Club Scholarship was established, and although she is no longer in the old sense an active member of our Club, we know we have the assistance of her prayers, and we are endeavouring to live up to the high standard set during her term of office, for it is our ambition to rank among the most useful of Loretto Alumnae Associations.

1929-30 EXECUTIVE OF GRADUATES' CLUB

Miss Gertrude Wilson, President; Miss Mary McNamara, Vice-President; Miss Dorothea Cain, Secretary; Miss Gertrude Sweeney, Treasurer.

THE FIFTEENTH CENTENARY OF ST. AUGUSTINE OF HIPPO, A.D., 430-1930

Augustine the sinner and Augustine the greatest and humblest of the Doctors, the Saint whose glorious conquest of soul is high in the annals of the Church—was born on the 13th of November 354 at Tagaste, now Souk Ahras, about sixty miles from Bona (ancient Hippo Regius). His mother, Monica, a Christian, had been betrothed and married when very young to Patricius, one of the curiales of the city, and a pagan for whom her prayers finally won the grace of conversion to the Christian faith and a happy and holy death about the year 371. Under the care of this loving mother Augustine grew up. While he was still young it seemed as if he would embrace the true religion, and once when he was thought dying he asked for baptism. He recovered, however, and allowed his desire to grow cold.

At school by reason of his exceptional talents, he became the favorite of his masters. This may well have been for him the beginning of pride, and of his fall into serious sin.

At the age of seventeen he was sent to continue his studies in Carthage, and was there seduced by the snares of the Manichaean heresy. After this he rapidly degenerated for a time casting morals to the winds and living a life of luxury and ease. Monica, his mother, prayed unceasingly for his conversion, and this much may be said of Augustine, that even at this time he maintained a certain dignity of character, felt compunction, and from his nineteenth year sincerely desired to break the chains that bound him.

After nine years in Carthage, Augustine journeyed to Rome and thence to Milan, where he taught rhetoric. His mother followed him. Here he was won by the kindness of the bishop, St. Ambrose, and frequently heard him preach. But it was only after a struggle of three years' duration that Augustine finally yielded to grace and was at the age of thirty-three baptized by St. Ambrose.

This was at Easter 387. In the autumn of that same year, Monica, who had prayed so long and so ardently for her son's conversion, fell sick and died at Ostia. One finds impressed upon each page of Augustine's works the humble and tender avowal, "It is through the merits of my mother that I possess the true life."

After his mother's death Augustine returned to Rome and there worked for the conversion of those friends whom by his errors he had led astray. He then journeyed to Africa, spending some time at Carthage before going to his native city, Tagaste, where he began to carry out his idea of a perfect life by selling his possessions and giving the proceeds to the

poor. He then retired to his estate, where in company with his chosen friends, he lived a life of prayer, poverty and study. During this time he completed several works, chiefly against the Manichaeans and in defence of the true religion. These writings, whose penetrating eloquence, vigorous dialect and inexhaustible wealth of learning we cannot sufficiently admire, brought thousands into the true fold.

Augustine, in his humility, did not think of entering the priesthood, but one day when he was praying in the church at Hippo the people gathered around him and begged Valerius, the bishop, to ordain him. Augustine was forced to yield to their entreaties and in 391 received Holy Orders. On the death of Valerius he was made Bishop of Hippo and occupied the See for thirty-four years.

In 430 Hippo was attacked by the barbarians and in the third month of the siege Augustine was struck down by fever. It was the approach of death. God called the holy bishop to Himself on August 28th, 430.

It has been said of Augustine that he was "a philosophical and theological genius, dominating like a pyramid antiquity and the succeeding ages." We who this year see Holy Mother Church celebrating the fifteen-hundredth anniversary of his death, by a Papal Encyclical, by holding the International Eucharistic Congress at Carthage, the very scene of his labours, and by magnificent celebrations at Rome and throughout the Catholic world, —we can affirm the truth of the words "dominating the succeeding ages."

Frances Clarke, Form IV.
Loretto Abbey,
Armour Heights, Toronto.

SAINT MONICA.

To pray as did St. Monica,
To pray from day to day
That grace at last would teach her son
The error of his way;

How God must love such faith as hers,
How eager for her cry,
Such utter trust and confidence
That He could not deny

What pain and grief we do not know
Was hers; to see her boy
Stray far, let slip the faith's true gold
For the world's base alloy.

At last her perseverance drew
Abundant graces from on high;
Her son renounced his evil ways;
Our Saint could happy die.

Ah! surely we who need God's help
A simple lesson learn:
A childlike faith and confidence
Will reap a rich return.

Dolores Smith, Form IV.,
Loretto Abbey College School,
Brunswick Avenue, Toronto.

SAINT MONICA AND ST. AUGUSTINE.

The pure and sweet Saint Monica
Her earthly path had trod,
Wed to a pagan, sad at heart
Because he knew not God

'Till after thirty years of prayer
God's power was asserted
Her sinner, dying, saw the light,
And seeing, was converted

Her prayers for him were answered now,
And she had done her part,
Her son Augustine's erring ways
Still wrung her faithful heart.

She prayed again for many years,
'Till God again paid heed
Augustine to his happy death,
Repented each wrong deed

Mother and son they both live on
While centuries grow old
And mothers love and hope and pray
For sons without the Fold

Clare Colgan, Form IV.,
Loretto Abbey College School
Brunswick Avenue, Toronto.

THE MOTIVE.

"There is a motive back of everything we do," Father Burton had said in his sermon that morning, and somehow the words had kept ringing in Betty's ears all day.

Now, as she lay in her comfortable bed and thought it over, she decided that this was the first time that she had fully realized that every action, no matter how small, had a motive prompting it.

What had prompted her actions during the day just past? she questioned. As was her wont she had gone to Mass. Love of her God was the motive back of that. Love, too, although different from the love prompting her first action, had been her reason for helping her mother with the Saturday's cleaning. Then she blushed. Why had she deliberately snubbed Ruth when they met on the street? Well she knew. It was because Ruth had told her that it was not right for her to hand in home-work she had copied from Helen, instead of doing her own. But, Betty mused, she really hadn't had time that night; still it wasn't right to do as she had done, and she would make friends again with Ruth, and do her own home work in the future.

But the next thought that came to her hurt still more. Betty had always been taught not to be snobbish, but that new girl, Elizabeth Winton, was rather,—well, Betty didn't stop to find a word to describe her. One of the girls had suggested asking her to join the Girls' Club, but Betty, the girls' acknowledged leader, quickly downed the suggestion and the new girl continued on her lonely way. Betty now decided that she would make it up to Elizabeth, and would see that she got into the Club, too.

Her weary eyelids were drooping, but she managed to whisper to her Good Friend, "With your help, my motives in future will all be good ones." And with a smile on her face she passed into Dreamland.

Lillie Mae Orenus '30
Loretto Academy, Sault Ste. Marie, Mich.

THE VALUE OF THE STUDY OF LITERATURE

By KATHLEEN F. HICKEY, B.A.

(The Prize Essay as announced on page 83, this issue.)

I KNOW an individual who, when reference is made to anyone taking a course in English, elevates her severely arched eyebrows and with a superior air, asks: 'How much better off will he be? How much more money can he earn when he has finished it?"

This remark would indicate that the press of modern business has produced a somewhat novel turn of mind which might be termed a "cash register" outlook. I sometimes think, and hope that perhaps the remark is not prompted so much by an actual underestimation of the value of the study of literature as by the speaker's conscious lack of what she knows to be a valuable asset in life. But let us take up the challenge and see if we can establish that the study of literature nets us at least a reasonable return on investment.

At the entrance to one of our public libraries an illustrated poster speaks this message: "Books are the world's universities and its playgrounds." What a broad avenue of thought these words disclose! If we accept the premises, it follows that books contain every man's key to a higher education and more helpful recreation. By the study of literature, then, whether it be recorded scientific knowledge, poetry, drama, orations, biography, history or fiction, he can better fit himself for life's occupations of work and play.

In order to convince our skeptical friend that the study of literature is of value to every person in the world, we need only prove the truth of our library poster, because it is evident that if the study enlarges and stimulates the mind, it develops a greater mental capacity and thereby increases an employee's value. Then, too, if this pursuit affords profitable and restful recreation, the better is the participant fitted to undertake his daily labor.

One of the greatest assets to the man of to-day who plans to succeed, is the ability to express his thoughts accurately and with force of argument. Many of us have passed through the boring ordeal of listening to a handicapped orator, and no doubt the experience is equally painful to audience and speaker. The man who would climb the ladder of success to-day must be able to express himself clearly and adequately in speech and writing. He must be able to "find his feet" and drive home his message in convincing language.

I recently was present at a banquet during which a young man blissfully unaware of impending tragedy, was suddenly called upon to speak. The expression of dismay that flitted across his countenance was almost sufficient to induce any person present to go home directly and devour all the notable orations from Demosthenes to Lincoln. The impromptu speech I refer to was sad indeed, but the speaker's sunny personality broke through and he finally won the kindly sympathy of the audience when, after a series of "ahems," followed by a dead silence, he simply looked at us appealing and said "awkward pause!"

If that young man's knowledge and pleasing personality had been complemented by power of delivery and a command of language, he would ere long be distinguishable from the crowd. Where could he obtain the requisite training? Let us see where some of the men

who attained power in these pursuits found their inspiration and guide.

Edmund Burke was the greatest orator of the English-speaking race. How much he owed to inborn talent and how much to training cannot, of course, be determined, but his own statement is that until he read Cicero, his powers were dormant. Nathaniel Hawthorne attributed the awakening of his genius to the reading in his early years of Spencer and Bunyan. Our newly elected poet laureate, John Masefield, says that when he first read Chaucer, he felt that he had suddenly come upon a precious inheritance that had until then (his 28th year) been kept away from him. H. G. Wells, English novelist and historian, found wisdom and undreamed of scope in Plato's dialogue, "The Republic," and Robert Louis Stevenson says that few living friends had upon him an influence so strong for good as had Hamlet or Rosalind.

Just to illustrate another type of debt which a famous Scotsman, writer and intimate friend of Sir Walter Scott claimed he owed to literature, let me quote the following extract from Robert Chambers' memoirs:

"During that agonizing period which intervened between my proposal of marriage by letter to Jemima-Anne and my reception of her reply, how should I have ever kept myself alive save for the chivalrous aid of the Black Knight in "Ivanhoe?" To him mainly are my obligations due that I did not—through the extremities of despair and hope suffered during that interval—become a driveling idiot.

"When her answer did arrive—in the negative—what was it which preserved me from the loose [illegible] of the stream but Mr Carlyle's "French Revolution?"

Perhaps we might learn a lesson from Tennyson's tribute to the relief that expression affords the human soul when he envied the breakers their splash against the rocks, the fisherman's boy his shout of glee at play, and the sailor lad his song on the bay, while he (Tennyson) strives in vain to utter the thoughts that arise in him. The ocean has a thousand moods and a voice for each, and perhaps that is why all poets seem to find in it an expression of their mental tumult and feeling.

To the person striving for a mastery of language, Lincoln should be a splendid model. And how did he achieve the command of English so beautifully displayed in his Gettysburg speech? In his own words, by striving always to reconstruct everything he heard and read into language so simple that "any boy in the neighbourhood could understand it." This is a hobby we all might adopt.

Human nature, though fundamentally the same the world over, has countless phases of personality and each can find itself in the wealth of thought that has come down through the ages and is stamped by the years as "literature." Go with Conan Doyle through his magic door and make the acquaintance of the soldiers on his shelves—one for every taste and mood. If you so desire, you may sing with Horace or Tennyson, speak philosophy with Cicero or Browning sigh with Virgil or de Musset, ramble on in thought in the essays of Plutarch or Lamb, discover the vices of ancient Rome with Juvenal or learn of the ennobling influence of an ideal love from Dante. If a lighter mood possesses you, you can summon up before you one of the most interesting casts of literary figures ever grouped and see Samuel Johnson at the Club, emitting his powerful "No, Sir's!" In that little group, dominated entirely by the imperious author of the dictionary, you will see Boswell with his

watchful eye and ready pencil, the light-hearted and charming actor, Garrick, of whom Goldsmith writes:

"He cast off his friends as a huntsman his pack,
For he knew when he pleased he could whistle them back."

Goldsmith himself, and the whole sweep of that colourful scene.

If you find delight in reading the life and customs of other countries, take down a volume of the Letters of Madame de Sevigné and you will find a very charming and faithful picture of the social life of France during its golden seventeenth century. It was in this gifted author that Thornton Wilder found the achetype of his Marchesa of "The Bridge of San Luis Rey." You will no doubt note that none of these letters or, in fact, any that are classed as literature begin, "Yours of the 25th ultimo to hand and contents noted!"

If you should feel rather skeptical of the profit to be derived from an acquaintance with the ancients, spend a half hour or so with Byron and Shakespeare and see the amount of material and directness of treatment they gleaned from the Romans and Greeks. If you are inclined to think that Shakespeare did not study the writings of those ancient periods in order to revive their characters, delve back into Plutarch and see how truthfully he has reproduced the meeting of Anthony and Cleopatra or the setting wherein Anthony delivered the famous funeral oration over the body of Caesar.

From these few observations, it is evident that at the fountain of literature we may not only quench our thirst for knowledge, but we may realize that we are following the example of men whose names are recognized the world over and who found in literature a rich and exhaustless mine from which to draw ore.

General recognition is given to-day to the educational value of travel. The amount of actual educational value you derive from a trip, however, is dependent to a large extent on the amount of knowledge you take with you. After reading William Kirby's "Annals of Niagara" and some of the historical fiction written around that locality, a trip there awakens trends of thoughts before unknown, and we reconstruct the battles fought on those grim heights and visualize the tides of romance and tragedy that swept over that district, seeping into its soil. We may have known these facts from our early days of history, but the fiction written around them enlivens the characters and makes them live once more.

In like manner the fair land of Acadia is sacred to the memory of Evangeline, and due to Longfellow's treatment of the life of that little community, the expulsion of the Acadians has become more than an incident of history to us. Grand Pré and the spots made immortal by the epic, held and will hold a deep attraction for the people of yesterday, to-day and to-morrow.

I recently heard a well-known Canadian journalist pay feeling tribute to the value of a literary education. One summer evening he was rowing up the St. Lawrence River to the little town of Ste. Anne de Bellevue. It was just about six o'clock when his party disembarked, and as they were entering the village, the bell of the little Catholic church chimed the Angelus. Immediately for him the river became flecked with phantom canoes, and songs of a century ago whispered through the treetops. Standing there in the lengthening shadows, his eyes rested on the scene which so in-

spired Thomas Moore and in tribute he softly quoted:

"Faintly as tolls the evening chime,
Our voices keep time and our oars keep time."

If this man had not been able to draw on his knowledge of literature, the elevation of heart and mind would not have been experienced and he would have missed much that could have been gained from the incident.

If we were to go to Rome without knowing something of its history and former glory, we might be guilty of the indiscretion of a poorly informed visitor I once heard of who mistook the ruins of the Coliseum for the city water works.

These are just a few of the countless illustrations that could be drawn to point out the added pleasure and education a knowledge of literature lends to travel.

Much is heard now-a-days about attention to detail. "Genius," said Professor Joseph Ferrier, "is nothing else than the power of seeing wonders in common things." Of course every one wants to be a genius, and so let us see what literature can tell us of the "wonders in common things." What a lesson could be learned from Burns' poem "To a Mouse," whose habitat he demolished with the ploughshare, or his feelings on seeing the mountain daisy "laid low i' the dust" Wordsworth has expressed the beauty of the commonplace in the lines:

"To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears."

Our success in life from a monetary standpoint depends on our knowledge of human nature We must be able to "judge the other fellow" and anticipate his reaction to our proposition. This is true of all occupations, whether salesmanship, manufacturing, public service or active journalism, because we all have something to sell—an axe to grind. How can we obtain this ability to read character? Primarily we must study those around us, but the best stepping-stone to this accomplishment is the study of characters of the past portrayed in literature We can never know our associates as we know characters in fiction, because we are told the latters' secret thoughts and feelings, what others are saying about them and their whole reaction to existing conditions and situations. In real life we can never get so complete a picture, but by studying the fictional extensions of characters modelled by great students of human nature, we are better able to recognize the powers and limitations of those around us.

Perhaps you may protest that these fictional characters are not true to life. It has been my experience, however, that characters that have survived the test and criticism of time and stand to-day as recognized examples of characterization prove that their creators patterned them after living individuals—otherwise the characters could not have lived. A brief study of the conditions leading up to the presentation of any great fictional character will testify that the master mind of the author keenly studied human nature for many years before the creation of these characters. I have noticed, too, that we are very quick to pick flaws in characterization and that therefore the passage of centuries entails severe criticism.

Proof of how faithfully certain novelists have portrayed character is in the fact that we occasionally hear people referring to certain acquaintances as "regular Becky Sharps" or lamenting that Dickens was deprived of a wonderful chance to further elaborate his pages when he did not know a certain "Mr. Smith."

Thus the necessary knowledge of human

nature must be gathered from a study of our associates, but splendid aid can be enlisted from the characters of fiction. The cold, statue-like men and women of the pages of history are woven into the web of the life and conditions in which they lived, and the novelist presents not only a true portrayal, but an interesting being who lived and breathed as we do and of whose character and achievements we enjoy learning.

A man must always strive in order to succeed. It is said of Thorswalden, the great Danish sculptor, that when one of his statues was first exhibited, he grieved rather than was happy, and on being questioned, said: "My genius is decaying. I am completely satisfied with this work and my ideal is no longer far beyond me. I can, therefore, never again create a great work of art." So our salvation is to keep climbing, for we cannot stand still. We must advance—or descend.

Literature constantly holds up the vision of the ideal. In Locksley Hall, Tennyson sketched his ideal of progress in civilization and in settling of international disputes by arbitration, and this ideal will probably be realized in our generation. We have already seen the "nations' airy navies grappling in the central blue" and movements now on foot have as their object the vision contained in the lines:

"Till the war-drum throbb'd no longer, and the battle flags were furl'd,
In the Parliament of Man, the Federation of the World."

The study of literature impresses us with the fact that all great men continued to strive for an ideal. They were never satisfied with their achievements, but aimed still higher. Their motto was "Excelsior," and therein lay the secret of their success. In the words of Browning's painter, "A man's reach should exceed his grasp, or what's a heaven for."

From the instances I have given, it is evident that contact with the world of literature broadens our scope, enlivens our intellect and imagination and makes us happier and better inhabitants of this great old world. As literature was a consolation to Xenophon exiled from his own country, to Cicero divested of the honours of the Republic, and to Napoleon banished to St. Helena, so myriads of others have found aid and joy wandering in its magic fields. If we begin to see beauty in the trees that dress the city streets, can spend hours of happy solitude, and can hear in the song of nature "the still, sad music of humanity," surely we owe literature a great debt. A modern French-Canadian writer has given the following definition: "Literature is nourishment in youth, recreation to old age, adornment in prosperity and consolation in adversity."

What greater return could our matter-of-fact friend demand?

UMQUAM ALTIOR.

(A thought from one of last year's editors, who lived up to it).

Umquam Altior! The Spirit of Loretto! To have accomplished much and to aspire to more; never counting the battle won, but to go on to new victories. Thus we would face life, living up to the example set for us by Mary, and the expectations of the world at large of us as Catholic young women; not demanding too much of life, but exacting the utmost of ourselves—striving onward ever higher.

Marjorie Leary '30.

Loretto High School, Englewood, Chicago.

THE STORY OF ST. MICHAEL

We have always believed that the angels have power to hear and help us. Before the fall of Lucifer the angels were all happy in heaven. In the revolt against God, St. Michael led the good angels against Lucifer, the leader of the bad angels. On this account St. Michael is represented as a soldier clad in armour, and with a drawn sword in his hand.

St. Michael has appeared to many saints in various countries. In the fifth century he appeared to the Bishop of Siponto in the kingdom of Naples, and ordered him to build a church which is still in existence.

At the time of the great plague in Rome an angel with a sword appeared over the tower of the Castle of San Angelo. Those who saw the vision said that the plague would end, and so it proved. This apparition must have been St. Michael. To this day the Romans believe that it was.

Nowhere was St. Michael more honoured during the ages of faith than in England. St. Michael's Day, Michaelmas, the 29th of September, was one of the greatest feasts of the Church. The people solemnly prepared for the festival: every Christian who had reached the age of fasting must eat only bread and raw herbs and drink only water for three days before the feast; every man must go barefoot to church to confession; if anyone broke the fast he was punished and compelled to pay a fine which was divided among the poor; rich and poor were treated alike and must prepare for the feast in the same way. The day itself was celebrated with merry making and hospitality. It was also quarter day. The fall term in English Universities and schools is still called the Michaelmas term.

For centuries the name of Michael has been a common one in Germany, where the Saint is highly honoured. At the same time the term "Michel" is applied to a stupid boy or to one whose mind is dull. Such boys, however, often have other gifts to make up for their lack of wit. There is a quaint, pretty story told of such a little "Michel":

There was once a man living in a village in Germany, who had a son named Michael who was also a "Michel." As he did not seem able to learn to read, his father took him from school and made him tend his cows in the pastures. Every day after his work at home was done, Michael would hurry to the pasture to his cows. On the way he would stop at the little village church to say his prayers. Over the altar was a beautiful statue of St. Michael. The Saint was clad in armour of green and gold, carried a gold and silver shield, and had upon his head a helmet of steel, under which was a mass of thick brown curls, the same as Michael's own.

Michael never passed the church without going in, and it was a great joy to him to be able to look up at the statue of his patron and think that he had the same kind of hair as the Saint!

About this time war broke out between France and Germany. Many of the young men of the village had gone to fight, and because Michael dearly loved his country he wanted to help her too, and he prayed to St. Michael to let him do so.

One day as Michael sat on a green bank watching the cows, a soldier on horseback came galloping up, stopped beside him, handed him a little paper, and told him to hide it if he

loved his country. He said, 'Since you look so stupid no one will suspect you," and rode on.

Michael did not know where to hide the paper. He thought of sitting on it; but no; he might have to stand up and the enemy would find it. He asked St. Michael to enlighten him, and suddenly a thought came to him. His hand strayed to his hair as he thought of that other mass of brown curls. He ran his hand through his own curly locks, and when he took it away the paper was no longer between his fingers. He had hidden it in his hair.

He sat down again. Presently the sound of hoofs was heard and three French soldiers rode up. They looked at him, but concluded that he was too stupid to know anything, and rode on.

Michael then ran to the chief man of the village and gave him the paper. It was the only thing that could save the town. Michael was regarded as a hero, as indeed he was ,and he was never again called "Michel." He went back to school, learned to read and write, and finally became a monk. He lived to a great age and was often heard telling the little children his story.

The chief characteristic of St. Michael is his fidelity to God. Brave and beautiful as he was, he was loyal and had no desire to set himself up against the God who made him. Unlike Lucifer he was content to remain a soldier and a servant of God.

We, as Loretto pupils should have a special devotion to St. Michael, in gratitude for the needed protection he once rendered to the nuns and pupils during the years of persecution. This is the occasion when during the civil wars in England, the Bar Convent, York, was attacked by soldiers. The image of St. Michael was placed over the door, and while the nuns prayed earnestly for help the soldiers suddenly ceased their attack and retreated in a peaceful manner. Witnesses afterwards told of a soldier on a flaming horse, who appeared over the building, at sight of whom the soldiers fled. In thanksgiving to the Saint for his ready defence, there is ever since in every Loretto Convent a procession on the eve of the Feast of St. Michael, when one of the youngest children in the school carries the image or picture of St. Michael to its place of honour in the chapel.

We should always have faith in the angels and pray to them to intercede for us with God to help us through the trials of life.

Stella Barnabé, Form II.,
Loretto Abbey, Armour Heights, Toronto.

AUTUMN DAYS.

Autumn days are here again.
With the golden wheat;
All the merry summer games
Are hastening in retreat.

The busy little gopher,
Is storing up some grain,
For he seems to know that winter
Will soon be here again.

Maple leaves are falling,
Sobs the wind through tree-tops tall;
Bluebirds in the woods are calling:
"Come! come! For it is fall."

Alma Eberl, Grade XI.,
Sedley, Sask.

The R-100 Above the City of Ottawa

THE PEACE TOWER,
Seen through the portico of the Prime Minister's Entrance at East Block.

When the R-100 came to Ottawa, it was night. From twenty minutes after six on the evening of Sunday, August 10th, when the giant dirigible left Montreal, a state of expectation reigned. Radio audiences were informed at intervals of the airship's progress above the Ottawa River. Her probable speed could not be gauged, so it was uncertain at what time the R-100 would reach the Capital. Weather conditions were favorable, and vast crowds were assembling on Parliament Hill, on the streets, and on the roofs of high buildings in the central part of the city.

It was just half an hour after [illegible] moon had ascended, lit up the southeastern horizon and cast a silver sheen over the city, that the R-100 put in her appearance to the southeast. Anxious crowds, unable any longer to suppress their emotions, gave vent to their feelings by shouting, and by honking automobile horns. Cries of "There she is!" [illegible] as the lean, silvery shape with twinkling lights [illegible] approached, sailing in a northwesterly direction. At twelve minutes after ten by the clock in the Peace Tower, the airship at last crept over Parliament Hill, every one of her six engines roaring. As she sailed majestically above, her form was brought clearly into the view of all below by brilliant searchlights playing upon her from both the East and the West blocks. Those on board looked down upon beautiful Ottawa, whose towers and galleries upon Parliament Hill were tossing shafts of light across the river, upon a hundred church spires and imposing buildings shining in the light of the harvest moon. The Peace Tower, a gleaming musical symbol against the sky, was pealing a joyous greeting with the music of "Rule Britannia" and other national airs. An impressive tribute as the R-100 passed over the Tower, was the distinct dip of her nose in a salute to the illustrious war

dead of Canada. Flying at an altitude of one thousand feet, every letter and registration mark could be clearly distinguished by the twenty-five thousand spectators beneath. During each of the three times that the ship circled the city and suburbs, her seven hundred feet of length were readily visible, and indeed she presented a more thrilling spectacle by night than she would have done by day.

But even more thrilling than the sight of the R-100 was the direct radio intercourse held between the ship's station G FAAV, and Ottawa's station, CNRO. From CNRO it was broadcast over the country side. The first attempt to get G FAAV was made at nine minutes after ten, but two-way telephonic transmission was not accomplished until twelve minutes later. Those minutes seemed exceedingly long as the voice of the radio-engineer was heard calling again and again in the effort to establish communication. Once the connection had been made, greetings were exchanged and various messages were sent back and forth for [illegible] minutes. Among those who carried on a conversation with the officers on board the ship were the Right Honourable R. B. Bennett, Prime Minister of Canada, and the Mayor of Ottawa, Mr. Plant.

When forty minutes had elapsed the R-100 passed for the last time over the west side of Parliament Hill. Her course was directed westward after a most notable flight lasting for more than an hour over Ottawa. As the ship sailed away into the night the hearts and voices of the thousands of spectators re-echoed Montreal's sentiments:

"Here's to the R-100,
To Booth and his gallant crew,
Here's to the mightiest monarch
That ever the [illegible]
R-100, to your glory,
Hear the world a welcome roar;
R-100, in the spirit
We are with you as you soar;
R-100, of your glory
History tells for ever more."

Margaret Gillen, Form IV.,
Loretto Academy, Hamilton, Ontario.

MISS CLARE TUMPANE,
Winner of the Loretto Alumnae Scholarship

THE LORETTO ALUMNAE SCHOLARSHIP.

Miss Clare Tumpane, a 1930 graduate of Loretto Abbey College School, Brunswick Avenue, Toronto, is this year the winner of the Alumnae Scholarship given by the Loretto Alumnae Association, Loretto Abbey, Armour Heights. This scholarship, for one year at Loretto Abbey College in the University of Toronto, is awarded to the pupil having the highest standing in the Junior Matriculation Examination, in all the Loretto High Schools in Ontario. The "Rainbow" congratulates Miss Tumpane and wishes her continued success.

A FOREST FIRE IN NORTH-WESTERN ONTARIO

RECTORY, LORETTO CONVENT, CHURCH AND SCHOOL,
SIOUX LOOKOUT, ONT.

One Thursday morning last June a few men asked the permission of the fire-rangers if they might burn some brushwood [illegible] already cut. The chief gave permission. It was a windy day. The rangers took two pumps and went to watch the fire but before they could get the pumps working it had got beyond control. The fire blew along for three or four miles. A few days later it had reached the edge of Sturgeon River. Then the wind changed and the fire swept back to the place where it had started, and in so doing nearly burned the bunk-house at the Creosote Plant. A little change of the wind saved the entire plant and the town.

Another fire broke out in the opposite direction. The men backfired to save the N.A.M.E. Airport. They placed the pumps near a creek so that they could get more water, and they had about six hundred feet of hose running through the forest to meet the fire. They called for volunteers to help fight it. At times the men had the fire under control, but the wind [illegible] that the aspect of the battle [illegible] was so immense that even boys of thirteen and fourteen years of age were employed to help fight it. Fire-planes were in constant use.

One morning during this time a strong wind came and the fires started up afresh. The men had to get more hose and fight hard. They had to backfire to save a farm. The flames were about thirty-five feet high. The men got the fire cornered, but at about ten o'clock on the following morning it broke out again and this happened several times. About noon on Sunday it crossed the road and blazed for an hour. It came very close to a dairy-farm. For a while the men were gaining on the fire, and then hard luck came their way; the engine broke down, and they had to get more pumps. By Saturday the fire was burning fiercely. After a few more days of hard fighting they at last got it under control and finally extinguished it.

Fire-fighting is most dangerous. One of the boys of our class was helping, and the fire crept right around the party and cornered them. The boy was overcome by the smoke [illegible]

The excitement, the noise of the fire-planes,

of the pumps at work in the lake near by and of the shunting of engines and the constant hurrying to and fro, made the streets of our town resemble the thoroughfares of a big city.

Berenice Berry, Senior Third Class.
Sioux Lookout, Ontario.

A TRIP TO THE QU'APPELLE VALLEY.

Many of us have read "The Legend of Qu'Appelle Valley," by our favourite Canadian poetess, Pauline Johnson. We all know the vivid picture she paints of this beauty spot in Saskatchewan, and in my estimation the valley is as beautiful as she pictures it. Now I shall try to outline the picture of the coulée, but I have no idea of competing with the description that one of Canada's native daughters has written.

Saskatchewan is thought by many people of the East to be a lonely, level, treeless prairie. When one leaves the East to go west one thinks that he is about to enter into a land of no beauty. He is mistaken, for Saskatchewan has beautiful scenery in places, and although I have not been east, I think that these beauty-spots will rival some of Eastern Canada's scenery.

In travelling through Southern Saskatchewan a person traverses level land for miles and miles, when suddenly before him appears a depression hundreds of feet deep. It is the valley of Qu'Appelle. He is overwhelmed by the scene. He looks down from the hills. Below him, bathing in the light of the sun, lies the Qu'Appelle River with its many beautiful lake expansions. The lakes are diamonds surrounded by the green or emerald of the hills. The slopes of the hills are well wooded, and compared with the level prairie, the valley appears as a fairyland. He stands on the hill, and below him the scenery resembles a theatre of old, as the Greeks built them into the hills. The water is the stage, the blue the drapes and curtains, and the trees and flowers on the hillsides are the audience. The most beautiful scenery of the valley is near Fort Qu'Appelle and Lebret, the Mounted Police headquarters during the Riel Rebellion. I believe that the setting of Pauline Johnson's poem is on Echo Lake, near Fort Qu'Appelle. As a finishing touch to this sketch I quote the following verse of Pauline Johnson's poem:

"Full many years have vanished since, but still
The voyageurs beside the camp-fire tell
How, when the moonrise tips the distant hill,
They hear strange voices through the silence swell.
The paleface loves the haunted lakes, they say,
And journeys far to watch their beauty spread
Before his vision; but to me the day,
The night, the hour, the seasons, all are dead.
I listen, heartsick, while the hunters tell
Why [illegible] named the valley the Qu'Appelle."

Sydney Israels, Grade XI.
Sedley, Sask.

THE SIGN OF THE CROSS.

PITIFUL, discouraged, Angelo Romani sat down wearily on one of the park benches, just another disillusioned creature who had left home and mother to seek employment in the mighty city. Here, contrary to his expectations, he had found misery and suffering. Here he was just another jobless man who eagerly scanned the columns entitled "Male Help Wanted." Angelo's weary head dropped to his shoulder and he closed his tired eyes. He did not sleep, however, for picture after picture of his former life kept flashing before his eyes, memories of his life on the old Italian fruit-farm. He stirred uneasily; he did not want to remember them.

First came before him the picture of his mother, wrinkled, tired, worn, and gray, and next came the dear face of Father Andrea, who had helped him to come to the city. Pleasant scenes followed these. His first job, humble enough, yet he had been happy. Next he saw himself in Mr. Faraday's office, being promoted, and oh, how happy he was to be able to send home that extra five dollars to his thankful mother. He remembered the hard work put in at night-school, which Mr. Faraday had advised him to attend. How faithfully he had worked and how interested the teacher had been in him. He also remembered the ruthless Vacarelli, with his fiery, black eyes, white, glistening teeth, and cruel smile. The man had asked him if he were "Italiana," and Angelo had eagerly answered, "Si, si, senor." That was the beginning. After this their paths always seemed to lead in the same direction. Vacarelli loved to talk of money and took an unholy delight in talking of the injustice of the rich, and of the foolishness of the poor and meek. His conversation had an appalling effect upon Angelo. From that time he seemed changed in every way. He even found himself agreeing with this false friend and echoing his sentiments. So you see Vacarelli had gained his disciple. Then he saw himself frequenting strange places, haunts of fierce, unkempt, bold men, and always Vacarelli led him on. He remembered watching people hastening to and from church on Sundays, and Vacarelli sneering at them and calling them "poor fools."; so gradually Angelo stopped going to church. Even his mother's letters went unanswered. Then he changed his lodging, and there were no more letters. One day he was called into the office of the manager, Sidney Phillips, and told he could go. How clearly and vividly that stood out in his memory. Would he ever forget those cold, steely eyes staring through him and that expressionless voice going on and on? "It has been brought to our attention, young man, that you are seen in the company of disreputable men and this means that all connections with us must be severed," the manager said.

He also remembered being praised by Vacarelli and his companions and made rehearse the scene over and over.

Again he saw himself tramping the streets looking for employment, but in vain. He saw himself being questioned again and again for credentials and upon answering that he had none, was told that there was no work for him.

He saw himself with no associates but Vacarelli and his companions, who were on a strike. Night after night he listened to them planning and drinking. At last Angelo even joined in with Latin vehemence, and told how he wished to avenge himself for what Phillips had done to him and, watching him, the band decided, at last, they had found their tool. They told him to pack his clothes and meet them in their regular rendezvous at five

o'clock; so here he sat with his shabby suit-case at his feet, waiting for the time to pass.

A breeze, sweeping through the park, blew a sheet of a newspaper to his feet. He was tossing it carelessly away when suddenly with a jerk, he stopped, for he had seen his own name, Angelo Romani. He read the item over and over; it was a petition from a heart-broken mother, begging him, her son, to come home to her.

Angelo felt that he was choking; he could not seem to breathe, and there was a dull pain where his heart had been. His mother wanted him! Oh, how he longed to go to her, but, well, it was impossible now. Hurriedly he picked up his suit-case and walked quickly on. After a ten-minute walk he came to the appointed meeting-place. He entered and glanced hastily around and finally his glance fell upon the group sitting in a corner, evidently discussing some plan, which they unfolded to him when he came up. "Phillips must pay" they said, "and we've decided to bomb his house." Now who would place the bomb?" Silence reigned. "We will draw lots for it." "You!" they cried. Angelo had drawn the fatal ballot. His instructions were soon given him; he was to find a suitable room and remain in it until midnight.

Out in the street once again, he walked slowly northward; an automobile passed him and a child smiled at him; his answering smile was frozen on his face, for the man who sat beside the child was Sidney Phillips. For a moment the horror of the deed he had undertaken gripped him. He saw the image of the child, dying and bleeding under the ravages of the bomb. He quickened his pace; anything to get away from the horror of that imagined scene, and scanned the houses. He finally found one that suited his plans. He entered and secured a room.

He sat for a long time, with his head in his hands, meditating. When he looked up, there was the imprint of a cross staring accusingly at him from the wall, where no doubt some religious roomer had hung it and the cross had left its imprint upon the dusty wall. It had its effect upon Angelo, for the foolishness of the plan came to him, and, the face of his mother flashed before him.

He made the Sign of the Cross, and his words came pantingly, jerkily, "O God, can You ever forgive me?" And grasping his belongings, he stumbled down the stairs and out the door, and reached the station just before the train pulled out, headed for his old home-town. His heart sang; he was happy for the first time in months; he was going home, home —to his mother and Father Andrea.

June Mary Hoffmann,
Loretto High School, Englewood, Chicago.

"AUTUMN."

Autumn leaves of red and brown
Are falling one by one;
The beauty of the Summer's gone,
And Autumn has begun.

Veronica Purpuro, 1A
Loretto High School, Englewood, Chicago.

THOUGHTLESS YOUTH

This story won Second Prize in the Short Story Competition conducted last June by the Ontario Chapter International Federation of Catholic Alumnae.

CHAPTER I.

It was a beautiful day in late Spring. Through the open window Madame Duval gazed through eyes blurred with tears at the neat little yard in front of her home. Pierre, her son, was leaving her. It seemed such a short time ago that he had been the little baby she had cuddled in her arms; and now he was going to make his abode in that city of promise which she had dreamed about, but never visited, Montreal.

"Bonjour, ma chère Marie," spoke a deep voice at her side. She started. It was Jean, her husband. Tenderly he was wiping away the tears that now fell freely from her eyes, as he said, "Pierre will soon tire of life in that great city, and we shall have him back before we realize that he is gone."

Marie shook herself guiltily. How silly to be crying when there were so many things to be done. She rose and bustled out.

Six o'clock the following morning found a little party of three—two old and one young, two with eyes brimming with unshed tears, and one with eyes lit with hope in what the future would bring—seated in the old buggy, driving to the little station at Labelle. The parting was painful, but Jean and Marie tried to conceal their grief, so that they might not mar the boy's eager happiness.

CHAPTER II.

The station at Montreal, to Pierre Duval's unaccustomed eyes, seemed to be miles in length, and dazzling in its scores of people who rushed hither and yon across the spacious floor. For a few moments Pierre wandered, bewildered, and suddenly realized that he had nowhere to stay that night. At the information desk he timidly inquired and was given a list of the leading hotels. He chose one at random, and walked to it, a distance of two miles, which he minded not at all.

That night, in his magnificent room, he composed a long letter to his mother, describing in minutest detail every feature of his exciting journey.

The next morning he began to have qualms about the price of his beautiful room, and was not reassured by the fact that his entire resources amounted to less than one hundred and twenty-five dollars. After dinner, as these misgivings had not vanished, but rather increased, he inquired at the desk. When he was informed that his night's rest and three meals cost the exorbitant sum of fifteen dollars, he staggered, paled, paid his bill, and with the speed of one pursued, left the hotel, much to the amusement of the hotel clerk.

CHAPTER III.

"Will that be all, Monsieur Duval?"

"Thank you. Yes."

Before his secretary closed the office door Pierre caught a glimpse of the legend upon it: "Pierre Duval. General Manager." That legend gave him singular pleasure, partly because of its novelty, for it had been there for only two weeks, and partly because of the work it had cost him to get it there. He sat back and began to think seriously. Five long years

he had worked and struggled since that memorable day when, an ignorant country lad, he had come to Montreal. How long was it, he wondered, since he had written to his parents such a letter as he had written on his first day in the city, or even since he had written one of those short business-like notes he had adopted of late. He began to experience qualms of conscience like to those when back on the old farm he had broken a window, or run off to play when he should have been chopping wood.

His life since he had left his parents had not been exactly as they would have wished. He had fallen in with bad companions in the very beginning and had not considered it wise to break with them, since they had obtained for him his position in the firm with which he still worked. His first position had been the lowest in the office, and now he had risen to be general manager of this whole office of the large trust company. He now had plenty of money, but he spent it all selfishly. He had not kept the promises he had made to his mother, such as: "You shall have beautiful gowns, Mother, and jewels, and automobiles, and a château, and maids and servants . . ." . Never once had he sent his mother a gift except some inexpensive trifle at the New Year. He tried to still the persistent goad of his conscience with arguments in his own defence, but to no avail. Try as he might to persuade himself, all the reasons he could summon seemed puny and weak in face of the neglect he had shown his parents.

He suddenly remembered that his mother did not know his new address, for it was six months since he had sent her a line, and that had been a mere note some time before he had moved. He must find time to write her a long letter to-night. That would please her immensely.

But he did not write that night nor the next, nor the next, and weeks passed and still he was "too busy." It was about five weeks later when going over some notices of foreclosure of mortgages and running his finger disinterestedly down the page, suddenly he started and stared. "Property of the late Jean Duval," he read. Could it be his father? No; surely not! Mon Dieu! Could it be punishment for his neglect? He clenched the side of the desk until his knuckles showed white and shiny; his eyes stared and the cold persperation stood out upon his brow . Finally he forced himself to look at the address beside the name. Mon Dieu! It was his father! Suddenly Pierre forgot the sang-froid which the city had taught him, put his head in his arms on his desk and wept like a child.

In ten minutes he aroused himself, regained his outward composure, and called his secretary to order a ticket for Labelle, the little town nearest his father's farm, and telephoned for his manservant to pack his bags. He himself hurriedly sought the office of his superior to ask leave of absence. This was readily given, and accompanied by expressions of deep sympathy. In less than an hour Pierre was on the train speeding towards his destination.

CHAPTER IV

In the meantime life had not been easy for the old folk back at the Duval farm. After Pierre had left his father had been [illegible] to work doubly hard in the fields, and the strain began to tell on him. His shoulders were becoming even more stooped, his hair turned white, and the wrinkles deepened in his ruddy, weather-beaten face. Marie begged him to hire a man to help him, but Jean steadfastly refused. Ever since they had been married he

argued, he had done his own work without any help except from his son. Now, since Pierre was gone, he would do it alone. Besides, they should be putting money away for the time when he would no longer be able to work, instead of squandering it on hired men. The year Pierre had left home the crops had not been good and ever since then they had gone in a steady decline, as had also Jean's health. Marie struggled bravely on, trying to help him in every possible way.

There was a persistent little cough that troubled Jean's throat, and though he insisted that it was only a cold, Marie worried. As months passed and the cold did not improve, Marie suggested that Jean see a doctor. After putting it off for a month, Jean finally acquiesced. It was indeed more than a petty cold and was finally to send him to his death. The doctor strongly advised that for a few months Jean do no work in the fields, but stay in the house and rest, for he was on the verge of serious lung disease.

Jean stared at him. "But Monsieur le docteur," he pleaded "how can I leave my work for three or four months when I have no one to take my place?" The doctor thought a little. "If you do not stop work for a short time now, you will stop forever. You might hire a man for a few months while you are ill."

Jean returned home and told Marie the sad news. She insisted that he carry out the doctor's orders. "We can get a hired man, Jean," she said, "and we will pay by mortgaging the house."

To this purpose she closely adhered, despite strong opposition from Jean, and the next morning she went to Labelle where the manager of the bank was a good friend to her. He promised to attend to everything, even to the engaging of a farmhand.

The hired man engaged, Jean was able to rest. One month passed, then two, three, and still Jean's cold continued, growing steadily worse. The doctor shrugged his shoulders. He was very sorry, but he could do nothing. The cough had got a grip on Jean and was not to be easily shaken.

In addition to her worries about Jean, Marie was also anxious about Pierre. He had not written in months, and four of her own letters had been returned to her. He must have moved. He did not know how ill his father was.

For two more months Marie untiringly nursed Jean until God mercifully called him from his bed of pain to an eternal reward.

Marie was frantic with grief and worry. They would foreclose on the mortgage of her little home, that little home in which she had spent her happy married life with Jean, that little home in which Pierre had been born, that little home pregnant with memories both sad and joyful. She must leave it.

When she returned from the funeral she composed herself, gathered together her most cherished possessions and all the money she had, a sum of about one hundred dollars, mailed a letter and the keys of the little house to the trust company, and drove to the little station at Labelle, whence she intended to journey to Montreal to find Pierre.

CHAPTER V

Pierre arrived in Labelle on the day his mother had left. He borrowed a horse from one of his former friends and travelled with all possible speed to the Duval farm. Eagerly he ran up the steps and tried the door. It was locked. He looked for the key in its accustomed place under the mat. It was not there. Thoroughly puzzled now, he peered

through the window that looked into the old parlor. Everything was neat and tidy and very much the same as it had been when he left, except that picture of his father which had hung above the old organ, that porcelain vase which had been in his mother's family for over a century, that picture of himself as a child of four, and the old clock which had stood on the mantel for as long as he could remember, had all been removed.

He was beginning to comprehend everything now. His mother, when she found that she would be unable to pay back on the appointed day the money she had borrowed, had been too proud to face disgrace and ruin, had left nearly all her belongings and had departed. But where? He felt assured she would not go to her own relatives. She must then be staying in Labelle, looking for work. In his haste he had spoken to only one person when passing through the town.

When he reached Labelle he questioned everyone he encountered, but met with no success until he visited the banker. That worthy gentleman received him with cold disfovaur, for he thought highly of Marie, and it grieved him to see her neglected as she had been by her son. But he told Pierre all he knew. He had not seen Madame Duval before her departure, but his little son had seen her buy a ticket for Montreal. Pierre stifled a wild desire to laugh. What would she do, alone and unprotected, in a city like Montreal? He must find her, and at once.

He boarded the first train for Montreal. During the months that followed he spent hours in fruitless search for the mother he almost despaired of ever seeing again.

He had made arrangements with the trust company with which he worked and had paid all the money he had on hand, with promise of paying a fixed sum monthly until the farm was again in his possession. That familiar old house must not pass into alien hands nor must the treasured old furniture come under the hammer of the auctioneer.

While he was walking one day along a busy street some delicious-looking "gâteaux" in a shop-window caught his eye. They reminded him of childhood days when on his return from school his mother would greet him with a steaming batch of just such cakes. Acting on impulse, he entered the shop. He made his purchase and was about to leave when suddenly from the opposite door, and bearing a large tray of hot buns, walked his mother! With a glad cry of "Pierre!" she dropped the tray of buns and rushed into his arms, laughing and crying and besieging him with questions. Meanwhile the worthy "boulanger," astonished by the strange spectacle, glanced with equal disfavour from the happy pair to the pile of ruined buns.

After settling accounts with the irate shopkeeper they proceeded to Pierre's apartment. Madame Duval told him that she had come to Montreal totally ignorant of its size, and when she realized that she could not at once hope to find her son she had sought and obtained a position as cook in the bakery-shop. She was overcome with joy when Pierre told her he had bought the old farm back again, and that everything would remain as it had always been.

Madame Duval made her home with her son, but they took advantage of every opportunity to return to the farm, living over old memories and visiting the grave so dear to them both.

Lois Berryman (Form IV.),
Loretto Abbey College School, Toronto.

CONGRATULATIONS.

June Prize List.

Loretto Abbey.—Papal Medal for Church History, Miss Roberta Rankin; Medal for Christian Doctrine, Miss Margaret Parnell; Medal for Fidelity to Duty, Miss Aileen McLaughlin; Governor-General's Medal for English Literature, Miss Marguerite Harris; Gertrude Foy Medal for English Essay, Miss Audrey McDonald; Eugene O'Keefe Medal for Mathematics, Miss Margaret Lang; Gold Medals for Proficiency for term ending June, 1929: Miss Margaret Parnell in Form III., Miss Mary Doust in Form II., Miss Mary Hayes in Form I.

Loretto Abbey College School.—Proficiency Prizes: First Form, Miss Evelyn Murphy; Second Form, Miss Patricia Flood. Prizes for Christian Doctrine: First Form, Miss Hilda Leahy; Second Form, Miss Patricia Crampsey. Prizes for Regularity and Punctuality: First Form, Miss Rose Millard; Second Form, Miss Elsie Brigden. Prizes for Highest Standing in Promotion Examinations: From Junior Third Class, Miss Kathleen Barry; from Senior Third Class, Miss Mary Bidwell; from Junior Fourth Class, Miss Shirley Dunkleman; from Senior Fourth Class to High School, Miss Phyllis Buckley.

Loretto Academy, Woodlawn, Chicago.—Scholarship for St. Xavier College, Miss Mary Ann Haggerty; Scholarship for St. Xavier College, Miss Helen Cornellissen; Scholarship for DePaul University, Miss Madeline Hanrahan. Prizes for Highest Averages: In First Year, Miss Lucille McIntosh; in Second Year, Miss Mary Petree; in Third Year, Miss Kathleen Cooney; in French in the Fourth Year, Miss Marion Moylan; in Church History in the Fourth Year, Miss Margaret Cmarick; in Church History in the Third Year, Miss Marie Stanton.

Loretto Academy, Niagara Falls.—Papal Medal for highest Standing in Church History Course, Miss Catherine Kilawee; Governor-General's Medal for General Proficiency, Miss Dorothy Dwyer.

Loretto Academy, Guelph.—Ten Dollar Gold Piece, presented by Rev. Father Wafer Doyle, S.J., for Christian Doctrine, Miss Loretto Hohenadel. Prizes for Highest Standing: in Form IV., Miss Adeline Teehan; in Form III., Miss Jessie Meagher; in Form II., Miss Grace O'Brien; in Form I., Miss Rita Schuett; in Commercial Class, Miss Henriette McGillivray. Prizes for Attendance and Punctuality: Miss Agnes Wakefield, Miss Henriette McGillivray. Prizes for Sewing, Miss Lily Marcello. Chopin Album donated by the Knights of Columbus for Proficiency in Music, Miss Alice Hohenadel. Prizes for Music donated by the Catholic Women's League: Miss Margaret Piggott, Miss Marie Barry, Miss Anita Hurley.

Loretto High School, Englewood, Chicago.—Mundelein Scholarship, Miss Gertrude Scanlan. De Paul Scholarship, Miss Frances Maloney. De Paul Scholarship, Miss Muriel Voke; St. Xavier Scholarship, Miss Kathleen Garvey; St. Xavier Scholarship, Miss Anna McDermott. Four Year Scholarships to Loretto High School: Miss Margaret Jeffers, Miss Veronica Purpeera. One Year Scholarships to Loretto High School: Miss Margaret Mary Loftus, Miss Dorothy Roche. Gold Medal for Proficiency in Four Year Course, Miss Anna McDermott. Gold Medal for Proficiency in Senior Year, Miss Frances Maloney. Prizes for Perfect Attendance: Misses Genevieve Bambrick, Dolores Broderick, Virginia Cheevers, Loyola Carmody, Catherine Fernbach, Bernice Falsey, Catherine Fennel, Mary Gallagher, Jessie Cramer, Eileen McKugo, Margaret Nims, Mary O'Donnell, Rita Robertson, Claire Smith, Anna Sullivan, Muriel Voke, Josephine Senica, Margaret Gilmore, Margaret Leonard.

Loretto Academy, Hamilton.—The Bishop's Scholarship, gift of Right Reverend J. T. McNally, D.D., open to pupils of the Entrance Class, Miss Patricia Hanrahan; the McIntyre Scholarship, gift of Mrs. W. H. McIntyre, open to pupils of the Entrance Class of St. Joseph's Separate School, for the year 1928-1929, Miss Josephine Weiler; the Sullivan Scholarship, gift if Dr. Herbert J. Sullivan, open to students of First Year High School, Miss Muriel Hayes; the Whitton Scholarship, gift of Mrs. Eva Whitton, open to students of Second Year High School, Miss Mary Hennessy; Loretto Alumnae, Hamilton, Scholarship, open to Matriculation pupils who take the Upper School course, for the year 1928-1929, Miss Anne Sharkey; Loretto Abbey Alumnae Scholarship for the year 1928-1929, Miss Margaret Unger; Gold Cross for Senior Christian Doctrine, gift of Right Reverend J. T. McNally, D.D., Miss Marion Flynn; Silver Cross for Junior Christian Class, gift of Very Reverend Dean Cassidy, Miss Margaret Goodrow; Governor-General's Bronze Medal for English Literature, Miss Ruth Dooley; the Downes Scholarship for Intermediate Piano, gift of Dr. Wm. F. Downes, Miss Margaret Gillen. Prizes for Elocution for highest standing at the examination held in Toronto by the Trinity College School of Music, London, donated by Mrs. W. E. Johnson, Miss Dorothy Cameron, Junior Division, and Miss Edna Hayes, Primary Division. Prize for highest standing in Spanish at Matriculation Examination, 1929, Miss Christine LoPresti. Prize for general excellence in deportment, application and school spirit, donated by Lady Gibson, awarded to Miss Christine LoPresti.

Sioux Lookout, Ont.—Gold Medal for Highest Standing in Entrance Class, Miss Josephine Brezinsky. Second Prize in Entrance Class, Fred. Husack. First Prize for Music, Miss Mary Bruce. Prizes for Christian Doctrine, Miss Josephine Brezinsky, Joe Cosco, and Walter Brezinsky.

Saskatoon, Sask.—Of the twenty-five Entrance pupils of St. Joseph's School who wrote and passed the examination, twenty-one received honour-standing. The first prize, a gold medal donated by the Knights of Columbus, was won by Miss Ruth David, and the second prize, a silver medal, donated by Mr. W. B. Crawley, was won by Miss Nora O'Connor.

ALUMNAE NOTES

LORETTO ALUMNAE ASSOCIATION
LORETTO ABBEY, TORONTO.

Patroness	MOTHER GENERAL PULCHERIA.
Honorary President	MOTHER M. AGATHA.
Honorary Vice-President	MRS. D. RAE MACKENZIE. 139 Imperial Ave., Toronto
President	MRS. FRANK CASSIDY. 543 Sherbourne St., Toronto
First Vice-President	MRS THOMAS KILGOUR. Oakville, Ont.
Second Vice-President	MRS. E. VAN DINE. 16 Linden St., Toronto
Treasurer	MISS ALICE GORMALY. 123 Kendal Ave., Toronto
Recording Secretary	MISS MARY HARKINS. 26 Braemore Gardens Toronto
Corresponding Secretary	MRS. DAVID O'MEARA 73 Lyndwood Ave., Toronto
Convener of House Committee	MRS. HUGH RYAN. 32 Leopold St. Toronto
Convener of Entertainment	MRS. FRED WOODS. 611 Sherbourne St. Toronto
Convener of Membership	MRS J. L. LEE. 54 Spencer Ave., Toronto
Convener of Press	MISS KATHLEEN CORBETT. 2365 Yonge St., Toronto

Presidents of Loretto Associations.

Loretto Abbey College, Toronto	MRS. JOSEPH O'LEARY. 188 Eglinton Ave., Apt 805, Toronto.
Niagara Falls	MISS FLORENCE MULLIN. 624 South West St., Lima, Ohio
Hamilton, Ont.	MISS GEORGE ANNE DELL. 92 Delaware Ave. Hamilton
Stratford, Ont.	MISS JANE MEGAN. 136 Church St. Stratford Ont
Englewood, Chicago	MISS MARY COLLINS.
Sault Ste. Marie, Mich.	MISS IDA RANSOM.
Joliet, Ill. (St. Mary's High School)	
Joliet, Ill. (St. Mary's Academy)	MRS. SYLVESTER HARRINGTON
Woodlawn, Chicago	MISS OLIVE SMITH.
New York, N.Y.	MRS. EDWARD SCANLON
Detroit, Mich.	MISS VERA REAUME.
Buffalo, N.Y.	MISS MARY MAXWELL.
Graduates' Club, Loretto Abbey College School, Toronto	MISS VERONICA STOCKWELL. 1136 Dovercourt Rd. Toronto

The Loretto Alumnae Association, Loretto Abbey, will hold a bridge tea on Saturday, Oct. 11th, at half-past two o'clock, in Simpson's Arcadian Court.

Loretto Alumnae, Sault Ste. Marie, Mich.

Our June meeting was a banquet, at which we welcomed twenty-two new members. At the business meeting the following officers were elected: President, Miss Ida Ransom; Vice-President, Miss Victoria Schilling; Treasurer, Miss Cecilia Donnelly; Recording Secretary, Miss Sadie Kelly; Corresponding Secretary, Miss Patricia Watson, 538 East Portage Ave., Sault Ste. Marie, Mich.

Following the business meeting a program of vocal and instrumental selections preceded a social hour.

Loretto Alumnae, Loretto Abbey College, Toronto.

The annual meeting of the Alumnae was held at the College on Wednesday, April 23rd, after the banquet for the graduates of 3TO. At this meeting the election of officers for the coming year took place as follows: President, Mrs. Joseph O'Leary (Marie Campbell); Vice-President, Miss Mary Burcher; Recording Secretary, Miss Mary Mallon; Corresponding Secretary, Miss Dorothy Sullivan, 179 Montclair Ave., Toronto; Treasurer, Miss Madeline Smyth.

Loretto Alumnae, St. Mary's Academy, Joliet, Ill.

The annual reunion of the Loretto Alumnae of St. Mary's Academy, was held on Sunday, June 15th. Twelve members of the Community, former teachers and pupils of the Academy, were guests of honour. Ninety-two members were present. Scores of old pupils came to welcome their former teachers, while the younger Sisters were surrounded by companions of school days, during the reception preceding the luncheon. The welcoming throngs were made up of members of all the various classes from the opening of the Academy in 1880.

Mrs. Sylvester Harrington, President of the Alumnae, opened the meeting, and introduced the toast-mistress, Mrs. S. F. Wilhelmi. Miss Leona Johnson, accompanied by Miss Bessie Lennon, sang a group of pretty songs appropriate to the occasion, "Summer," by Ronald,

and "Happy Days Are Here Again." Miss Helen Kinsella, Chicago, proposed the toast to the Ladies of Loretto. Mrs. Heaton (May McGuire), Seneca, sang "Ave Maria Loretto."

Greetings were received and read from Reverend Mother Pulcheria, Superior General of the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary, Loretto Abbey, Toronto; Sister Olivia Sheeran and Sister Genevieve Marie Baskerville, of the Dominican Order, Adrian, Kentucky; Sister M. Grata Robinson, Sister Germaine Gatons, Sister Verena Feeley, and Sister Bernadette Feeley of the Mercy Order; and Mrs. Edward Kelley (Hattie Bannon), Wichita, Kansas.

After the program another social hour was spent with the nuns: Mother M. Emiliana, Mother M. Georgina, Mother M. St. Benedict, Mother M. Cyril, Mother M. St. Teresa and Mother M. Fabian, former teachers of the Academy; and Mother M. Aquinas, Mother M. St. Vincent, Mother Mary Teresa, Mother M. Imelda, Mother M. Callista, and Mother M. Alphonsus, former pupils of the Academy and members of the Alumnae.

Miss Ruth Hay[illegible] was chairman of the reception committee and Miss Ruth Bannon chairman of the social committee.

A beautiful custom of the Joliet Alumnae is the decoration on Memorial Day of the nuns' graves there. A vase of white flowers marks each grave.

Loretto Alumnae, Niagara Falls.

The second triennial reunion of the Loretto, Niagara, Alumnae Association was held on June 27th, 28th and 29th, 1930 at Loretto Academy, Niagara Falls, Ont.

On Friday morning a Mass was offered for the repost of the soul of our deceased honorary president, Mother M. Paulina. Friday evening was devoted to an informal musical program and reception.

On Saturday morning the High Mass was offered for our deceased members. At 10 o'clock was the opening business session, devoted to reports and discussion. In the afternoon the local alumnae entertained the visitors with a delightful sight-seeing trip around the Falls.

On Sunday there was a High Mass of thanksgiving. In the afternoon was the closing business session, at which the following officers were elected for the next three years:

Executive officers:

Honorary President, Mother M. Alberta.

Honorary Vice-President, Mother M. Constance.

President, Miss Florence Mullin, Lima, Ohio.

First Vice-President, Miss Mary Maxwell, Buffalo, N.Y.

Second Vice-President, Mrs. J. J. Hunter, Niagara Falls, Ont.

Secretary, Miss Fannie Coffey, Montreal, P.Q.

Treasurer, Miss Julia McCann, New York, N.Y.

Canadian Chapter Officers:

Honorary President, Miss Mary Lally, Smithville, Ont.

President, Mrs. J. H. Suydam, Toronto, Ont.

First Vice-President, Mrs. Austin A. Forhan, Toronto, Ont.

Second Vice-President, Mrs. Louis Drago, Niagara Falls, Ont.

Secretary, Mrs. M. J. O'Laughlin, Niagara Falls, Ont.

Treasurer, Miss Isabel Maloney, Toronto, Ont.

American Chapter Officers:

Honorary President, Mrs. Mary B. Talbot, Niagara Falls, N.Y.

President, Mrs. J. E. Kilroy, Buffalo, N.Y.

First Vice-President, Miss Bertha Henry, Butler, Pa.

Second Vice-President, Mrs. Edgar Black, Buffalo, N.Y.

Secretary, Mrs. Walter Bartholomy, Chicago, Ill.

Treasurer, Miss Helen Frombgen, Niagara Falls, N.Y.

The banquet was held at the General Brock Hotel, Niagara Falls, Ont., on Sunday. Afterwards the members returned to the Convent for a final visit to the nuns, who had made their stay so wonderfully pleasant and whose warm hospitality had made this reunion a never-to-be-forgotten event.

The Loretto Community mourns the loss of Sister M. Marion Niesman, whose holy death occurred on September 24th, the Feast of Our Lady of Mercy, Loretto Academy, Stratford, Ontario. Sister Marion was born in County Cork, Ireland, and was for fifty-three years a beloved and valued religious of the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary in its various religious houses in America, at Toronto, Niagara Falls, Guelph, Sault Ste. Marie, Mich., and finally Stratford, where her last fifteen years were spent. Sister Marion's keen Irish humour, her kindly ways, and, above all, her undaunted spirit and fervour of faith, won for her the affection of those who had the privilege of living with her. Her funeral took place from the Church of Our Lady, Guelph, Ontario, where Right Reverend Monsignor J. J. Blair sang the solemn High Mass of Requiem, and her body was laid to rest in the Cemetery of Our Lady, Guelph.

Marriages.

Miss Margaret Alice Kelly, B.A., graduate of Loretto Abbey College, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Michael N. Kelly, Renfrew, Ont., to Mr. Angus MacArthur, on Sept. 30th.

Miss Jean Campbell Kloepfer, daughter of Mrs. Kloepfer and the late Christian Kloepfer, to Mr. Douglas Irving Grant, on Sept. 3rd, by Rev. Dr. J. P. Treacy, Toronto.

Miss Elizabeth Belcher, graduate of Loretto Academy, Niagara Falls, Ont., daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Belcher, St. Catharines, Ont., to Mr. Roland Roy McMurtry, Toronto, on Sept. 3rd.

Miss Marjorie Mason, daughter of Mrs. Mason and the late Lieutenant-Colonel J. Cooper Mason, to Mr. Edward Carlton, Toronto, by Reverend Father W. Murray, Toronto.

Miss Elizabeth Lalor, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Michell Lalor, to Mr. Carol Richings Harding, Weston, Mass., on Sept. 20th, at the Church of Our Lady of Lourdes, Toronto.

Miss Ada Elizabeth Hickey, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry L. Hickey, Palmerston Blvd., Toronto, to Mr. Thomas A. Smith, Jr., Liberal, Kansas, on Sept. 17th.

Miss Alma Burns, to Mr. Roy Andres, Niagara Falls, N.Y.

Miss Marie Donnelly, to Mr. Francis J. Thury, Phlox Place, Flushing, L.I.

Miss Isabel Nablo, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Nablo, to Mr. John Howard Griswold, Canton, N.Y.

Miss Kathryn Agnes Pirtle, class of 1927, Loretto Academy, Niagara Falls, to Mr. Benjamin F. Augustine, Jr., Buffalo, N.Y.

Miss Alliance Spaulding, alumnae of Loretto Academy, Niagara Falls, Ont., to Mr. E. J. English, Chicago.

Miss Lucille Sentinel, alumnae of Loretto

Academy, Niagara Falls, to Mr. James Sacco, Niagara Falls, Ont.

Miss Louise Warren, class of 1923, Loretto Academy, Niagara Falls, to Mr. William Harvey, Niagara Falls, N.Y.

Miss Carol Woodruff, class of 1926, Loretto, Niagara, to Dr. A. R. Nelson, Grand Rapids, Mich.

Miss Loretta Rivard, graduate of Loretto Academy, Niagara Falls, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Rivard, Port McNicoll, to Mr. William Coogan, Niagara Falls, N.Y., on Sept. 25th.

Miss Josefina Gonzales, class of 1928, Loretto Academy, Niagara Falls, to Mr. Joseph Petrosino, New York.

Miss Athleen O'Brien, class of 1927, Loretto Academy, Sault Ste. Marie, Mich., to Mr. Thomas Dempsey, on June 30th.

Miss Lillian Carroll, class of 1922, Loretto Academy, Sault Ste. Marie, Mich., daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Carroll, to Mr. E. J. Fellows, on Sept. 10th.

Miss Harriett Yeack, class of 1927, Loretto Academy, Sault Ste. Marie, Mich., daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John L. Yeack, to Mr. Lawrence Barrett, on July 7th.

Miss Eleanor Biersmith, graduate of Loretto Academy, Woodlawn, Chicago, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Gregory L. Biersmith, to Mr. Matthew James Meyer, on Sept. 17th.

Miss Angela Walsh, graduate of St. Mary's Academy, Joliet, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward O'Brien, to Mr. Niles Burfa, on Sept. 16th.

Miss Beatrice Lloyd, daughter of Mr. James B. Lloyd, Detroit, to Mr. Vincent Keyes, on Sept. 1st, at St. Joseph's Church, Stratford, by Very Reverend Dean D. J. Egan.

Miss Margaret (Babs) Hayes, daughter of the late Judge and Mrs. Hayes, Guelph, Ont., to Mr. Cyril J. Trainor, in the Chapel of St. Thomas Aquinas, Toronto, on Sept. 20th.

Congratulations to:

Mr. and Mrs. Hubert Kennedy (Gertrude Burrows), on the birth of a daughter.

Mr. and Mrs. Hugh G. Hamilton, Jr. (Helen Ford-Smith, alumna of Loretto, Hamilton), Salem, Mass., on the birth of a daughter.

Mr. and Mrs. J. McDonald (Genevieve McGowan), Ottawa, on the birth of a daughter.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Land (Helen Lewis, alumna of Loretto, Hamilton), on the birth of a daughter.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert J. Holland (Marguerite O'Donnell, B.A., a graduate of Loretto Abbey College), London, Ont., on the birth of a son.

Mr. and Mrs. James McNeill Conroy (Betty McGrath, B.A., graduate of Loretto Abbey College), 53 Military Rd., St. John's, Newfoundland, on the birth of a daughter.

Mr. and Mrs. George Shea (Winnifred Regan, a graduate of St. Mary's Academy, Joliet), on the birth of a son, on June 7th.

Mr. and Mrs. John P. Le Blanc (Genevieve Furlong, graduate of Loretto Academy, Sault Ste. Marie), on the birth of a daughter.

Mr. and Mrs. Dennis Donnelly (Mary Quinlan, graduate of Loretto Academy, Sault Ste. Marie), on the birth of a daughter.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Peterson (Rose Johnson, a graduate of Loretto Academy, Niagara Falls), on the birth of a son.

Mr. and Mrs. Reginald Lee (May Fimon), on the birth of a son.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Dalton Dwyer (Mary Margaret Gaskin, alumna of Loretto Academy, Niagara Falls), on the birth of a son.

Loretto Offers Deepest Sympathy to:

Mother M. Alureda, Loretto Academy, Englewood, her brother, Reverend Edmund C. Hanna, Butte, Montana, and other members

of the family, on the death of their father Mr. Dennis Hanna

Mother M. Victor, and her brothers, on the death of their sister, Miss Mary Louise Carroll, daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Edward Carroll, Guelph, Ont., and also to Miss Mary Louise McElderry, Guelph, an aunt.

Reverend John McGrand, Pastor of St. Anthony's Church, Toronto, and other members of the family on the death of their mother Mrs. James McGrand.

Mrs. Young, Mrs. Verey, the Misses MacDonell, and other members of the family and relatives, on the death of their mother. Mrs Miles MacDonell

Miss Loretto Dupuis, Secretary-Treasurer of the Detroit Circle of the Loretto Alumnae, Miss Ina May Dupuis and other members of the family on the death of their father.

Dr. Alfred de Roulet, Chicago, and family, on the death of his wife.

Mrs. L. P. Ryan, Mrs. Homer Mooney, Mrs. Clyde Roberts, Miss Mary E Lennon, and Mr William Lennon, and Mr. John Lennon on the death of their sister, Miss Cecilia Lennon, a former pupil of Loretto Academy, Joliet

Mrs. K. M. Treacy, Windsor, on the death of her daughter, Miss Ruthmary Treacy, a student of Loretto Abbey College.

Mrs. Julian Swoop and family, on the death of her husband.

Mr. and Mrs Fred Pass, 706 McPherson Avenue, Saskatoon, and family, on the death of their little daughter Dorothy, a pupil of St Joseph's School.

Mr J B Egan [illegible] son Rev J D Egan, Teeswater, and his daughter, Miss Marie Egan, on the death of Mrs. Egan.

Miss Mae Dwyer, Hamilton, and her brothers, on the death of Mr. Joseph Dwyer.

Mrs. M. L. English and Mrs. J. W. Davis, on the death of their sister, Miss Loretto Barrett, alumna of Loretto, Niagara, class of 1896.

The family of the late Mrs Joseph Morgan, (Leigh Edelen) one of the first pupils of Loretto, Niagara, who died at her home in Washington, D.C.

Mrs. J. H Rausch (Collette McCambridge) and her daughter, on the death of Mr Raush.

Mrs. Charles McDonald, on the death of her husband, and to her daughters, Mrs. Zimmerman and Mrs. Dowling, members of the Loretto, Niagara, Alumnae.

Mrs. Joseph O'Learey, Niagara Falls, on the death of her husband, and to her daughters, Miss Mary O'Learey and Miss Kathleen O'Learey, members of the Loretto, Niagara, Alumnae.

The family of the late Mrs. Emily Sibley, an early pupil of Loretto Academy, Niagara Falls, who died in Merchantsville, N.J

Mrs. Michael Pigeon, Stratford, and family, on the death of her husband.

Mrs. J. J. Cartlidge, Stratford, and family, on the death of her husband.

Mrs. John Buckley, Stratford, and family, on the death of her husband.

Mrs. Leonard McPhee, Stratford, on the death of her husband

Mrs. Hugh Murphy, Stratford, and family, on the death of her husband

Mrs P F Quinlan, Stratford, on the death of her brother Mr Gregory Forst.

SCHOOL CHRONICLES

Loretto Abbey, Armour Heights.

Sept. 2nd.—The first day of school. Familiar faces and new ones, each, smiling a gay welcome to the scholastic year '30-'31.

Sept. 13th.—The Seniors went for a cross-country walk and picnic, and although they were caught in a rain-storm their spirits were not what dampened.

Sept. 16th.—We were honoured by a visit from Miss Barry, well-known Montreal social service worker and lecturer, and woman of letters. Miss Barry gave us a short but most interesting talk on her girlhood friend, Archibald Lampman, one of Canada's best-loved poets. Miss Marguerite Harris moved the vote of thanks to Miss Barry.

In the afternoon elections for the officers of the Athletic Association resulted as follows: President, Miss Katherine Roche; Secretary-Treasurer, Miss Dorothea McLaughlin; Misses Marguerite Harris, Jane Rankin and Grace Kent, executives.

Sept. 19th, 21st.—Initiation for our sorority, Sigma Nu, begun mildly over night, with apple-pie beds and lights out in all the rooms, continued at a Concert on the following evening when all the hopeful "Sigs"-to-be performed their appointed feats with due ceremony and in costume, at a "Treasure Hunt" from which we were forced by another rain-storm to return without the treasure, and finally at a tea given by Miss Margaret Parnell and Miss Callie Dunn to welcome the new members. At the meeting that followed Miss Eileen Blair was elected President, and Miss Margaret Parnell, Secretary-Treasurer.

Sept. 26th.—Our first basketball game of the season, in which the school team played the "old girls," whom we congratulate on still retaining their old-time skill. We hope to have many more games with them. After the game the Athletic Association gave a banquet in honour of the players.

Sept. 28th.—Reverend Father Fraser gave a fascinating lecture, accompanied by slides, on the Missions in China. His charming humour and the interesting and unusual pictures he showed us made the evening a delightful one. Miss Marguerite Harris thanked Father Fraser on behalf of the School.

Sept. 30th.—Miss Frances Clarke was elected associate editor of the "Rainbow." Congratulations!

Oct. 1st.—Our annual field day. Miss Jane Rankin's team carried off the laurels, and in their honour we had a marshmallow roast.

Katharine Roche.

Loretto Abbey College School, Brunswick Ave.

On September 8th school re-opened with all the usual to-do and excitement. There were teachers to be greeted, old friendships to be renewed, congratulations received, and sun-tan proudly displayed. The upper classes gathered in groups in the halls, and feeling very superior, as becomes "old" pupils, welcomed the shy new-comers.

The yearly elections for officers for the Crusade and for the Athletic Association were held on Thursday, September 18th. Miss Winnifred Fletcher, the school orator, was elected President of the Crusade with Miss Aileen O'Brien, Vice-President; Miss Mary Bootle, Secretary; and Miss Barbara Riley, Treasurer. Miss Winnifred Fletcher was also elected Crusade Representative for Form IV., Miss Mary

Primeau for Form III.; Miss Helen Hodgins, Form IIA; Miss Doris McFarland, Form IIB; Miss Noreen Cummins, Form IA; Miss Margaret Healey, Form IB; and Miss Margaret Vahey, Form IC.

The results of the election for the Athletic Association were: President, Miss Catherine Macklin; Vice-President, Miss Louise Dodds; Secretary, Miss Ruth Baird; and Treasurer, Miss Margaret Heavener. The Form Representatives are: Miss Catherine Macklin, IV.; Miss Louise Dodds, III.; Miss Margaret Heavener, IIA, Miss Ellen Michaud, IIB; Miss Theresa Blackburn, IA, Miss Cleo Loucks, IB; and Miss Adele Welsh, IC.

Class Presidents were elected on September 19th: Miss Helen Cummins, Form IV; Miss Evelyn Armstrong, Form III.; Miss Ruth Fremes, Form IIA; Miss Phyllis Williams, Form IIB; Miss Margaret Glover, Form IA; Miss Margaret Hilborn, Form IB; Miss Sheila O'Gorman, Form IC.

The basketball season opened on Wednesday, October 1st, when our team met St. Mildred's College Senior Team. The result was a decisive victory for us, a significant omen, we hope.

Mary Wynn Slipper

Loretto Academy, Niagara Falls, Ont.

Sept. 9th,—"Welcome! Welcome!" is the hue and cry of "all" to "all." Our first day back is a complete success, thanks to the M.T.W.'s and the spirit of the "new" girls.

Sept. 11th,—The student body attends the Mass of the Holy Ghost for the general intention that God will shower down abundant blessings on the undertakings of the school year.

Sept. 13th,—Amid surroundings nothing short of miraculous and pleasant company, we enjoy our annual picnic at Brock's Monument. The girls return acclimated and ready for the labours that schooldays bring. Three cheers for our M.T.W.!

Sept. 14th,—Miss Persis Owen becomes President of our Senior Club, "Gamma Kappa." Miss Dorothea Kerschner is elected Treasurer, and Miss Norma Tobey, Business Manager.

Sept. 17th,—St. Cecilia's Music Club has a meeting at which this year's officers are elected. President, Miss Kathleen McElroy; Vice-President, Miss Sheila Foulis; Secretary Miss Persis Owen; Treasurer, Miss Peggy Towell.

Sept. 18th,—Reverend Father Gerard, O.Carm., gives us his first religious instruction. After hearing Father Gerard's explanation of his plan for the course, we are anticipating a delightful series of talks for this year.

Sept. 19th,—In honour of the feast day of our Mistress of Schools there is a half-holiday followed by a little party in the evening. Our Juniors helped by furnishing entertaining recitations.

Sept. 24th,—St. Cecilia's Club holds its first official meeting and entertainment combined. Our guest artists were Miss Gertrude McLaughlin and Reverend Brother Berthal, O.Carm. The program, an exceptionally pleasing one, was thoroughly enjoyed by the enthusiastic members of the Club.

Sept. 25th,—The Athletic Association holds its first meeting, with elections of president and team-captains. Miss Gorman, our capable new physical instructress, has divided the school into two parts. The Captains are Miss Dorothea Kerschner and Miss Edwine Whitney, and the President, Miss Persis Owen.

At a short meeting of the C.C.S.M.C. the President of our Club is elected, Miss Miriam Moore. Plans for the year's work are postponed until the first official meeting.

Sept. 26th,—The Juniors enjoy a delightful

initiation into "Gamma Kappa." Everything worked well, especially the initiates.

Miriam Mracek.

Loretto Convent, Sedley, Sask.

June 30th.—An entertainment was held in the Town Hall in honour of Reverend Father A. J. Janssen, when the children took the opportunity of congratulating their devoted and zealous Pastor on the event of his Silver Jubilee of Ordination to the Priesthood. They spoke of his untiring services, and as a token of their appreciation presented him with a breviary and a spiritual bouquet. Addresses were read in English, French, German, and Dutch, by pupils of the respective nationalities, and an artistically painted copy of these was offered as a souvenir.

June 16th.—The feast of Our Lady of Mount Carmel, the feast of the Convent in Sedley, and likewise the Jubilee Day of Reverend Father Janssen. It was one of real happiness for all.

July 26th.—The newly formed Sedley High School Alumni had its first annual banquet at the Convent. Twenty-eight members attended and expressed enthusiastic approval of the idea of an annual re-union here. The following officers were elected: President, Miss Catherine Kildea; Vice-President, Miss Myrle Kildea; Secretary, Miss Silvia Israels; Treasurer, Mr. Jack Helfrich.

Aug. 1st.—A day of loneliness and deep regret in Sedley. Mother Ernestine, who had been Superior here since the foundation, left us to continue work in the East. She was accompanied by two much-loved teachers.

Aug. 19th.—The Public School Grades re-opened.

Sept. 2nd.—The High School classes re-opened, and also the boarding-school.

Sept. 12th.—An enjoyable party and supper in honour of Our Lady's Name Day. Progressive games and a jelly bean mint provided plenty of amusement.

Sept. 15th.—Reverend Father Janssen gave the school children a party to-day with ice-cream 'n everything in honour of the twenty-fifth anniversary of Saskatchewan's formation into a province. Field Day sports were combined with the celebration, and all left the grounds grateful to their good Pastor for the happy day he had given them.

Alma Eberl.

Loretto Academy, Guelph.

Sept. 2nd.—School re-opened with the celebration of Mass of the Holy Ghost.

Sept. 9th.—A meeting for the purpose of electing officers for the Little Flower Literary and Mission Club, and for the Athletic Club. They are:

Little Flower Literary and Mission Club—President, Miss Margaret Cheevers; Vice-President, Miss Bessie Healey; Secretary, Miss Clara Wright; Treasurer, Miss Elizabeth Hort.

Athletic Club—President, Miss Madeleine Merlihan; Vice-President, Miss Mary Coyne; Secretary-Treasurer, Miss Grace O'Brien.

Associate Editor of the "Rainbow," Miss Gladys Dodds.

Sept. 29th.—Shakespearan evening given by the Kingston Players in the Hall of the Church of Our Lady. Selections from Macbeth, Hamlet, and the Merchant of Venice.

Gladys Dodds.

Loretto Academy, Hamilton.

The officers elected for the Mission Crusade are: President, Miss Marion Flynn; First Vice-President, Miss Martina Batt; Second Vice-President, Miss Vera Dowling; Treasurer,

Miss Irene Hindelang; Secretary, Miss Betty Townsend.

Margaret Sharkey.

Sacred Heart School, Sioux Lookout, Ont.

Dr. O'Gorman, who recently returned from a trip north gave us an interesting talk on his journey through the country of the Indians. It was surprising to hear that there were still Indians who had never before seen a white man. Dr. O'Gorman showed the children pictures taken during his trip, and added greatly to the interest of the lecture by showing also articles made by the Indians.

Bernadette George.

Loretto High School, Englewood, Chicago.

June, 1930.

"New Captains at Loretto's Helm."

In order to assure the future success of Loretto, Englewood's, basketball team, after their departure, the Seniors conducted an election for the selection of the succeeding leaders of the squad. Because we believe in the old proverb, "Two heads are better than one," particularly when both are wise ones, co-captains were elected. Misses Josephine Seneca and Clara King are both excellent players with a fine knowledge of every phase of the game. Miss Villa Sharpe was elected President of the Athletic Association, while Miss Virginia Cheevers and Miss Anna Marie Austin were chosen Secretary and Treasurer. We rest assured that these girls, our successors, will, by their efforts make Loretto's team one of the outstanding contenders of 1931.

Kathleen Garvey.

Sept. 8th.—Loretto students were seen coming toward 6535 Stewart Avenue, with earnest looks and arm-loads of books, for another year of hard school-work.

Sept. 12th.—The announcement of a half holiday in honour of the "Holy Name of Mary" was received with an outburst of applause by all the pupils of Loretto, Englewood.

Sept. 16th. Loretto Seniors received a half holiday in order to hear a band concert given by the "Marine Band" in the Chicago Stadium.

Sept. 19th. The Freshmen received with "elated spirits" the announcement of the Seniors that during the following week they would be "stepped on."

Sept. 22nd-26th.—Freshman Week! Many Freshmen were seen walking about with black cotton stockings, green hair bows, carrying an arm-load of Seniors' books and bowing to Seniors.

Sept. 26th. Initiation Day at last! Much to the delight of the Seniors the Freshmen were seen performing many ridiculous feats in order to be admitted to our "Loretto."

Sept. 29th. Dr. Howard Egan of De Paul University, gave us a talk on "How to Study."

Rita Fitzpatrick.

Loretto Academy, Sault Ste. Marie, Mich.

Sept. 3rd. Election of Sodality officers and inauguration of new Students' Spiritual Council. Those elected are: Miss Loretto Milbauer, President; Miss Mary O'Connor, Vice-President; Miss Lucy Sabatine, Secretary; and Miss Catharine Henderson, Treasurer.

Sept. 8th.—Reorganization of Saint Theresa's Literary Association. Election of officers.

Sept. 9th. Class Elections.

Sept. 22nd.—Mission Crusade Meeting. Plans discussed for raising a small fund towards procuring a Leader Book. Junior Class Meeting. Plans made for Hallowe'en Party on October 30th.

Sept. 24th.—Meeting of Saint Theresa's Literary Association. Arrangements made for Annual Banquet.

Loretta Milbauer '31.

Loretto Academy, Woodlawn, Chicago.

Sept. 17th.—Our basketball teams are in the making. An eager crowd reported in the gymnasium for try-out work. Reverend Father Martin is quite optimistic. Here's for a victorious team!

Sept. 24th.—A real thrill! Our measurements were taken for our riding-habits.

Oct. 2nd.—We are delighted to have Reverend Father Basil with us again for instructions.

Oct. 3rd.—We welcome the Freshies to our midst, after to-days initiation. They have proved themselves valiant souls, and since they have graduated from the green hair-bow and black-stocking stage, we are looking forward to a most successful scholastic year with their co-operation.

Kathryn Burke.

St. Mary's School, Saskatoon, Sask.

His Lordship Bishop Prud'homme laid the corner-stone of the new St. Mary's Church early in May, and now the church is nearing completion. It is to be ready for the Holy Sacrifice early in October. The tower stands high above the other city buildings, and is first to be sighted as one comes into Saskatoon.

The ladies of St. Mary's Parish gave a shower for the nuns. A very enjoyable afternoon was spent in meeting the ladies from the three parishes.

Patricia Mettel.

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THE RAINBOW

LORETTO ABBEY
ARMOUR HEIGHTS TORONTO, CANADA

128. THE SILVER JUBILEE OF LORETTO ACADEMY, WOODLAWN, CHICAGO — Mother M. Jerome, I.B.V.M.

129. THINGS NEW AND OLD — Madeleine Coffee Price, B.A.

132. MOST REVEREND NEIL McNEIL, D.D., ARCHBISHOP OF TORONTO

133. A PLEA — Mother M. Dorothea, I.B.V.M.

134. RIGHT REVEREND MONSIGNOR A. J. JANSSEN — Catherine Kildea

135. THE PICTURED FACE OF MARY ..... Kathleen J. Costello, B.A.

138. INSIGNIA — Anne Sutherland

139. SILVER JUBILEE ADDRESS — Antoinette de Roulet

140. REVEREND EDWARD KELLY.

Articles by Misses Dorothea Cain, Hester Moran, Kathleen McDonald, Margaret [illegible], Barbara Jefferys, Mary Booth, Kathleen McElroy, [illegible] Rankin, Rosemary Welsh, Eleanor A. Randall, Margaret Gillen, Colomba G. Zelega, Catherine Gillen, Verona Johnson, Veronica Murray, Rita Benninger, Marion Ball, Annie Cordone, Helen McNamara, Grace Frank, Pauline Preller, Miriam Anglin.

Verse by Misses Loretto Milbauer, Miriam Mracek, Jean McEachern, Helen McNamara, Catherine Mace, Dorothy Shultz, Ruth Bower, Gertrude Thibodeau, Virginia Whitehead.

Loretto Abbey College, Brunswick Ave., Toronto MISS BERNICE VENINI, 3T1, Editor-in-Chief

Associate Editors: *Loretto Abbey, Armour Heights, Toronto* MISS FRANCES CLARKE; *Loretto Abbey College School, Brunswick Ave., Toronto* MISS MARY WYNN SLIPPER; *St. Cecilia's Convent, Toronto* MISS KATHLEEN McQUINN; *Loretto Academy, Guelph, Ont.* MISS GLADYS DODDS; *Loretto Academy, Niagara Falls, Ont.* MISS MIRIAM MRACEK; *Loretto Academy, Hamilton, Ont.*, MISS MARGARET SHARKEY; *Loretto Academy, Stratford, Ont.* MISS JEAN COLE; *Loretto High School, Englewood, Chicago* MISS RITA FITZPATRICK; *Loretto Academy, Sault St. Marie, Mich.* MISS LORETTA MILBAUER; *Loretto Academy, Woodlawn, Chicago* MISS KATHRYN BURKE; *Loretto Convent, Sydney, Sask.* MISS ALMA EBERL; *St. Bridget's Convent, Chicago* MISS ROSEMARY WELSH; *Loretto Convent, Sydney, Lookout, Ont.* MISS BERNADETTE GEORGE; *St. Mary's School, Saskatoon, Sask.* MISS PATRICIA METTEL

Published at Toronto Four Times a Year. **Subscription, $1.00 per year.**

All business communications should be addressed to the Business Office, Loretto Abbey, Armour Heights, Toronto, and all literary communications to the Editorial Office, Loretto Abbey College, 387 Brunswick Ave., Toronto, 4.

The Silver Jubilee

OF

Loretto Academy, Woodlawn, Chicago

By MOTHER M. JEROME, I.B.V.M.

On December 8th, 1905, Reverend Father Cyril Kehoe, O.Carm., said the first Mass at Loretto Academy, Woodlawn. Reverend Father Leo Walter, O.Carm., who said the Jubilee Mass on December 8th, 1930, served this first Mass twenty-five years ago.

Gaudete! Gaudete!
Peal clear, ye silvery chimes to-day,
'Tis Jubilee!

Loretto! Loretto!
High beat our happy hearts this day
For thee, for thee.

Venite! Venite!
Come all your homage due to pay,
Haste ye! Haste ye!

Matronae! Puellae!
Twine ye your silver wreaths to-day
In Jubilee!

Beloved! Beloved!
Thy children sing with joy to-day
Thy Jubilee!

Loretto! Loretto!
Love's libation we pour to-day
To thee! To thee!

Gaudete! Gaudete!
Loretto's brow we crown to-day—
Her Jubilee!

LORETTO RAINBOW

Earth's noblest thing—a woman perfected.

VOL. XXXVII. TORONTO, JANUARY, 1931 No. 3

Things New and Old

BY MADELEINE COFFEE PRICE, B.A.

Gaudete, gaudete,
Christus natus hodie;
Gaudete, gaudete,
Ex Maria Virgine!

IN the last few years, seemingly the readiest way to assure publication of an article by magazine or newspaper has been to make certain that its ideas and conclusions are thoroughly askew. Popular dailies and periodicals seek to print the sensational, whether or not it be lacking in tact or even in decent fancy. To kick apart a time-honored ideal, precept or moral standard is to break into the ranks of advanced thinkers. The slogan of these persons might well be: "Nothing is right that was."

One of the most extreme of the new social formulae is now reaching its height. Having failed utterly in an attempt to drive women from the home, figuratively speaking (even the most modern of women being quite content to stay there), these seekers after change have now turned on parents with a general indictment that they are not the proper persons to bring up their own children. They are essentially unfit, they are temperamentally unsuited, they are fundamentally incapable of bringing out the latent talents of their own offspring, of developing their character, of making men and women of them. Others, strangers, can do the job so much better. Magnificent thought; wonderful theory, revolutionary but right. So the editors and book publishers seem to think.

Not the least vociferous in this school of writers, whose mental processes rattle even as the keys of their typewriting machines, is that which laments the fact that humanity today is infected with idealism—idealism which has no connection whatever with the realities. As for good old-fashioned sentiment, they scorn even to enter into a discussion of it, it is such an abomination. To be a sentimentalist is to be damned.

Only the other day, an otherwise brilliant educator appeared in the columns of one of the better newspapers published in the Babylon which is New York, with an interview as to precisely how he proposed to raise and to educate his five children. His great fear seemed to be that they would remain children too long; that they would almost be ruined in mind and in health if he permitted them the normal practices and pleasures of childhood. The impression he gave was that he wished to change them instantly from swaddling clothes into long trousers and sophisticated party dresses.

What an unhappy man he must be! Not consciously, but essentially. What an intellectual cheat! Just that, for otherwise he would know that he is robbing his five children of their inalienable right: the right to live in their own world of imagining, of fantasy, of make-believe, of sheer joy.

It is a pity that attention should be given to the viewpoint of such a man at this, the Christmas time, for it is in this season that children approach nearest to unalloyed delight. Christmas is two weeks away as this is being written. In the weather there is nothing to indicate its nearness; the temperature is above normal; a rain of almost Springlike gentleness is falling in the city in which we live. For the grown-up, the proximity of the Festival is indicated chiefly by the calendar and the necessity for shopping. But who among the grown-ups can even guess the thoughts and thrills which are now racing through the minds and hearts of the children! Waking minutes are charged with plans, demands, hopes and dreams; sheer hopes center on one delightful prospect: that there shall be a Tree, a Christmas-Tree.

Travel back through the years of memory, and the Christmas memories are dotted with evergreens, blazing with cheer, laden with gifts. It is impossible to conjure up even the faintest recollection of, or to re-live in the slightest degree, that first glimpse of a Tree in babyhood. It must have been overpowering. Later years can be recalled. The Trees, then, perhaps, held nothing of awe, gave nothing of ecstacy, but always they were festive, gay, always a center of celebration.

There is only one thing more bleak than a wintry day and that is the heart and the life of a child who is denied the joys, the sentiment, the myths which should be its by right of birth. Time enough for it to learn, as the saying goes, that "there is no Santa Claus." Time enough for it to come face to face with those realities which our pseudo-scientists now wish to hold up before childish eyes.

Naturally, the sweetest joy comes to children around the Tree on Christmas Day because it is the birthday of a Child. Obviously, it is the duty of elders to give love and tenderness to their children and to all other children, for that was taught by the Child whose nativity we celebrate.

Christmas, 1930, imposes new obligations on us all.

Never in recent times has the anniversary of the Nativity of Our Blessed Lord been so fraught with the essence of His life: poverty, suffering and humility. Throughout the world the pinch of want is seemingly upon all; it is touching persons of every degree. Suffering is everywhere acute; it has been increasing as the months have passed, and our economists, our politicians, our civic leaders are incapable of telling us whither we are going.

Yet, with it all, there is cause for rejoicing, because there seems to be, on every hand evidence that the spirit of humility which He

taught is growing, that people are partaking of His courage, that they are applying the faith that He gave.

We come, then, to Christmas, 1930, in new mood. Too often in the past, mankind, flushed with the wine of plenty, has forgotten the lessons of Our Lord and has indulged in mistaken outbursts of materialistic celebration. Giving without meaning. Giving without thinking. Giving on the day of His birth without remembering Him. He was in a manner of speaking left out in the cold.

But this year a new glow of faith is possessing us all, a new incandescence of spiritual power is being generated. It will shine on all those Christmas Trees which are lighted as symbols of our celebration of His Nativity.

The stable of Bethlehem will not be cold. Our Heavenly Mediator will find a warmer home in the hearts of all.

"OUR PRAYER."

A Lady with a holy smile,
And cloak of skyey blue,
That blends with two tear-moistened eyes
Soft beckoning and true.

A Maiden whose protecting arms
Enfold the Lord of Light,
The Babe of peace to man's goodwill
And blessings infinite;

A Virgin fairer than the [illegible]
Far purer than the [illegible]
[illegible] whose [illegible] angels wait
[illegible] matter [illegible] go.

To [illegible] at Christmas tide
To raise this heartfelt prayer.
[illegible]
And [illegible] Mother's [illegible]

Miriam Mracek, E de M.,
Loretto Academy, [illegible] Falls, Ont.

THE STAR

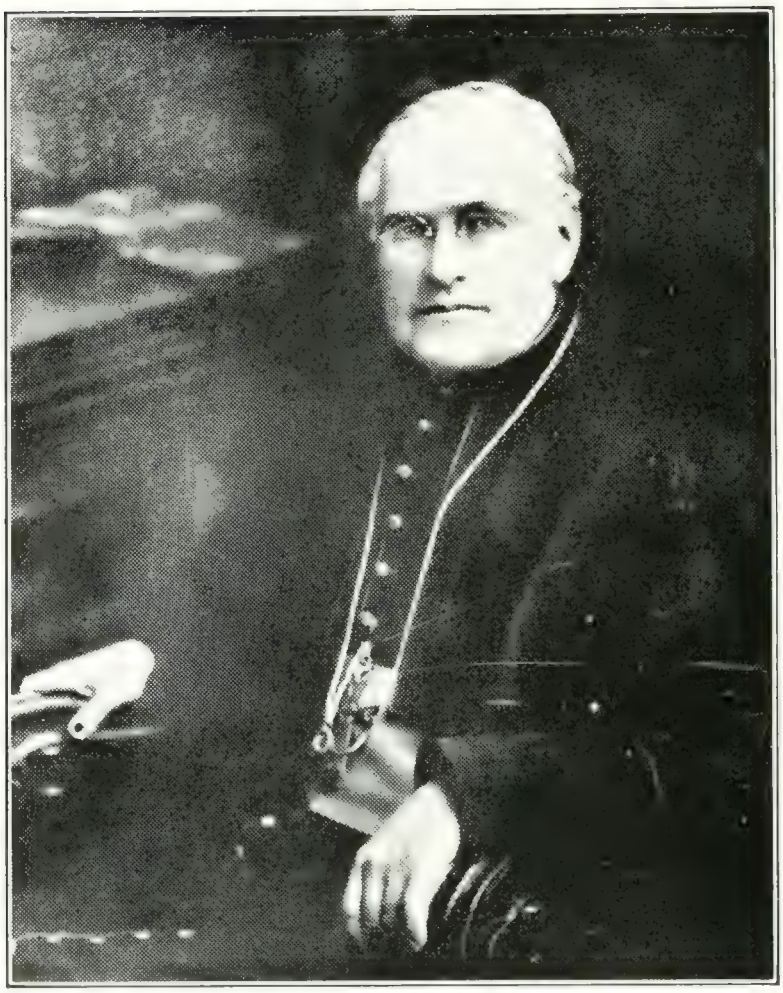
The Wise Men gazed into the sky,
While fleecy clouds passed slowly by,
And stars shone brightly up above,
The symbols of God's Holy Love.

And when a strange new star was seen
The Wise Men asked, "What can this mean?"
They followed this mysterious star
Into a distant country far.

They followed as it onward led,
Until they reached the manger bed,
Wherein the King of Kings was laid,
And three wise men their homage paid.

Thus may a bright star lead us on
Unto the manger and God's Son
And there we shall our praises sing,
To Jesus Christ, Our Lord and King.

[illegible]
Loretto Academy, Sault Ste. Marie, Mich.



MOST REVEREND NEIL McNEIL, D.D., ARCHBISHOP OF TORONTO.

ON Sunday, November [illegible], Archbishop McNeil celebrated his 79th birthday. His Grace spent the day very quietly at the Abbey, and after his Mass delivered the following very instructive sermon:

To-day we commemorate the feast of St. Clement, the fourth Pope. During his Pontificate the Church of Corinth had been led by a few violent spirits into a sedition against its [illegible]. No appeal seems to have been made to Rome, but a letter was sent in the name of the Church of Rome by St. Clement to restore peace and unity. He begins by explaining that his delay in writing has been caused by the sudden calamities which had just been falling upon the Roman Church. The former high reputation of the Corinthian Church is recalled, its piety and hospitality, its obedience and discipline. Jealousy had caused the division; the Corinthians are urged to repent [illegible] ing that a few should disgrace the Church of Corinth. Let us be [illegible] nothing is more beautiful than charity. It is well worth noting here, that when the Corinthians needed reproof, it came from the Pope, although St. John the Apostle was living at Ephesus, which was much closer to Corinth than Rome.

His Grace then applied St. Clement's teaching to us. The highest form of love is mutual love. Since God is infinitely perfect, He possesses mutual love in its highest form. Mutual love must be shared; this proves that there must be more than One Person in God and refutes the teaching of the [illegible] tual love and we have many ways of practising it. Where persons of many nationalities are living together, mutual love and charity are needed. Conformity to rules will help conformity to the Church and its domination over us, the first striking example of which is shown in St. Clement's letter to the Corinthians.

A PLEA

By MOTHER M. DOROTHEA, I.B.V.M.

I SAW her with the look of wonder
In her deep blue eyes
That gazed upon outstretching years
With their luring mysteries,
With their promised vague experiences,
And rosy dreams,
And indefinable joys,
Till a new light gleams,
Brightening the look of wonder,
As a star might glow
In the blue vaulted heavens
O'er the earth below.

But 'twas merely a will-o'-the-wisp
That lured her on,
Till only a phosphorescent light
Now palely shone
O'er the marsh of dreams submerged,
And the bog of blighted hope,
And the widening sea of sorrow
With boundless scope.

I saw her when the look of wonder
Had left her deep blue eyes,
That now are dull and spiritless,
For in them lies
The heavy weight of disillusionment,
The lonely fears
Of what the future means
In the outstretching years.

Will none bring back that look of wonder
To the deep blue eyes
I loved in days they shone so bright
With glad surprise?

In the dimmest old cathedral,
The sacristan's sure hand
Sets all aglow the tall candles
Awaiting the touch of his wand
And I feel that a burst of love light
Would illumine the deep blue eyes
If only a soul-awakening touch
Would aspire to such sanctities!

A NEW BOOK BY MISS ANNE SUTHERLAND.

It will be of particular interest to many people to know that Miss Anne Sutherland, a former pupil of Loretto Academy, Guelph, has just had published another collection of delightful poems, entitled this time, "The Sunne Beam Staire."

Most of us, especially Loretto students, are familiar with Miss Sutherland's style of poetry which is appealing by its very freshness and original treatment of varied subjects. Combined with a sweetness of expression and cheeriness of tone, there is a depth of feeling most endearing to the reader.

In her new book, Miss Sutherland's "Insignia," a short poem with Our Blessed Mother as its theme, is actually of breath-taking beauty. For the most part, however, the book treats of topics attractive to the younger folk, but by very reason of its naive simplicity holds all the more charm for the adult.

Perhaps the brightest of these refreshing little poems are "Apple Song" and "The Cranberry Fairy," while I found "Moss" an exquisite thought. A more serious and mellow note is struck in "Wings" and "Earth Born."

On reading this little book one feels assured that not only will Miss Sutherland gather new friends, but that the appreciation and affection of those already familiar with her work will be increased.

Dorothea Cain, 3T4

RIGHT REV. MONSIGNOR A. J. JANSSEN.

LORETTO offers congratulations to Right Reverend Monsignor A. J. Janssen on the happy occasion of his being raised to the dignity of Vicar-General of the Archdiocese of Regina. During his twenty years in Sedley as pastor, he has truly proved himself the faithful shepherd of his flock. His charity and his untiring efforts in every undertaking of the parish will never be forgotten. But, above all, his ardent zeal for the promotion of education will have a lasting memorial in the beautiful school and Loretto Convent which were erected during his last few years in Sedley. The prayers of his friends and children will daily ascend to God's altar that he may be enabled to do for the Archdiocese what he has done for Sedley.

Catherine Kildea,
President of the Loretto Alumni.

Sedley, Sask.

The Pictured Face of Mary

By KATHLEEN J. COSTELLO, B.A.

JUST as a heart of steel will soften before the Christmas crib, so the pictured face of the Blessed Mother of God can never fail to arouse the tenderest feelings of love and devotion. From the beginning it has drawn her children closer to Him.

In the Second Century there appeared upon the walls of the catacombs the first rude drawings of her who was to incite the painter to the greatest heights of artistic achievement. Very rugged and unlovely these pictures were. Their glory is in their dignity and strength, and in the fact that they were achieved only by loving toil at a time when the laws of art were a closed book. Their only object was to instruct and edify. For this sole purpose, the Church introduced the use of painting, and in succeeding ages she has fostered it for the same reason. Indeed, the art was Religion's handmaid exclusively for centuries, as secular painting was unknown until the Renaissance.

The Virgin Mother in the earliest pictures appears merely as one of a group depicting some such great religious event as the Nativity. That largest group of Marian art which shows the Madonna and Child alone, had its beginnings in the Fifth Century, and for a great doctrinal reason. The Nestorian heresy was denying Our Lady's position as Mother of God. In condemnation, the artists of the day revealed the Divine Child in Her loving maternal arms. In an endeavour to show her power and majesty, they gave us the first enthroned Madonnas, and the Madonna attended by angels and saints.

One of the earliest authentic pictures of Our Blessed Mother is the closed Madonna of the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary. Unfortunately, the tradition ascribing it to the hand of St. Luke, lacks historical foundation. It was unknown in Western Europe until the First Crusade, when it was sent from the Holy Land to Constantinople. Then in 1204, it was taken to St. Mark's, in Venice.

When the Church emerged from the catacombs, artists flocked to Rome from the great cities of the East, to embellish the walls of the newly-raised churches with Christian art. The day of the Byzantine mosaic began. Stiff and formal though they may seem to our modern eyes, and complicated by combining many scenes in one picture, these mosaics are not without beauty. They have a permanent and effect of their own which compensates for the loss of the master's hand in the freer oils.

In that greatest of centuries, the Thirteenth, Cimabue introduced the use of oils. Under him and his great pupil, Giotto, art made tremendous strides and that finest of schools, the Florentine, was born. In those great days there was real fame for the artist, and a glad, childlike love of the Virgin Mother. Vasari has left us an engaging description of a public procession which took place on the completion of Cimabue's most famous Madonna, the Rucellai

THE ADORATION OF THE SHEPHERDS, MURILLO.

All the shops were closed and a civic holiday proclaimed. The bishop, clergy, the Council of Nine and a great multitude of the citizens repaired to the house of the artist and escorted him and his painting to its place in the Church of S. Maria Novella. Through the thronged streets, ever after to be called the Joyous Quarter, they proceeded in pomp and rejoicing, bearing torches and singing canticles. Cimabue, then aged twenty-seven, walking ahead of the Madonna, crowned with laurel, his pupil Giotto at his side.

Fifty years after Giotto came Fra Angelico, the Brother of Angels, to reveal Mary's power

humility and purity with a depth of feeling never equaled except by Raphael. While he painted his convent walls, a great change of spirit in the world outside, completely passed him by. The Renaissance began and with it the Madonna declined to a mere portrait. Much more beautiful in form and attitude, she was less inspiring. "Renaissance art," says Mrs. Wilfred Ward, "is essentially apostate, having tasted and rejected a higher thing." Nevertheless, no age has given us so many Madonnas, and many of them are stamped with great piety as well as great talent. There are, for example, the fair, sad Virgins of Botticelli.

With the dawn of the Sixteenth Century, Raphael arose, the prince of painters, to bring Catholic art to its very apex. Of him, Vasari says: "Every vile, base thought departed from the mind before the influence of his sweet and gracious nature which was replete with excellencies and perfect in all the charities." Such a soul gave us at once our loveliest vision of the celestial Mother and the world's greatest painting, the Sistine Madonna. Seeing the

original is a great spiritual experience that some one has described as follows: "It was joy, satisfaction, happiness only to look and look at her. Something mysterious, something spiritual, emanated from that picture. Was it because it was painted by the soul of Raphael that it could speak to my soul? The longer I gazed, the more beautiful the Mother's face became. And I wanted to gaze on. I wanted this light to remain with me, to be stamped upon my consciousness, to become part of me, so that it might help me when I prayed."

Close beside the Sistine, ranks Raphael's lovely Madonna of the Chair. One appraisal of it may be quoted: "Its chief charm is in its happy blending of the divine and human elements. Heaven and earth meet on Raphael's canvas: the purity of heaven and the tenderness of earth. The round infantile form, the fond, clasping arms, the sweetness and grace belong to this world, but the faces are touched with the light of heaven and suggest something to worship as well as something to love."

The last of the great Madonnas of Italy belong to the colourful Venetian school created by Bellini, Titian, Tintoretto, and Veronese. Again we see only an exquisite portrait of a lady of the day, dressed in her grandest toilet for the sitting.

This illustrates a very important point in Marian art. To quote Mrs. Hugh Fraser: "There is no such thing as sporadic art. To be good, to fulfil its ends, it must be the natural outgrowth of a whole people expressed by certain individuals especially gifted to embody it." The Madonna mirrors very distinctly the national and local life of the day; in spirit always; and very frequently face, dress, and background are copied without any deviation. So luxurious Venice and Renaissance Florence could never attain the deep spirituality nor the simple spontaneousness of the primitive Madonna, qualities which are her most precious attributes in all times. When the artist works not for love of the Queen of Heaven, but for the gold of earthly noble, and when that noble desires his Madonna not so much to incite his devotion as to aggrandize his palace, we cannot hope to get the heavenly visions of Fra Angelico.

Our Lady is the Mother of all the world. Therefore we find, naturally enough, that our lovely Italian Madonna does not stand alone. She is but the first of many from every clime and age of the Christian era. Closest to her in beauty and depth of spiritual feeling is the dark-eyed peasant Virgin of Murillo. She is the full flower of the last of the great schools of Marian art and it arose in that pious Spanish land where faith and devotion never grew dim.

All other lands have their own Madonnas. Finest of many sweet, flaxen-haired Madonnas of Germany, Holland and Flanders, is Holbein's Meyer Madonna. Others bear the great names of Durer, Van Eyck, Rubens, Rembrandt, David, and Van Dyke. Rossetti gave us a blue-eyed English Virgin. Sir Joshua Reynolds, too, pictured her with charm. Holman Hunt was perhaps the most successful of modern artists in treating this great subject.

In France, a modern Franciscan school is striving to revive some of the old glory. In Chicago, Sister Mary Stanisia, the artist nun whose work includes the well-known picture of the Little Flower as sacristan, recently painted "Ecce Ancilla Domini" using as her model an American girl most aptly chosen for the rare spiritual quality of her beauty, from a group of five hundred beautiful young women. There is an exquisite little conception of a

modern Japanese Madonna, thoroughly Oriental in face and costume, and thoroughly appealing. We have, too, Our Lady of China on a red velvet throne, gorgeously crowned and robed in a rich Chinese costume. Standing upright on her knee, similarly attired, is Her Divine Child.

No other subject in art has inspired so many devoted efforts. No great artist has left it untouched. Many have painted nothing else. Raphael, greatest and gentlest of them all, had painted that blessed face a thousand times before he was called on his thirty-seventh birthday, to gaze upon it forever in the high court of heaven. Only Raphael could pay Our Lady this high tribute. And one can give her honour and find interest and spiritual benefit for himself in making even a casual study of possibly just one phase of Marian art. One might choose the wealth of symbolism which has grown up about it, or the various ways in which all the attributes of the Blessed Mother have been shown. We see her poverty and humility as she kneels in the straw before her naked Babe, who lifts a tiny hand to bless her. We see her power and majesty as she sits enthroned in the greatest splendour, attended by angels and saints, and God the Father looks down upon her from Heaven. Again it would be pleasant to trace her life-story in pictures, from her Immaculate Conception, birth and childhood, and the sweet days in the Temple, through Bethlehem and Nazareth and the laborious exile in Egypt, to the Mother of Sorrows at the foot of the Cross, and finally the gloriously crowned Queen of Heaven. The many great votive Madonnas would richly repay consideration. For example, Our Lady of Good Counsel, and Our Lady of Guadeloupe, who belongs to our northern hemisphere, have very marvellous histories. Another appealing phase of the subject is the wealth of lovely legend that has grown up around the Madonna. Charming legends concerning the Blessed Virgin have been revealed in paintings. We see the bough of a cherry tree in St. Joseph's hand and we hear how it had bent down to meet his grasp of its own accord, because Mary had expressed a wish to taste its fruit. Other legends pertain to the pictures themselves. A little girl and an oak tree were dearly loved by a holy hermit. Once, between them, they saved his life, and he prayed God to grant them both high honour. She became, years after the model of the Madonna of the Chair, and the wooden barrel-end upon which she was painted, came from the oak.

Soon the Feast of the Epiphany will bring the Christmas season to a close. The crib will disappear, but every day of the new year Our Lady will continue to smile down from a thousand canvases, offering to all hearts the same peace and joy that we felt before the crib on Christmas morning.

INSIGNIA.

BY ANNE SUTHERLAND.

She asked no station by his side
When He was glorified of men.
Who saw His miracles, she claimed
No credit then.

Only, when that dark ocean of
His insult swept away the other,
Proudly she stood beside the Cross
His Mother.

SILVER JUBILEE AT LORETTO, WOODLAWN

The Feast of our Immaculate Mother was this year a day of more than usual rejoicing for Loretto, Woodlawn—her day of Silver Jubilee.

On Friday, December fifth, the pupils had given a charming little program, in anticipation of the great event, at which Reverend Mother General Pulcheria and Mother Blandina were present.

On Sunday afternoon the Alumnae assembled from near and far to offer homage to their loved Alma Mater, Miss Antoinette de Roulet reading an address of congratulation. Very Reverend Father Lawrence, O.Carm., Provincial, and Reverend Father Basil, O.Carm., Pastor of St. Cyril's Church, honoured the occasion by being present, and at the end of the program Very Reverend Father Lawrence spoke briefly in his own happy style.

But the central feature of our celebration on Monday, December eighth, was the grand Solemn High Mass according to the ancient and beautiful Rite of Carme. It was like a glimpse into the Court of Heaven, with Mary's chosen children doing homage to her Divine Son in the presence of His Holy Mother. The singing in accordance with the "Motu Proprio" of the sainted Pontiff, Pius X., was all one could have desired. The sermon was delivered by Reverend Martin O'Donnell, O.Carm., whose "White Friars' Mantle" gave a mediaeval touch. The Solemn Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament was a beautiful sequel to the sacred ceremonies of the morning.

The remainder of the day was spent in joyful family reunion, the guests from Englewood Loretto, from St. Bride's and from the Branch Novitiate coming to add their geniality to our happy celebration, in which we did not fail to put in practice the injunction of our beloved Mother Foundress, Mary Ward: "Be merry, in these days mirth is next to godliness!" The Jubilee proper was followed by the devotion of the Forty Hours which we trust drew us closer to Jesus Christ our King.

Miss de Roulet's congratulatory address was as follows:

Reverend Fathers, Reverend Mother General, Mother St. Edmund, Ladies of Loretto, Loretto Alumnae, and Friends:

Twenty-five years ago, tomorrow, on the Feast of the Immaculate Conception, Reverend Father Cyril Kehoe said the first Mass at Loretto Academy, Woodlawn, in the chapel upstairs. Father Kehoe, whom the older members of the Alumnae will remember, had been instrumental in the founding of Loretto, Woodlawn. In 1904 he was prior of the Carmelite Monastery of St. Cyril, and knowing and valuing the work of the Ladies of Loretto, who had been his boyhood teachers in Canada, he urged Mother Seraphina, then Superior of Loretto, Englewood, to open an Academy in the Carmelite Parish.

On the advice of Archbishop Quigley, it was decided to accede to Father Kehoe's suggestion, and on March 25, 1905, the first sod was cut in the form of a cross, and turned by Reverend Father Murray of St. Bernard's, in whose parish the Ladies of Loretto were already established. The corner-stone was laid on May 17, 1905, by Father Kehoe, assisted by Father Cyril Feeran, then Pastor of St. Cyril's, and by Msgr. Quille, who was for many years afterwards associated with the Newsboys' Home and

REVEREND EDWARD KELLY, P.P.

Congratulations to a valued friend, Reverend Edward Kelly, P.P., whose Silver Jubilee of Ordination, on Nov. 4th, was an occasion of rejoicing to clergy, parishioners and friends.

the Mission of Our Lady of Mercy, but then an assistant at St. Bernard's Church.

The Classes of Loretto Academy, Woodlawn, were opened on January 6, 1906, and it is curiously appropriate that on the Feast of the Three Kings, observed by many peoples as a day of gift-giving, the Ladies of Loretto should have inaugurated their great work of giving a Catholic education to the girls and young women of Woodlawn.

His Grace, the late Archbishop Quigley, dedicated the Academy on May 20, 1906, and the first class graduated in June, 1909.

Seven years later, in June, 1916, His Eminence Cardinal Mundelein conferred the graduating honours on the Class of 1916, the first class of young ladies in Chicago whose graduation was honored by the presence of the new Archbishop.

Since the foundation of Loretto, Woodlawn, the new parochial schools of St. Cyril and St. Bride have been established, with the Ladies of Loretto as the teachers.

These facts are all interesting, not only to us who love Loretto, but also in the history of the Catholic Church in Chicago, bringing into focus, as it were, the relation between what has been one of the pioneer teaching orders—the Ladies of Loretto—and an Archdiocese that is one of the most thriving centers of Catholicity in the world to-day.

Loretto, Woodlawn, however, means something more personal, to every one of us: the memories of old, happy days, the reminiscences of which seem to begin whenever two or three Loretto girls get together; the influence and example of the nuns, as well as their teaching, not only of the Faith, but of all ways of high thinking and gentle living; the pleasant associations and tender memories that cluster about the very name "Loretto," yet can hardly be put into words—all this Loretto, Woodlawn, is, not only to the Alumnae, but even to many of our former companions who were in the school only for a short time.

To us all, Loretto, Woodlawn, was always "the Convent," and the Ladies of Loretto were always "the nuns." Other convents and other orders with which we might be acquainted were referred to by name, but if you heard Loretto girls speak of "the Convent" and "the Nuns," you could be sure that they referred to Loretto—doubtless because Loretto represented our ideas and our ideal of the Convent.

It is, therefore, to the Convent and the Nuns that we wish to express our love, our loyalty, and our gratitude on the occasion of the Silver Jubilee of Loretto Academy, Woodlawn.

Loretto Students for University of Toronto, Win Debate on Beaverbrook Policy, Against Queen's University

The University Intercollegiate Debating team this year boasted no less than four girls registered in St. Michael's College and we, Loretto, claim three of them. Miss Bernice Venini, Miss Agnes O'Dea, and Miss Dorothy Smith, a substitute. Miss O'Dea and Miss Venini won the toss-up for Kingston and one can picture the excitement in the residence on the morning the two promising young women left for Queen's. "Taxi late! Notes misplaced!"

The subject debated was a mighty one "This house approves the empire economic policy of Lord Beaverbrook." Miss O'Dea and Miss Venini undertook to disapprove, and succeeded in getting not only the decision of the judges, but of the house as well.

Of course, they were feted at Queen's, luncheon, tea, and then a dance and they arrived home only to be feted again. The College one afternoon in December, entertained them at tea in the Common Room one of the most delightful teas, in fact, ever experienced in that Common Room.

It is worthy of note that this is the fourth time in six years that Loretto students have been chosen to represent the University.

Hester Moran, 3T2.

Miss Agnes O'Dea, of St. John's, Newfoundland (left), and Miss Bernice Venini, Calgary, Alberta (right).

Loretto Abbey, Armour Heights.

EDITORIAL

PEOPLE to-day, perhaps we should say the majority on this continent, speak of culture wistfully as something very desirable, but somewhat of a will-o' the wisp. Even university students here are particularly fortunate if they come by the discovery, and this is why they do not receive the satisfaction they might from four years of opportunity; this is why the universities are hyper-organized, organized in a search for the meaning of culture, instead of associated for cultivation of themselves. How could they have missed it?

A little Socratic definition of terms shows the simplicity of the problem. One must remember that culture is an old word connected originally with field plants and their cultivation, and only later, because of its immense significance, was it applied to man. From that date the word must have suffered a great deterioration as it travelled through the misty and unfeeling minds of men. At a philosophy lecture lately we were told that man *is* a love of beauty, a sense of justice, a feeling for divinity, a desire for society and a desire for logic: this is his self. (If there were other things mentioned we were not quick enough to make a note of them at the time, nor are we clever enough to guess them now.) Man is only satisfied on earth by being a true man, or, in other words, by being true to himself. True to himself! What is that? True to a love of beauty, a sense of justice, a feeling for divinity, a desire for society, and a desire for logic. If he violates any one of these he is violating himself, and only by cultivating every one of these does he become "cultured." Therefore culture is a personal thing and it depends on balance. Let us note the first fact.

If culture is a personal thing, then students in our universities are wrong in being incessantly assailed by doubts of their own ability, and in regarding with awe the writers whom they study, the painters of the great masterpieces, the musicians who play for them, and, in a lesser degree, the statesmen who have legislated for them, and the saints who, they hope, are not praying in vain for them. Of course, these men are geniuses in their chosen field, but the impossibility of perfection should be no deterrent to the rest of us. Students appear wholly ignorant of the fact that they can achieve a far deeper and more genuine pleasure and happiness if they, too, create—by writing, if it pleases them, by playing for their own amusement, or, if all else fails, by creating a gracious society about them. Perhaps here is the intrinsic difference between the pleasure and happiness of Europe and that of America—we struggle fiercely with Shakespeare, and then put him away on our shelves; they study him, but do not forget to let him amuse them, for geniuses are not gods.

Moreover, does it ever occur to students that they are wrong in violating a sense of beauty, a desire for logic, as in violating a feeling for divinity or a sense of justice, and that they are being true to themselves only when they are true to every part of themselves; that they are cultured only when they are true to their desire for society and their sense of justice, as well as their love of beauty and desire for logic.

The interesting part of the whole thing is that it takes a lifetime to cultivate anything.

M. B. V., '31

JOHN MASEFIELD

WITH Masefield, poet-in-ordinary to His Majesty, the literary world considers that the days of the wandering minstrel have returned. For Masefield is an earnest advocate of a return to the idea of poets reading aloud from their own writings, and he deplores the severance that has taken place between song and poetry. It is this unusual, cultured man who has gained the highest distinction possible in his particular field, who, in May of this year succeeded to the honour of Wordsworth, Tennyson, and the more recent Robert Bridges, when he was appointed Poet Laureate.

The term "Poet Laureate" signifies that the poet is an officer in the Lord Chamberlain's department of the Royal Household of Great Britain. Up to the time of George III. the poet laureate was obliged to furnish a poem on birthdays of the royal family, and on occasions of national victory. This rule is, however, no longer binding.

H. H. Hamilton, a critic, says of Masefield: "He is the poet of democracy, the laureate, the mouthpiece, the champion, the propitiation of the bottom dog, his acknowledged interest is the man with too weighty a burden." Now he has received an honorary title and a sum of about four hundred dollars a year, but he will continue, we feel sure, to be the bottom dog's champion, and will write what, when, and how he pleases.

His life is just what might be expected from reading his poems, that of a cultured man with a thorough knowledge and love of the sea and a wandering life. He was born in Liverpool in 1878, and from his fifteenth year was a sailor and adventurer, wandering into all the strange corners of the earth with an unsatiable hunger for adventure. Trained to a sea life, which left little opportunity for reading, in his eighteenth year he was familiar with only a few poets. He had read a little Shakespeare, Scott, and Milton's twin poems, L'Allegro and Il Penseroso. By chance, he began to read Chaucer, and at once fell under the charm of his works. Immediately he began reading Keats, Shelley, Milton, and Shakespeare, fairly drinking in their poems. He wrote imitations of these last mentioned, but his first love was Chaucer, his teacher and master.

Up to 1910 he contributed very little to literature. But since then his works have increased, in quality as well as quantity. He is the proof that for a successful literary career, a college training means little unless the poet understands people. His works show that he has studied men of all types, just as he has studied ships, not because he thought it was necessary training, but out of love for both. He knows ships and their workings so well that his sea story, "The Wanderer," is acclaimed by all critics as a marvel of verse.

Between 1910 and 1914, the three best of his longer poems appeared: "The Everlasting Mercy," which is a story of a "ruffian pierced by a sense of beauty," "The Widow of the Bye Street," a very touching tale, and "Rosas." These were written before he began to appear in the public eye. But the war put a stop to his verse writing for a while. He said when he came to America in 1916: "There will probably be years of war, then years of misery after the war, then years of recreation. At present the world is occupied with other things than poetry. Then a new song will

arise more glorious than the old. When that time comes it is my hope to be alive to enjoy it."

Few poets have spoken more understandingly of the war. Before that world-wide tragedy he was classified as a writer of narrative, possessing strong descriptive powers. Thus it was expected that he would write a war poem, thundering in a mighty voice the horror and slaughter. Kipling, in his war poem, called for action. Masefield obtained an unforgettable effect with "August 1914." He sang of the peaceful countryside that the ignorant boy had left for a grave in Flanders. He summed up the tragic truth in the lines:

"He died (uncouthly most) in foreign lands
For some idea but dimly understood."

Masefield is successfully poet, dramatist, and prose writer. His sonnets have been compared with Shakespeare's, and this is said with not all the comparisons in Shakespeare's favour. Beauty is his theme. It is not easy to find a lovelier little poem than "Beauty." He has painted for us, as well as an artist would upon canvas, the scene of

"Dawn and sunset on moors and windy hills,
Coming in solemn beauty, like slow old tunes
of Spain."

In "The Dauber" he accomplishes with his pen what the unfortunate sailor artist tried to do with his brush. Unlike Dauber, he succeeded in reproducing the beauty in the lines of a passing ship, the glow of the sunset on the white sail, the gripping terror that a heavy sea and stormy cloud inspire. He has a knowledge of the harshness of life, its rough and seamy sides, but he possesses a nature of such purity that living in a coarse environment he did not sink to its level. He knew the innermost workings of the roughest sailor's life, but he did not lose his fineness, and assume the uncouth speech. He is true to vernacular, however, when he uses it. He understood the seaman's slang, and his nautical terms are perfect. That is one reason why his stories of the sea are unsurpassed. "The Wanderer" is considered the best of these last mentioned. The poem is the first to be published since he received his honorary title. It is the story of a ship that was the supreme achievement in building and rigging. The adventures of this beautiful, unfortunate ship, are told in the fascinating way that only a lover of ships and one who appreciates them, can tell it. He describes her launching, like a queen of the water going out to her kingdom. He tells of the plans and labour that have been put into making her perfect in strength and beauty. He compares her to a restless stallion, pawing the earth in his eagerness to be off. A furious storm, which loosens and breaks her tug-ropes, almost destroys her. The description of the storm is a gripping, enthralling piece of work. The roar of the angry seas, the howl of the wind, the relentless cruelty of the storm that killed her captain, are in strong contrast to the calm of the morning following, which "came in upon sandals of peace."

Re-rigged and re-captained, she set forth again, with an adventuring song to urge her on. The verses following the description of her setting forth, are beautiful though melancholy. The spirits of the ships that sank in these waters came to her as she sails along, telling of their past glory and of their beautiful lives. They had been queens, but their crowns had been rent. And now only their spirits sail the seas. "Ships tread on an unknown grave, and their last port is death," says one voice. And then [illegible] everything seemed [illegible] the [illegible] some which bought [illegible] the coasts of the

ship, and when the sailors were leaving they could "hear the moan of the Wanderer, dying the death of a ship." The last few stanzas describing her spirit still sailing on, are sheer beauty. "Beauty Eternal," she wanders over the waves singing encouragement to others. The poem concludes:

"So singing, she wanders the waters, with white wing on wing,
Star-lighted, star-guided, the sea-gleaming, beautiful thing."

The wanderlust and love of the sea is expressed in many other of his poems, as well as in "The Wanderer." He tells the story, not of a peaceful, fairy tale sea, but of the cruel, powerful sea that sailors know, and fight, and in which they perish. But his poems are not all sea poems. In "A Consecration," he tells us what his subjects are: the scorned and rejected sailor, the tramp, the forgotten soldier, the man with too weighty a burden, the quiet and peaceful life. "The Golden City of St. Mary" is a picture of green, blue and golden beauty. We scarcely believe that the man who wrote such salty tales is the same one who presents the serene calmness of the "sleepy blue lagoon, which widens to a bay," or describes the "feathered palm-tree tops, where bright green parrots screech."

He makes effective use of contrast, turning from romance to realism. "Cargoes" is a striking example. A quinquereme from Ophir conjuring up romance contrasts strongly with a "dirty, British coaster." The stately Spanish galleon dips through the tropical waters, and in the next verse, the salt-caked coaster goes "butting through the channel." We are carried from sunny tropic weather to the realistic "mad March days." As for the cargoes carried by the ships, ivory, apes, and peacocks are in decided contrast to a cargo of coal and pig-iron; and from precious jewels and gold moidores, we are brought down to the level of "cheap tin trays."

These two poems that I have picked out to demonstrate Mr. Masefield's qualities, might not, perhaps, be considered by critics, his best, but they contain all his qualities: contrast, descriptive power, mastery of form, musical rythm, and originality. His style is old. He goes back to Chaucer for his guide, but without assuming the conventional garment of Chaucer's age. His knowledge of life and of men, with his own imagination combine to rank him as outstanding in our literary group, as well as to fit him for his position of honour "Poet Laureate."

Kathleen McDonald, 3Fg

A THOUGHT FOR THE NEW YEAR

The New Year lies before us,
With all its unspoiled days;
What fortune will attend us
In its untrodden ways.

Shall they be days of pleasure,
Or days of care and strife
We know not. But let them be
Truly days of life!

Helen McNamara, Form 1,
Loretto Academy, Stratford, Ont.

"AS YOU LIKE IT," AT LORETTO ABBEY COLLEGE

Front Row—Oliver, Anne Quinlan, Celia, Joan Hopkins; Jaques de Boys, Agnes O'Dea; Orlando, Margaret Laughlin; Rosalind, Mollie C. Hopkins; Duke Senior, Audrey Charbonneau; Jaques, Hestor Moran; Touchstone, Isabel Maloney; Audrey, Emma Pompone; Phebe, Evelyn Whelan; Silvius, Alice Hayes.

Back Row—First Lord, Dorothy Smith; Duke Frederick, Margaret Glintz; Wrestler, Leona Charlebois; Corin, Rita McDonald; Adam, Madeline Clancy; William, Hilda Tumulty; Foresters: Carol Hamel and Margaret Unger.

COLLEGE NOTES

Oct. 1st.—A High Mass at St. Basil's on Wednesday, the opening day of the Fall Term, was the occasion of assembling all the St. Michael's students. Reverend Father McCorkell, President of the College, spoke in a very direct manner of the ideals for which it stands. "Residence life and daily Mass are two features," he stated, "which are peculiar to every part of the University."

At two o'clock on that afternoon Reverend Mother Pacheria, Loretto Abbey, Armour Heights, Superior General of the I.B.V.M., was the guest of honour at a reception held at our own college. The Faculty received with her taking this as their first formal opportunity of welcoming the new students and of renewing contacts with those of the upper years.

Oct. 9th.—A Common Room tea, sponsored by the Junior Class, was held on Thursday. The first of the season, it proved quite an unwonted success—so much so that the consensus

of opinion indicated that the sooner the addition was made to the Common Room the more at ease at least one-third of us would be at such events in the future.

Oct. 13th.—This date was regarded as particularly lucky by the Freshman Class, as it marked the end of the Initiation period. For ten days, or thereabouts, bedraggled Sophomores, weighed down with the care of the younger generation, had attempted to direct the energies of an ebullient group of new comers into such useful channels as bed-making and errand-running. Monday afternoon was the date set for the presentation of their play, "A Modern Cinderella." It was delightfully novel as an adaptation of the old theme and revealed great ingenuity on the part of the producer-playwright, Miss Patsy Laird, and successful co-operation on the part of the caste.

The Sophomores entertained the College at dinner after the play. The Freshmen were presented to the Seniors and pledged their fealty to the College.

Oct. 16th.—Retreat on the following week-end attracted us to spiritual things. Reverend Father Peter Crumely, a Franciscan, conducted the exercises, for a short three days.

A lull seems to occur just at this point in the organized activities within the College, but we may account for this by considering the multiplicity of affairs which were having their beginning in the University life about us. Newman Club had entertained our Freshmen among others at a reception and tea-dance on the 4th of October, and every Saturday a tea-dance was a pleasant climax to the Inter-Collegiate Rugby games.

Athletics, in a variety of which we participate, had begun to claim a share of the time of those who are sports minded. Practice during this period was the means by which St. Michael's women contrived to win in their group in Basketball, and to cover the baseball team with glory.

Oct. 31st.—The resident students enjoyed a candy-pull and modified Hallowe'en party, which received its impetus from two enterprising Sophomores.

Nov. 3.—The Junior-Senior Debate was held in the Assembly Hall. Miss Nora Rousselle and Miss Gertrude Wilson supported a motion that "This house disapproves of the college organizations as they now stand." The opposition consisted of Miss Margaret Glintz and Miss Catherine Mace. The oratory of the Seniors won the day for them and their chance to compete in the final debate. The speeches from the floor were many and varied and added great interest to the rather radical topic.

Nov. 7th.—A Requiem Mass for Miss Ruthmary Treacy, President of '32 during the year '29-'30, was sung by Reverend Father Hopper, C.S.P., at the request of the Juniors. Mrs. Treacy and Miss Catherine Treacy, Ruthmary's only sister, were both present.

Nov. 18th. "As You Like It" was produced by the Juniors on Tuesday evening. "The Varsity" in commenting on it, considered it a very creditable presentation, a review that ranks quite high among those given throughout the year. The character of Rosalind, as portrayed by Miss Molly Hopkins, received particular mention, as the critic considered it "the most finished" of the entire caste.

Nov. 23rd.—At half-past four on this afternoon the annual Sodality Debate proved a most stimulating event. The motion before the house was: "Resolved, that the youth of to-day has a sense of religion." The government was upheld by Miss Josephine Coffey and Miss

Rita McDonald, and the negative side by Miss Margaret Unger and Miss Marie Writt. The guest speakers were Reverend Father Carey, C.S.P., and Reverend Father Keating, S.J., Mr. McDougall and Mr. Pollock, whose views contributed a great measure of the interest and variety of the debate.

The Senior banquet was held on the same evening and the Senior Class proved charming hostesses who had created a delightful atmosphere for the banquet itself by the use of candles and roses.

Thursday, Nov. 27th. The annual prize-giving event afforded the usual pleasure of seeing our brighter intelligent a crowned with the laurels of well-earned fame, as well as that of hearing Reverend Father Bellisle, C.S.P., of St. Michael's, speak on "St. Augustine."

Dec. 1st. Two Loretto College students, representing the University of Toronto, journeyed afar to do rhetorical battle with Queen's and returned victorious. Miss Bernice Venini and Miss Agnes O'Dea were the successful debaters.

Dec. 8th. Reverend Father McSorley, C.S.P., officiated at the annual reception of the Children of Mary. Those who were received were Misses Louise Keenan, Agnes Sheppard, Sophie Stockwell, Clare Tumpane, Rita Cohen, Ruth McConvey, and Beatrice Plewes. Later a banquet was given by the College at which Father McSorley, Father Ronan, Father Delury and Father McGeachie were guests. After the dinner the musical people about the College entertained us and the most delightful selection to our minds was Gounod's Ave Maria, sung by Miss Margaret Glintz. Reverend Father Ronan, with his usual artistry, sang "Mother Machree" and "Home, Sweet Home," both of which were somehow more beautiful than we had ever before heard them.

Dec. 13th. A small, but extremely lively party was given, as is the custom before Christmas, for about fifty little guests from St. Peter's parish. This turned out to be the climax, as well as the close of the social events for the Michaelmas term, and did more for the Christmas spirit of the College than could all the Christmas shopping and the termination of the exams.

APPRECIATION

Dawn on the distant [illegible] and in my heart
A lilting loveliness, some vagrant angel here apart
Brushed with his wings and touched [illegible] ant fire
A spark long smouldering in my soul. An unrequite desire
Took birth, and now the beaten ways are empty:
Through all the world I search my quest of beauty
I chance upon it for a moment's space. It's gone
I hold it close—and lo, I stand alone!

Catherine Mace, '32.

CANADIAN ART

WHEN the Royal Canadian Academy was founded in 1880 by the Marquis of Lorne and his wife, Princess Louise, Art in Canada was an established fact. But while there were Canadian artists who painted Canadian scenes, their style was greatly influenced by contemporary European work, and was not typical of Canada. None of the early artists of Canada were Canadian by birth.

Within the years between 1806 and 1842 there were born in various parts of Europe five of the most important Canadian artists: George Berthon, a Frenchman; Daniel Fowler, an Englishman; Paul Kane, Irish; O. R. Jacobi, a Prussian; and Cornelius Krieghoff, a German. Berthon, a portrait painter, settled in Toronto and painted a series of portraits of the Chief Justices of Ontario which now hang in Osgoode Hall. They are Victorian in style, but are very convincing, and give the impression of personality. Paul Kane, whose most famous work is a series of about one hundred portraits of Indians, settled in York (now Toronto) at an early age. He was largely self-taught, but when quite young he went to Europe, where he studied, and on his return to this country he spent about two and a half years travelling all over the West, painting portraits and scenes of Indian life. These paintings are very valuable as authentic records of a past that is gone

THE TRAIL TO TREASURE, BY HEMING.

forever, as well as being dignified and well-composed works of art.

Daniel Fowler came to Canada in order to regain his health. For a long time he did no painting, but after a brief visit to London, he returned to his home on Amherst Island, near Kingston, and began painting again. He spent the rest of his life doing mostly landscapes and still life. His colouring is brilliant and there is more depth in his work than in that of most of his contemporaries. Otto Jacobi, a distinguished painter in Prussia, came to Canada in 1866, with the intention of painting the Shawinigan Falls, near Montreal. He liked our landscape so much that he remained here for a long time. He painted well, with a good sense of colour value, though he formed a habit of using too much the same composition—a waterfall, with an orange sunset, and a few trees. His work, though interesting, is not Canadian, and is valuable rather for its association than its artistic merit. Kriezhoff was an adventurer, and reached Canada after a career in the Southern States. He settled first in Montreal, and later in Quebec, at which latter place his career as an artist really began. However, after a few attempts at painting he went to Paris and studied for two years, to return to Quebec with a better knowledge of drawing, but in spite of this training he was never a skilled draughtsman, though he possessed great adaptability. His paintings were brilliant in tone, but the colours were inclined to be crude and raw. He loved painting landscapes as well as French-Canadian habitant scenes. There is an element of humor in these paintings, which though sometimes exaggerated, is amusing. His works, like Kane's, are valuable as historical data, for he closely observed and reproduced manners and customs. None of these men—Fowler, Kane, Kriezhoff, Jacobi or Berthon—however, were Canadian in spirit. They merely represented the country as it appeared to their eyes, and by the standard of Europe, rather than developing a style of their own, which might be called Canadian.

Nevertheless, by 1872, there was a strong feeling that Canada should have Art Societies of her own, with Canadian artists as members. This brought about the founding of the Ontario Society of Artists. Of the original chartered members only one is alive to-day, T. Mower Martin, who also is distinguished as being the only original chartered member of the R.C.A. living. He is over ninety and is still painting in the style of the late eighties and early nineties—rather rigid, but carefully detailed paintings of landscape and wood interiors.

The O.S.A., as should be noted, preceded the organization of the R.C.A. and also the Art Students' League, and the Society of Ameerican Artists in the States. During the seventies a wave of artistic sentiment swept Canada and the United States. In 1878 the Montreal Art Association was formed and it still is very active in bringing European work to Canada. It has the whole hearted support of the wealthy citizens of Montreal, and many other advantages.

During the seventies railways were built and various parts of the country were more accessible to each other. The Governor General, the Marquis of Lorne, a clever artist, and Princess Louise, also an artist, were both keenly interested in the Art situation in Canada and finally established the R.C.A. of Arts in 1880. There were eighteen chartered members, five of whom were architects and one a sculptor. Lucius O'Brien, a Canadian by birth, was the first president. He was an architect who later became a water-colourist of some repute. It will be seen that architecture was ac-

cepted from the beginning as an important branch of the Academy, and several of the presidents have belonged to that profession.

By 1880, the old painters had passed their zenith and newer ones were springing into prominence. These artists were nearly all Canadian-born, and were more Canadian in spirit. They wished to develop an Art of their own distinct from that of any other country. Blair Bruce, a native of Hamilton, Paul Peel, of London, and George Reid, Wingham—all from Ontario. They received their training abroad. Two others, born in England, but Canadian by adoption, were Robert Harris and William Brymer, both of Montreal. At the same period that Peel, Reid, and Bruce were studying in Paris, Homer Watson, born at Doon, Ontario, was in London, and Horatio Walker, born at Listowel, was in New York. They were all trained in foreign countries, but each returned to paint Canada as Canada, not as Europe—which was what Fowler and his contemporaries had done.

Peel's painting is simple and charming; he might have reached great heights if he had lived longer, but both he and Bruce died young. Bruce's painting is realistic, rather in the manner of French impressionism, but with a touch of romance. A number of his pictures presented to the City of Hamilton now form the most important part of the Hamilton Art Gallery.

In 1901 Jacobi died and was succeeded by Robert Harris, a portrait painter, as President of the Academy. He came to Canada at an early age, from Wales, and settled in Prince Edward Island. After studying abroad for some time, he settled in Toronto, where he became the President of O.S.A. and a chartered member of the R.C.A. A few years later he went to Montreal, where he lived until his death. His best work shows sound technique and excellent quality of tone.

Original R.C.A. Hanging Committee (1880).

Standing, left to right—Robert Harris, R.C.A., who painted "The Fathers of Confederation," T. S. Scott, R.C.A., Napoleon Bourassa, R.C.A., a relative of Henri Bourassa, the French-Canadian politician. Seated—Henry Sandham, R.C.A., a great water colorist and illustrator who later had a distinguished career in New York, and James Griffith, R.C.A.

During the nineties Canada had sprung into prominence in the literary and artistic world. Both Bliss Carman and Charles D. G. Roberts had become poets of note. The Canadian Magazine was published, and Louis Frechette, a French-Canadian poet, had been accepted in Europe as a great artist. It was at this time that the Toronto Art Students' League was formed. In 1895 the League's first Calendar appeared. It was a notable publication expressing the determination of the young artists. The first three calendars illustrated selections from Canadian poems. The other seven illus-

trated Canada of the nineteenth century in all phases. By this time the younger artists who had been studying abroad had returned, and Art had become an established profession in Canada.

In 1896 the National Gallery of Art was founded at Ottawa, and in 1906 the Government appointed a director to buy pictures for the Gallery. At first, however, native art was neglected and foreign works bought. Private collectors, as well as the government, bought foreign works, and it was not considered any distinction for a wealthy man to have a Canadian picture in his collection. In Montreal, rather than in Toronto, did wealthy collectors do this. Gradually the National Gallery began collecting Canadian Art as well as European, with the result that now they have some four thousand in their collection.

To-day there are many good painters and artists in Canada. To give a list of them all, each with his various merits, would be impossible. A few of the most outstanding will suffice.

Of the portrait painters E. Wylie Greer is perhaps the most important. He is an Australian by birth, but a Canadian by adoption. His pictures are real and living. He has painted many famous people. He is now President of the R.C.A. and this summer during a trip to England, had the pleasure of seeing Princess Louise, now an old lady. He read to her an address written in her honour on the fiftieth anniversary of the Academy.

Homer Watson, living at the little village of Doon, represents the old school of landscape painting. He paints the Ontario country-side with a wealth of colour and an affection that will make his work live. Another artist of the old style is Horatio Walker, who has done for Quebec what Watson has done for Ontario. He paints with great care and skill various scenes of the daily life of the habitant.

George Reid, Principal of the Ontario College of Art, is famed for his murals. Hs is a clever artist and has a keen sense of colour and design. He has tried to persuade the public that art should be everywhere, and he has painted decorative panels for such widely-varying buildings in Toronto as the City Hall, private homes, and Jarvis Street Collegiate.

Maurice Cullen, a Montreal artist, is one of the most important of Canadian snow painters. He is an interpreter of nature and he studies it closely. He is a thoughtful and careful artist and knows how to handle paint as few others do.

Among the Canadian painters from abroad, a few may be mentioned. Frederick Challener, who ranks first among Canadian mural painters, received his training in Toronto. He is an excellent draughtsman and has an extraordinary sense of colour and form.

C. W. Jeffries is Canada's most outstanding historical painter, as well as being an illustrator. He was one of the first artists to paint the prairies, as Bell Smith was one of the first to paint the Rockies—the latter knew the mountains thoroughly and painted them in a realistic and very true manner.

There appeared about 1910, a young artist, Tom Thompson, who was developing his talent in his own way, and painting the North Country in a new and vivid manner. He possessed an extraordinarily keen sense of line and colour and his work delighted the Art World. Suddenly all the artists awoke to the fact that in Canada's North there were literally millions of subjects waiting to be painted, and the result was that all the younger Canadian artists rushed North to paint. Then in 1917 came the news that Tom Thompson had

been drowned in Algonquin Park. He had a considerable following, and it was partly through his influence that the "Group of Seven" was formed.

This is a group of seven artists who wish to show Canada, not so much as they see it with their eyes, but rather with their senses. They are influenced to a large extent by European work, "L' Art Moderne." They wished to establish a particular style of Art and to make the rest of the world see Canada through their eyes.

In comparing the old and the new styles one has only to go to the Toronto Art Gallery at almost any Canadian Exhibition and to look at one of Homer Watson's paintings and then at one of Lawren Harris'. The difference is pronounced. Watson paints carefully every detail he sees. Harris, after he gets the general mass of colour, paints the scene as it affects him. The modern spirit gives the artist's feeling, not the real scene. The old school tried to paint every leaf on the tree, every tree on a hillside—the new neglects both leaves and trees, and paints only the hill, sky, and lake—that is modern Art.

Margaret and Barbara Jefferys, '31
Loretto Abbey, Armour Heights, Toronto.

"I DON'T WANT ANYTHING—BUT."

Elizabeth Anne broke all speed records for coming home from school. She had been kept late by her hockey practice, and she had her own reasons for wanting to get in before her father, and especially before her brother. At her precipitous entrance into her home, Mrs. Merrick smiled, although with some surprise as she saw her pretty daughter carefully place her books in the appointed place, instead of madly throwing them onto the first vacant chair, as was her custom.

The girl quickly kissed her mother, and thereby surprised her again, for Elizabeth Anne was not usually given to demonstrations of affection; then she hurried to her room. Here she did another surprising thing; she put on an old dress, which for a long time she had refused to wear, and dashed downstairs again just in time to put her father's slippers before the ruddy fire, to puff up the cushions on the comfortable chesterfield, and otherwise to potter around with an edifying display of energy.

Presently she heard Mr. Merrick enter. He stopped in the hall, as usual, to look with pride at his comfortable suburban home, the sight of which never failed to fill him with pleasure when he returned from a busy day at his office in the heart of the city. In the kitchen he could hear his wife putting the finishing touches to what he knew by experience would be a perfect dinner. He sniffed at the delectable odour, a whiff of which he could just get, and called a cheery greeting to her as he manoeuvred to avoid stepping on her fluffy little kitten.

In the living room his daughter was waiting for him.

"Hello, Betty," he greeted her, as she gave him a big hug.

"Hello, Daddy! Come on over here and warm yourself by the fire."

Mr. Merrick showed surprise.

"Why, it's warm enough over here, dear. No need to huddle over the fire like that."

This was exactly what Betty had been waiting for.

"O, the house is warm enough, I suppose, but this dress is so thin with old age. Really, Dad, my clothes all seem so worn."

Mr. Merrick looked his astonishment.

"Betty, you're always buying something. I thought you had all you could possibly need. You always have pretty dresses, haven't you?"

"I suppose I can manage with what I have." A deep sigh. "But it's really a coat I need, Dad. You've no idea how cold my old one is. Standing at the game to-day I thought I'd freeze. I'm sure I'll get a cold or something."

Mr. Merrick said nothing, so Betty continued with a hopeful look.

"You know, Dad, all the girls are wearing fur coats. I don't care for the looks—that is much, of course, but they are warm. Peggy had a beautiful new coat on to-day."

Mr. Merrick quickly interrupted:

"But, Betty, I just bought you a new one at the end of last year. You didn't need it then, and you promised to wear it this winter. Besides, Christmas is only two weeks off."

"I know, Dad, and I don't want anything special, but I have to be warmly dressed; although I wouldn't think of asking for a fur coat like all the other girls have, this year. Any little thing will do," she murmured as she snuggled up to him.

"I'll see what I can do about it," Mr. Merrick promised, and his daughter could almost feel the soft fur about her neck.

"Just in time, too!" she thought, as she heard her brother's whistle.

The likeness between brother and sister was very apparent as Bob stood at the door looking at the triumphant Betty.

"Hello, Dad." Then to his sister: "What's the idea of the old rags? Is she trying to get some new clothes again, Dad? Just like her."

Betty quickly changed the subject.

"Whose car did you come home in?" she asked.

"Oh, Jack brought me home. Say, you'd better go in, Mums wants you."

Betty had got what she wanted, so she hurried out to telephone to one of her friends, all about this beautiful fur coat she was expecting for Christmas.

As soon as he saw that his sister was out of ear-shot, Bob began in a confidential tone:

"A fellow's simply got to have a car these days, especially when he's in college. I was figuring the other day how much I spend on car-fare alone. It's an awful waste," said Bob, shaking his head. "You know with your using your car every day we might save a lot if I had a little run-about of my own. I could take Mother out—"

Mr. Merrick was then completely submerged by the rapid talk of his son. As soon as he could get in a word, he promised to think seriously about it. Bob, quite sure that he would get exactly what he wanted, agreed to let the subject drop for the moment, determining however, to keep right after his father.

"Don't forget, Dad, that Christmas is only two weeks off," he called gaily over his shoulder.

"Dinner's ready," announced Mrs. Merrick, coming in at this moment. Betty appeared in one of her usual dresses, and ignored her brother's grin.

For a while nothing was said, until Mrs. Merrick looked across at her husband and began:

"It's not long till Christmas, and I thought you and I might go downtown to-morrow, as its Saturday. I don't want anything, but—"

Mr. Merrick smiled. He was beginning to understand that phrase. And he smiled again as he determined that she, anyway, deserved to get anything she wanted, and that whatever it was she should have it if he could give it to her.

Mary Beatie, Form IV.
Loretto Abbey College School, Toronto.

Loretto Academy, Niagara Falls, Leads in Rosary Crusade

The Banner won by the Loretto Niagara Sodality in the Western New York Students' Spiritual Council Rosary Drive—and the girls who won the Banner.

THE Sodality of Loretto Academy, Niagara Falls, is the proud possessor of a beautiful blue and white banner which was presented to it by Reverend Daniel A. Lord, S.J., at the recent November meeting conducted by Father Lord at D'Youville College, Buffalo. The banner was awarded to the members of the Sodality of Loretto, Niagara, for obtaining the greatest number of rosary pledges—the greatest number both actually and proportionally—in the October Rosary Drive of the Western New York Students' Sodality Conference.

No honour which has ever come to Loretto Niagara is prized as is this one. The Sodality wishes to take this opportunity of thanking its Loretto sister-schools that so generously helped in signing pledges. Loretto Niagara feels it should share its honour with "All Loretto!"

May Our Lady, for whom the work was done, bless all who signed Rosary promises and all who were instrumental in having pledges signed.

Kathleen McElroy, E. de M.

A CHURCH TO OUR LADY'S HONOUR

Recently a beautiful church was erected in Toronto at the intersection of St. Clair Ave. and Clifton Rd.; the building is of Romanesque architecture, which alone makes it outstanding, but more than that, it is dedicated to Our Lady of Perpetual Help, and is said to be a copy of one of the magnificent churches of Italy. It is a church which interests us of The Abbey very specially because of its name and because the altar of the temporary church of the last few years which has given place to it is now the altar in our temporary Abbey chapel through the generosity of Reverend Father Egan. The new edifice is built of cream stone of variegated tints, and this together with the red tile roof forms a most pleasing edifice. At the front of the building is a high square tower. The main entrance is reached by a short flight of stairs above which is a large dome supported by immense pillars. The doors lead into a large, well-lighted vestibule, on either side are stairs leading to the choir loft, and, directly in front, those leading into the main body of the Church.

The building is cruciform in shape with a half-circle sanctuary. Above the main altar

OUR LADY OF PERPETUAL HELP CHURCH, TORONTO.

the patroness is kept vividly before our eyes by a large picture of Our Lady of Perpetual Help. This picture is identical with the miraculous image at Rome. The ceiling of the Sanctuary forms a high dome, the back of which is set with beautiful stained glass windows. Massive columns surmounted with richly carved capitals divide the sanctuary from the ambulatory.

The interior is warmly decorated, giving a most pleasing effect. The colour scheme is cream and gold set off by the dark oak

woodwork. The floors of the sanctuary and chancel proper are of terrazzo with marble steps. It is splendidly illuminated with the latest type of electric fixtures, while daylight come in through the large side windows.

The basement has an auditorium providing a seating capacity of about eight hundred, with kitchen attached which will take care of any parish functions. It contains also a ladies' parlour, and men's and boys' club-rooms.

Here in this picturesque church the pastor, the Reverend Father Egan, has planned to build a shrine to the Canadian Martyrs, and it is wonderful to think that in future it will be the site of many pilgrimages. No doubt, thousands will journey from far and near to visit this splendid church where they will offer the blood of the Holy martyrs to plead their needs before the throne of God.

After coming out of this church one realizes the uplifting power of its world of beauty and art. Not only the mind, but the soul itself, is uplifted from the interior beauties of the world to the everlasting, powerful beauties of Heaven and its Creator. One feels that the tiny red flame of the sanctuary lamp is but a reminder of Christ the King who dwells with us always in the tabernacle.

Jane E. Rankin,

Loretto Abbey, Armour Heights, Toronto.

RESOLUTIONS.

"Why do people make resolutions on New Year's Day, Margaret?" inquired Lucy Drake of her cousin, with whom she was spending the afternoon. It was a dreary day in late December and the richly furnished drawing room was lighted by a cheerfully glowing fire.

At Lucy's question Margaret looked up thoughtfully.

"There are various reasons, I suppose, but the most important are probably to strengthen one's character, to conquer faults, and to improve physically, mentally, and spiritually."

Lucy Drake immediately went into one of her deep thinking spells, and after five minutes' reasoning, remarked:

"Every year I make one or two resolutions, but they never amount to much. I usually forget about them and, after all, I've always gotten along satisfactorily without the aid of yearly resolutions to do better. Anyway, I'm good enough! I don't have to improve much."

"Why, Lucy!" exclaimed Margaret, "I am amazed at you! You surely have a wonderful opinion of yourself! My dear little girl, do you realize that there is no one of us who has no faults? Of course you can improve. You are far from perfect, everyone is. You need to make a few resolutions, or perhaps just one: Resolved that I will be less vain and conceited during the future than I have been in the past!"

As Margaret spoke, Lucy's clear brown eyes showed a steely glare which had never before appeared for her cousin. At the close of the little sermon she arose, and bidding Margaret a cool "Good afternoon," left the room.

Lucy was dazed. No one had ever spoken to her in such a manner before. The fact that she was Lucy Drake, the most popular, as well as the richest girl in town, made others stand somewhat in awe of her; Lucy, the prettiest girl in the school; Lucy, the cleverest girl in the class; Lucy, the careless, fun-loving

Lucy who was quite unconscious of the fact that she was, in her own group of intimate friends, thought to be really tyrannical. At first the idea of Margaret of all people preaching to her seemed ridiculous, then it became serious; finally, Lucy knew that she was really angry.

"The very idea!" raged Lucy. "I never heard of such nonsense in my life! I don't care if Margaret is older than I am, and my very own cousin, she has no right, whatsoever, to be talking so to me! I merely asked her an ordinary question and she started to preach"

After sulking for a few minutes, Lucy again fell to deep reasoning. After half an hour's thinking, she finally realized that she was in the wrong. She had said that she was good enough as she was, that she didn't have to improve, that she had gotten along so far and she always could do so. Her side of the argument seemed very weak after all.

After some consideration, Lucy arose from a soft, satiny-cushioned lounge, and approached the desk in the opposite corner. Impulsively, she snatched up the telephone and called Margaret's number.

"Hello." "Hello, Margaret, this is Lucy speaking. I called to say I'm sorry about what happened, and I'll admit that I can stand heaps of improvement. I am going to make a whole list of resolutions, yes, and the one you suggested. You can recognize my faults better than I, so please help me. It's all right. Of course it is. Oh, thank you. Margaret, you're a dear! 'Bye!"

When the receiver clicked, Lucy's heart clicked too. From that instant she was going to be a different Lucy, not Lucy the beautiful, Lucy the clever, Lucy the careless, but Lucy the kind, the loving and the generous.

Of course there were comments upon her changed disposition, but only Lucy herself and Margaret knew the reason—resolutions.

Rosemary Welsh, Grade Eight,
St. Bride School, Chicago.

MISS MARIE HOUSTON AT LORETTO ACADEMY, HAMILTON

On Wednesday, Oct. 29th Miss Marie Houston, American lyric soprano, gave us a delightful entertainment, consisting of Old and Modern Italian folk-songs, Indian Lyrics, Spanish, French, and Old English songs.

Miss Houston's interpretation of all her numbers is charming, and she sings in costume. The flashing colours of some of these costumes in which she and her accompanist, Miss Ruth Russel, appear, portray the vivid imagination of the times and the native traits of the countries of which they are typical. The Indian costume, beaded and of real leather, was made on an Indian reservation, and the Shakesperian costumes were made in Germany.

Miss Houston was especially effective in numbers requiring delicate clarity of tone. She sang with much charm and splendid style, that revealed her attractive personality, and a voice of rare sweetness and purity. Her interpretation of different compositions displayed to advantage her wealth of fine musical talent. She captivated her audience.

Miss Ruth Russel, her accompanist, entertained us also with beautiful piano compositions rendered in a masterly and finished style. We all enjoyed and appreciated the entire programme and earnestly hope that we shall again have the pleasure of being present at one of their delightful entertainments.

Eleanor A. Randall, Form III,
Loretto Academy, Hamilton, Ontario.

MISSION CRUSADE UNIT, LORETTO ACADEMY, HAMILTON, GIVES CHAPEL FOR THE WEST

Wednesday, Dec. 3rd, was a unique day in the annals of Loretto Academy, Hamilton. Chosen because it was the feast of the patron of missions, that day saw the Crusaders accomplish a great mission work. They presented to Right Reverend Monsignor Blair, President of Canadian Extension, Toronto, the sum of five hundred dollars for the erection of a chapel somewhere in Western Canada, the realization of four years' efforts.

At the special meeting held the procedure was as follows: The Crusade hymn was sung by the choral class; a sketch of Saint Francis Xavier's life was given by Miss Vera Dowling and was followed by a hymn to Saint Francis Xavier. Miss Mary Townsend pleased all present with the piano solo, "Prelude in G Monor by Rachmaninoff." After an outline of our Crusade work by Miss Marion Flynn, President, the presentation was made by Miss Irene Hindelang, the Crusade Treasurer. This called forth an address from Monsignor Blair, in which he gave us a definite idea of the conditions prevailing in north-western Canada. He said that we do not have to go to China or India to Christianize pagans, for we have pagans in the Eskimos and Indians in the north and west of our own country. He described the hardships missionaries in Canada endure and related a few of his own experiences in the North West. He made clear to us the importance of a Catholic centre and gave us

First Row: Misses Betty Townsend (Secretary), Martina Batty (1st Vice-President), Marion Flynn (President), Irene Hindelang (Treasurer), Vera Dowling (2nd Vice-President).
Second Row: Captains: Misses Stella St. Arnaud, Marie Berry, Norma Santos, Jean Whittaker.

an estimation of the good for which we would eventually be responsible through our donation for a chapel. Before closing he commended our efforts and expressly urged us to make good use of the instrument of prayer. The meeting closed with the singing of "O Canada."

Margaret Gillen, Form V.,
Loretto Academy, Hamilton.

This new mission chapel is to be erected in the diocese of His Lordship Bishop Kidd, at Tilley, Alberta.

WHAT HIGH SCHOOL HAS MEANT TO ME.

The wisest of men agree that the more knowledge a man acquires, the more evident his ignorance becomes, that is, we study to find out that there is always more to be learned.

The force of this conviction was not visited upon me in its entirety until I began my high school training. This new realization was an education in itself.

When I finished Grammar School, my mind, in my own opinion, was a veritable storehouse for all the essential principles involved in the social, business, and political worlds. I felt perfectly capable of coping with any problem, no matter how great its importance. I felt that, given a chance, my intellect and the fruits thereof would in time startle the civilized world. Indeed, there seemed no limit to my mental capacities. My high schooling would no doubt improve upon these embryo ideas, and perhaps, eliminate a few unnecessary details whose prosaic nature had already begun to bore me.

However, my first week at high school changed my view point considerably. Whereas before I had soared above the panorama of humanity, I now found myself a minute particle in that great organization. This inverted perspective is what constitutes the difference between elementary schools and institutes of higher learning.

From then on, facts and formulas, means and methods, theories and practices, took on a new meaning. I ceased to work with abstract quantities and began dealing with the tangible. Moreover, I approached my work from a different standpoint. Subjects began to present themselves as the means to express myself in natural aptitudes. The horizon gradually broadened, and I saw that I had responsibilities to my fellow-men; that it would be necessary for me to enlarge my sympathies in order to embrace all within my scope.

I hope to pursue knowledge even farther than high school, to continue on to college, where I may fit myself in the best possible manner, for a glorious venture with life. Of a certainty, this is the most important period of my whole existence. At present, the foundation is being laid for the future. Contacts made during these years will wield a greater influence than those made during any other period of my life.

My response to any question concerning the advisability of a high school education, is merely this: If you wish to be a balanced individual, cultivate your mind, lest your body gain precedence. Learn to be a forceful figure in your generation. It follows that you will become a credit to your family, a joy to your associates, a positive influence in your country, and a more understanding, and capable servant of your Creator.

Columba G. Zerega, Class 1932
Loretto High School, Englewood, Chicago

GILBERT KEITH CHESTERTON

" . . New and yet old,
As the foundations of the heavens and the
earth."

"This is the secret of the achievements of this knight of merry England, the most conspicuous figure on the landscape of literary London, Gilbert Keith Chesterton. If you were to walk down Fleet Street, you might meet a form whose vastness blots out the heavens. . " This is Mr. Chesterton. "Great waves of hair surge from underneath his soft wide-brimmed hat, and a cloak floats about his colossal frame. He pauses in the midst of the pavement to read the book in his hand, and a cascade of laughter gushes out on the listening air. He looks up, and suddenly remembering that he is not in a cab, turns and hails one.

"He is like a visitor out of some fairy tale, a survivor of the childhood of the world. The majority of us are creatures of our time, thinking its thoughts; in this respect Mr. Chesterton is entirely different. He is a wayfarer from the ages, at the inn of life, warming himself at the fire, and making the rafters ring with jolly laughter. He is not of our time, but of all times. One seems to see him coming down from the twilight of fable, through the centuries, calling wherever there is good company, and always welcome wherever he goes. He lives in a world of romance, peopled with giants, and gay with the light laughter of fairies, and moves in an atmosphere of enchantment. Mirac es and adventure are the essence of Mr Chesterton's everyday life. In his case familiarity has not robbed life of its magic. Most of us, before reaching maturity, find life stale and unprofitable. We, in our every-day life, cease to wonder at this world of ours, which, after all our sciences is still a miracle, but we do not see it as such, through lack of insight. It is this elemental faculty of wonder that gives Mr. Chesterton a place in the world of seers and children, for he sees life with the eyes of the first man on the day of creation."

Gilbert Keith Chesterton was born in Campden Hill, Kensington, England, in the year 1874. In his youth, he attended St. Paul's School in London, England; it is said that this school never had a more brilliant nor less sedulous scholar. Though a brilliant scholar, he did not win a single prize but he read more books, drew more pictures, and wrote more poetry than any boy that ever played at going to school. His house was fairly littered with books, and filled with verses and grotesque drawings. All attempts to break him in to the school routine failed. Later, he studied art at the Slade School and even held a position in an office for a short while, but soon he realized the absurdity of all this for him, and decided to follow his vocation.

From art he turned to free-lance journalism. In 1900 Mr. Chesterton was writing regularly for the Daily News, the chief Liberal paper of that time. After his dissolution with the Daily News, Mr Chesterton entered upon a career of his own in fighting for the inarticulate mass of the people, that is, for democracy; and because he was so heartily with the people, he soon found himself in a minority in the literary and intellectual world, and he lost many friends on account of his views.

No man was ever more careless of his reputation. He had always despised the petty prejudices of the later Victorians, and he still hates modernism and science in all their es-

pects, and tends more and more to mediaevalism. It is not the human intellect that interests him, but the human heart, and the great comedy of life.

In 1900, when he was writing for the Daily News, his first book "The Wild Knight," was published. His next book of importance, "Robert Browning," a masterpiece of criticism, was published in 1903. It was written at the request of John Morley for the "English Men of Letters," series. Two years later, "Heretics" appeared, in which he pleads for stability in morals, and in 1906, his book on Dickens, by many claimed to be his masterpiece. Mr. Chesterton makes his characters somewhat like himself, or mere puppets, representing such types as the simple parish priest, the unscrupulous politician, and the crooked financier. His novels are not really novels in the traditional sense that "Pride and Prejudice" and "Vanity Fair" are novels. His so-called novels are just books ranking in the same class as his poems, histories, and detective stories.

Mr. Chesterton has in common with Shakespeare what he has in common with any great man: an infinite capacity for love, sympathy, and understanding for his fellow-men. Some have styled him a literary descendant of Doctor Johnson, whereas others have likened him to Charles Dickens.

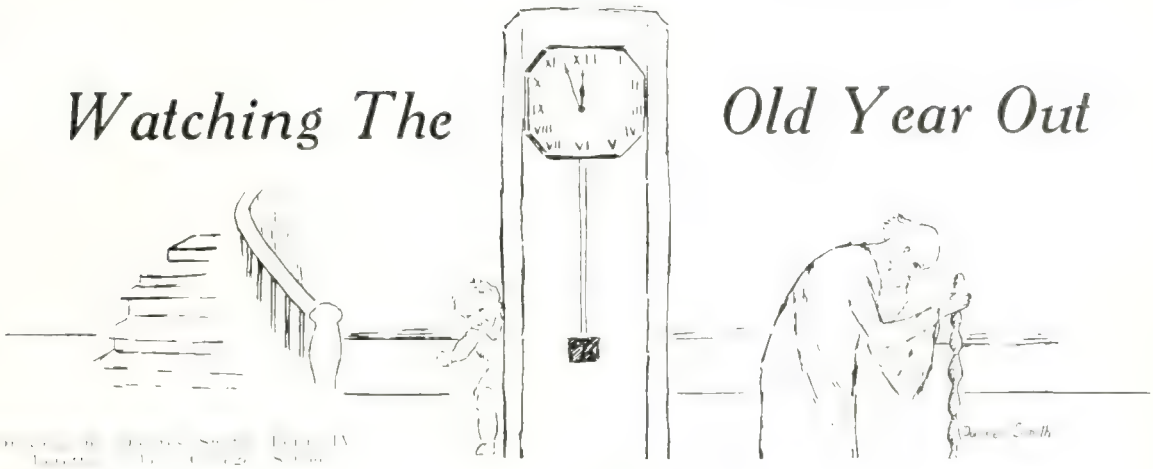
As he has produced all forms of literature it is impossible to give an adequate account of his works, but mention must be made of the "Ballad of the White Horse," one of the finest poems in the English language. It is an epic poem of the days of King Alfred the Great, and his fight against the Danes. This poem is as universal in its appeal as it is typical of the nation. The "Ballad of the White Horse" is a captivating book and gives colour to the theory that Mr. Chesterton is primarily a poet. Some other inspiring works of his are: "St. Francis of Assisi," "The Everlasting Man," and "The Thing"; for these as well as "Heretics" and "Orthodoxy" reveal his philosophy, which is violently opposed to the philosophy of the modern age.

Though reared in a Victorian family, Mr. Chesterton is now a Catholic, and one that might be classed with Cardinal Newman as an untiring champion of the Christian tradition. He is the chief Leviathan of the present-day school of mediaeval philosophy, and in this present day may be considered as great an apologist as Tertullian or any other Latin apologist in the early Christian Church.

It might interest some of our readers to know that Mr. Chesterton, during his recent American lecture-tour, spent a whole month at the University of Notre Dame, lecturing on Victorian History and Literature. His lectures were thoroughly indicative of his usual brilliance and native good humour. He speaks rapidly, with a naive British accent, and his diction when answering questions might be used without revision in an essay. He is a master of words; they are never master of him. During his sojourn at Notre Dame he was honored with the degree of LL.D., which was conferred at a special convocation in Washington Hall. This is not the first honorary degree for Mr. Chesterton, for a number of years ago he was similarly honored by the University of Edinburgh.

Catherine Gillen, Form IV
Loretto Academy, Hamilton, Ont.

Watching The Old Year Out



"Christmas time is here again,
Santa Claus is here again,
Fleecy snow is here again,
And with it New Year's Eve!"

Mr. Bert Perry was sitting behind a desk littered with business matter. He was dictating an important letter.

"Christmas time is here again." Of course Mr. Perry realized it. To him it meant chiefly the trouble of buying a few Christmas presents, including one for his aunt.

"Santa Claus is here again." Mr. Perry had long forgotten him. Mr. Perry belonged to a business world intent on money making, and to a bachelors' club, realms from which children and their foolish, fond belief in an old gentleman with a red suit, a flowing white beard, and a pack of toys on his back, were rigorously excluded. Mr. Perry did not like children. Even rare and unavoidable encounters with the children of business associates always bored and annoyed him.

This was partly because he did not realize that one must first be small before one is big enough to amount to anything, and partly because he himself had never had a normal childhood. He had no brothers or sisters, and at the early age of two years, he had lost both parents. For the next ten or twelve years he had been looked after by an aunt who was poor; then he had had to make his own way in life. Now this aunt was rich, and he was richer.

"Fleecy snow is here again." How he hated it! One had to wear overshoes, and they were troublesome. It was difficult to make progress when the roads and sidewalks were sloppy and slippery.

"And with it New Year's Eve!" This meant only a change of date. A new year was beginning, one to be more prosperous, more successful. Money and position were the essentials to Bert Perry.

In his mail that morning he had received from his aunt an invitation to be present at her New Year's Eve party. Many important people would be present. This was the only inducement to attend, for he did not enjoy meeting his aunt's friends, nor, indeed, society at all.

New Year's Eve arrives. Mrs. Anderson's house is all aglow. Lights are everywhere. Before the long awning from the door to the curb, cars pull up disclosing fashionably gowned

women, smartly groomed men, including Mr. Bert Perry, and young girls in gay-coloured dresses, light, pretty slippers, and expensive, furry evening wraps.

Ten o'clock: the orchestra has been playing one-steps, waltzes, any request whatever. Graceful figures flit to and fro, the light shades of the long, pretty dresses, fashion's latest demand set off to advantage by the dark suits of the men. The older couples are engrossed in an exciting game of bridge. Anyone looking on from outside might envy this gay, apparently care-free assembly. Even Bert Perry, who did not delight in this kind of amusement, found pleasure in watching it against the setting of the stately room. Ah, but were they happy? Were they care free?

A quarter to twelve. Orchestra, bridge players, tongues and feet, are all busy. At five minutes to twelve the lights go out. There is utter darkness. Then on the stairs a light is seen, and slowly down with heart-rending step comes an old man with beard and hair of pure white, and in his hand a staff. At the stroke of twelve the bells peal forth. He opens the door and walks slowly out into the night, to the continued ringing of the bells.

Darkness once more. Little nervous cries and ejaculations are heard. The lights flash on. Through the open door a little boy of three or four years of age, sweet to look upon, and with a happy-go-lucky expression on his face, enters, still to the ringing of the bells. He looks around, says "A happy New Year, everybody!" and steps out on to the dance floor.

The orchestra strikes up anew. The bells have ceased. Father Time has departed, and Master New Year has arrived. A large, throne-like chair on a raised platform, which had been hidden by a curtain, is disclosed, and the new arrival is lifted upon it to sit and enjoy his unusual surroundings, and finally to fall asleep.

* * * * *

The party is over. Mr. Perry recalls the affected remark of a worldly woman:

"Isn't he cunning! It gives just the finishing touch." He contrasts it with a scrap of conversation overheard on the street this morning, between two others describing their Christmas morning: "And you should have seen the expression on their little faces. Nothing is too good for them."

Ah, he saw his fault, his whole trouble. He was selfish. He never thought of making anyone happy. And the irony of the situation was that it had been the sight of Master New Year that had touched him, that poor little child in his ridiculous surroundings, a child hired for the evening, at the whim of a fashionable woman, to amuse her guests.

He was thoroughly selfish. But he had never known a real home, or motherly love. His aunt had cared for him, not about him. He resolved. He would do this; he would do that; he would do the other thing. He would justify his own existence; he would make others happy; he would do some good in this world, and find a pleasure in doing it. He was not, however, foolish enough to believe that this new habit could be acquired in a day. He could not change himself so readily. No. But he could change gradually, be eager and willing as occasion arose to help others, to live for the better things, to do some good with his money.

He pictured himself going out of this life as he had seen Father Time go out to-night. What had he gained? What had he done? What could he take with him?

"Wait and see me this year, at its close, one year from to-day." He could change, and he would. And Mr. Bert Perry, for perhaps the

first time in his life, found himself really praying, praying to God to help him.

Verona Johnson, Form IV

Loretto Abbey College School, Brunswick Avenue, Toronto.

THE SECRET

"Oh, Mary, won't you please stay and play with me until tea-time?" eagerly begged Jeanne of her chum, Mary Lane.

"I'm sorry, Jeanne," answered Mary, "but I must go, right away."

"O why?" pleaded Jeanne; and then she added with a touch of bitterness in her voice "I guess you are getting tired of playing with a cripple like me, and would rather play with your beautiful horse. Well, I don't blame you."

"Jeanne," pleaded Mary, "please do not talk like that. You know that I love to play with you, but the reason why I ride 'Arab' every day is a secret, and perhaps some time you will be glad that I stayed away from you for a few hours each day, to ride."

The truth was that a year ago both Mary and Jeanne were playing together when, alas, Jeanne stumbled over a rock and in some way crippled her foot; and as her mother was dead and her father a poor man, Jeanne could not afford the operation which might help her; she had little pleasure in life except when Mary came to visit her.

Mary, who had been given a beautiful horse for her birthday, resolved to enter it in the races, and if she possibly could win the prize she would have money enough to help Jeanne. She took 'Arab' out every day and practised until she could fairly fly over the broad plains. She did not tell Jeanne of her scheme, for she knew if she should lose the race it would be a "cruel disappointment." With eager eyes Jeanne, from her window, would watch Mary and think of the times when she, too, could play and ride, but she would always cheer up when Mary came back to visit her.

At last the great day arrived. The races were to be held on the broad rolling plains of Kansas, near Jeanne's home. Jeanne was watching the preparations, when to her amazement she saw Mary ride up on "Arab" and take her place with the other girls and boys in the race. The whistle blew; off they darted. Mary, clinging to "Arab's" neck, kept whispering words of encouragement, until she finally dashed under the tape, with "Arab" white with foam, first in the race.

Mary was presented with the prize, and had no sooner thanked the kind donor, and given "Arab" a loving pat, when she galloped across the plain again, dismounted, and burst into Jeanne's house.

"Jeanne," she cried, "I have won the prize and now you will be cured. Aren't you happy?"

Tears of joy and gratitude welled up in Jeanne's eyes as she suddenly realized why Mary had left her to practise riding.

"And to think," she cried, "that I even spoke to you with bitterness and envy in my voice. O Mary, can you ever forgive me, and can I ever thank you?"

Jeanne, now strong and rosy, rides, too, with Mary, on the rolling plains near her home.

Veronica Murray, Form III.,

Loretto Academy, Guelph, Ont.

BEAUTIFUL SNOW

Fall softly and gently, beautiful snow
From heights far above, that we do not know.
Yes! fall on the sinner, fall on the saint;
Making us pictures, no artist can paint.

Dorothy Shultz, IA.

Loretto High School, Englewood, Chicago

THE PRIZE ESSAY

Miss Rita Benniger

[illegible] awarded every year [illegible] cause of our limited [illegible] pupils.

THE ACADIANS

IN the Annapolis Valley long ago the sons of sunny France tilled a fertile land almost as beautiful as their smiling homeland across the sea. Simply and quietly they dwelt [illegible] Divine Goodness to care for them. They did not ask for luxury, but cleared the forest with primitive methods that necessitated a great deal of hard labour. There they lived in comparative peace and quiet until 1713 when the Treaty of Utrecht was signed. By this treaty, signed in April, 1713, Acadia (Nova Scotia), [illegible] now called Annapolis Royal, passed to the Brit- [illegible] Prince Edward Island were retained by the French.

The treaty provided that the inhabitants have liberty to remove within a year to any other place, with all their movable effects; and that those who were willing to remain and [illegible] to enjoy the free exercise of their religion. The status of the Acadians under the treaty seemed sufficiently clear. If they wished to become British subjects, which implied taking the oath of allegiance, they were to enjoy all the privileges of citizenship, as well as freedom in the practice of their religion. If they preferred removing within a year to another country, they were at liberty to do so.

To hold her position in the new world France transferred the garrison which she had maintained at Placentia, Newfoundland, to Cape Breton. The island was re-named Ile Royale. The French offered the Acadians attractive inducements to emigrate to Ile Royale. Many Acadians, on receiving these offers, applied for permission to depart. This was not granted, as the English were alarmed at the threat of the removal of practically the whole population of Nova Scotia. The matter was referred to England, where no pronouncement was made on the question for a long time.

George I. came to the throne, and when the Acadians were obliged to swear allegiance to the new monarch, they rebelled under the plea that they had given their word to migrate to Ile Royale, and brought forth a plea of their own for protection from the savage tribes. They were ready to take an oath that they would not take up arms against Britain, France, any of their subjects, or allies. . . . . .

Nothing more was done about the oath of allegiance until 1790, when governor Phillips arrived, saying the Acadians were to take it within four months, or leave the country. But however, when the Acadians proposed leaving, and having no boats at their disposal, [illegible]

several presents, they became peaceable. The question of the oath had been dropped during the process of the Indian war; but in 1726 it was taken up again.

to the throne. This made it necessary for the

For refusing to take the oath and presenting their own terms, three deputies of the Aca-

inhabitants were to be deprived of their right

concile the actions of the Council. The inha-

oath, were given the freedom and liberties of British subjects, while the deputies they had sent were laid in irons and the remaining in-

support.

Shortly afterwards, the Governor, Phillips, was compelled to restore tranquility. The Acadians welcomed him openly and he took advantage of the occasion to again approach them

dom in religion and that they would not be re-

to the fact that the Treaty of Utrecht had left the question of the boundaries of Nova Scotia

to war about this, which ended in 1748 by the Treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle, by which Ile Royale (Cape Breton) and Ile St. Jean (Prince Edward Island) were restored to France.

empty-handed, within three months. The Council deliberated and decided that no priest should officiate without a license from the governor; that no exemption from bearing arms in

be taken as offered; and that all who wished

must appear and take the oath within the three months named.

unanimously decided to emigrate. When they

part, it was denied. But in spite of the forts

British cruisers patrolling the coasts to prevent it, there was considerable emigration.

The next question was that of the "Ancient

claim that the ancient boundaries included all the country north of the Bay of Fundy to the St. Lawrence, and the English governor was directed to see that no subjects of the French king settled there. The French, on the other

land north of a line drawn from Baie Verte to

religion and those who had emigrated were given leave to come back. However, a few

of the Acadians would be allowed to return under his rule.

In order to prevent the Acadians from trading with the French, he issued a proclamation

forbidding the exportation of corn from the province. He insisted that the inhabitants supply the Halifax market, which had been obliged to supply itself from other markets. They were commanded to take an unrestricted oath in 1755. When they would not, saying that they would take none but the former oath, the Governor began to make plans for their expulsion.

Between times of war from the years 1713 to 1755 the Acadians worked their cleared land and cleared more, as well as improved the conditions in general.

On looking at one of their houses, a person of to-day would wonder at their being able to live in such a shack. They were very strongly built though, with frames of oak and hemlock. In his poem "Evangeline" Longfellow describes them:

"Strongly built were the houses, with frames of oak and of hemlock,
Such as the peasants of Normandy built in the reign of the Henries.
Thatched were the roofs, with dormer windows, and gables projecting
Over the basement below, protected and shaded the doorway."

In autumn, the Acadians always protected the foundation of their dwellings with earth and sand, making an embankment at the foot of the walls. Some of the men, armed with hammer and nails, went round the outside of the house, nailing up closing chinks, remedying as best they could the year's wear and tear. Within, the women forced rags into the crevices, fastened coverings over the wainscotting at the north-west side, and carefully tested with their hands in every corner for draughts. All these precautions were necessary because the winters were very severe.

In those days there was fuel in plenty, so there was no excuse for being cold in winter through lack of this great necessity.

The work of the Acadians was hard and rough. Those who entered the country to clear homes for themselves suffered great hardships. After the work of making the homes was finished and a small patch of land cleared, they had to sow grain in order to get sustenance for themselves and their families.

In those days there were no up-to-date methods of harvesting and planting the grain. All this had to be done by hand under the hot sun. The soil was rich, and afforded them all they needed. The women and girls did their share in the house and, if help should be needed outside, they offered a willing hand.

The only recreation they took was the time they spent praying to God, or when on holidays they congregated on the green to play games which they had played as children in old France, far across the sea. Home was the social place where the children grew to maturity listening to the teachings which made them worthy citizens of this new and prosperous land.

The Catholic faith brought with them from the Motherland was the possession they cherished most. Unlike some people in these modern days they were not ashamed of their faith, nor afraid to make a sacrifice for God. The smallest rule made by the Curé was a law they would not think of disobeying, and great reverence was evinced for the person of their pastor.

At the silvery notes of the Angelus bell floating softly across the space from numerous church-towers, children at play, men at work in the fields, women busy with housewifery, youths and maidens blushing in the warmth of new born love, forgot for the time the joys

and sorrows of earth, and reverently recited the beautiful Angelus prayer, in honour of the Incarnation of Jesus Christ.

The Acadians showed very little interest in politics except when the question of the "Oath of Allegiance" came up, and they were about to be expelled.

Recently discovered documents have thrown a new light on the whole history of these early times and placed the responsibility of the tragic proceedings, not with the British Government, but where it justly belonged, with the arrogant governors, who issued mandates contrary to instructions from Britain.

The Acadians remained loyal citizens all through the forty-seven years which lapsed from the time of the Treaty to their expulsion. Their faithfulness was repaid in a poor manner when they were all declared prisoners and deported to other lands. The Governor, Lawrence, distributed communications among the Acadians, saying he was determined to bring the inhabitants to a compliance or rid the country of such perfidious subjects.

The imprisonment of the deputies, on George's Island at Halifax, naturally agitated the minds of the simple Acadians. Groups of peasants might be seen in the ripening fields of grain, and in the villages, discussing the fate of their companions. Although they feared further punitive acts they were totally unprepared for the approaching catastrophe, and did not for a moment dream that they were about to be cast out of their homes, deprived of all they held dear in this land of their nativity, and sent adrift as exiles to wander around homeless.

Families were torn apart, never to be reunited. Fathers were torn from mothers, sisters from brothers, and sweethearts from lovers, and all were sent broken-hearted to the land of strangers. Their homes, which they had built, were burned; the cattle were driven into the forest; the gardens and orchards were trampled, and so desolation fell upon the once happy and prosperous Acadia. The very name of Acadia was changed, and Nova Scotia was substituted. Old Port Royal was changed to Annapolis in honour of England's queen.

The years passed by and new people came into possession of the fertile land of Acadia. These new people with new ideas and customs, were brought to the shores of the Evangeline country by the command of England. With characteristic energy, they began to re-settle the land. Before very long Acadia was again smiling in peace and plenty. But things had changed. One no longer heard the soft, sweet accents of the French tongue; the sound of the Angelus bells were no longer heard coming softly in silvery tones over the snow-covered valley; the sacrifice of the Mass was no longer offered.

Meanwhile, in the warmer countries, far to the south, the Acadians yearned for freedom and for old Nova Scotia, the land of Acadia. When Spring came to release the country from its bondage, their hearts were in the Annapolis Valley far away. When Summer arrived and the heat became oppressive, they longed for the chilling blasts of Winter in Acadia. In the autumn their thoughts turned to the days of old when the harvest was gathered, and they sang the old Acadian songs they had learned as children. Many, no longer able to resist the pangs of homesickness, turned their faces northward towards Nova Scotia. Many of the pilgrims fell by the wayside and died ere they had again gazed on the Land of Promise. Others journeyed on and reached it only to breathe their last and sink to eternal rest within its bosom. But the greater number lived to reach

and live again in their homeland. They rebuilt the foundations of their homes and soon Nova Scotia again became Acadia in aspect if not in name. Obstacles did not deter them; they set about getting a new footing in their old homeland, which now treated them as strangers. They succeeded by dint of persevering effort and untiring zeal. Communities of Acadians sprang up as if by magic. Rustic churches soon appeared around St. Mary's Bay and the Annapolis Valley. From high steeples the Angelus bell rang as of old, and wayside shrines reminded a casual passer-by that the Catholic faith had returned. The Acadians had returned,—this time to remain.

As the years passed by they increased in numbers and their children grew to maturity and became thrifty, industrious farmers, under whose hands the country bloomed again as of old—a fertile garden.

Little by little their hostile attitude towards the British lessened and to-day the Acadian people and those of English descent live side by side in Nova Scotia in perfect harmony and peace, each respecting the other's rights and feelings, each maintaining their own customs, language and manners.

Save in the Maritime Provinces, it is not possible to count the offspring of the original French settlers of Acadia who came out from France in the seventeenth century. It is estimated that there were at the time of the expulsion ten or eleven thousand under the British flag, and four or five thousand in Ile St. Jean and elsewhere on French territory. As we have seen, about six thousand were deported and scattered over the British colonies. Undoubtedly, a great number of Americans of to-day are the descendants of these exiles, but, except at the mouth of the Mississippi, they are merged in the general population and their identity is lost. Neither can we tell how many of those who found their way to Old France remained there permanently. We cannot estimate the number of Acadians in the Province of Quebec, for no distinction has been made between them and the general French-Canadians. In the Maritime provinces, however, there are over one hundred and sixty-three thousand Acadians. Several thousand are counted in Cape Breton, in Halifax and the Cumberland Countries.

Rita Benninger,
Loretto Academy, Stratford, Ont.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

The wind blows strong
And wild and loud,
The sky is dark
In January's shroud.

Yet through the storm
Of wind and fear,
I'm wishing you all
A Happy New Year.

The bells do ring
Out loud and strong,
Our voices rise
In happy song.

And through this joy
And glad, good cheer,
I'm wishing you all
A Happy New Year!

Ruth Bower, IA.
Loretto High School, Englewood, Chicago.

A LITTLE BIRD TOLD ME

"But my dear, won't you give me some idea of what you want for Christmas?" asked a very perplexed Mr. Thompson.

"But there is nothing that I really want, and this year when times are so bad, I think that we should get only little inexpensive things, or things that we really need," answered Mrs. Thompson, while she darned a very large hole in a very small sock.

"Can you give me any suggestion, Marie?"

"Oh, silk stockings, or handkerchiefs, or really anything small like that will do."

Mr. Thompson's countenance beamed for a moment on hearing the word "handkerchiefs," but the smile quickly faded as he realized that it would never do to give Marie handkerchiefs for Christmas. After a short silence he sighed and rose.

"Well, dear, I must be off to the Knights of Columbus meeting."

"Are you going to be late?"

"Yes, I think so. We're having a big meeting to-night."

When her husband had gone and the children were in bed, Mrs. Thompson picked up the paper that he had discarded. She liked to have a look at it, though, she did not always take time to do so. She turned over the pages, then paused as she came to one, and gazed longingly at the advertisement. It was a page showing a special Christmas sale of fur coats. There was one that she was looking at especially, a beautiful coat marked down from $500 to $350. She picked up one of the children's crayons and began to figure rapidly on the page beside the picture of the coat. It was ridiculous. Of course they could not afford it. There had been so many extra expenses this year: the piano, and little Mary's music lessons, the radio, the new dishes, the electric stove, the doctor bills. She sighed, unaware that she did so. Just then the clock over the fireplace disturbed her thoughts by announcing "Cuckoo" eleven times.

"Just what I am, to even think of getting a fur coat this winter," she said to herself. "Cuckoo, Cuckoo," she scribbled on the page, under her sum. Then, with another sigh, she rose and departed for bed.

"About an hour later Mr. Thompson came in, beaming with delight.

"Just wait till Marie hears that I won the attendance prize of $100 to-night," he thought. "I wonder if she's up. No. Oh, well. Now I wonder what I'll get her for Christmas. I ought to be able to get something pretty fine with this extra $100."

Just then his eye fell upon the paper displaying the fur coats, lighting especially on the one with the marking beside it.

"I wonder ....."

* * *

"Sh—, don't talk so loudly, Johnny, or you'll wake your mother."

"Here I am. Why Jack, you don't expect the children to keep quiet on Christmas morning, do you?"

"Merry Christmas, mother!" came from four little mouths.

"Merry Christmas, dears! Are we all ready to go to the tree?"

"Yes, mother!" excitedly.

"Johnny, run back and put on your slippers. Yes. We'll wait."

Exclamations of delight came from each and every one of them as they saw the lighted

tree, laden with gifts, and with a miniature Crib at its foot. Then Mrs. Thompson's quick eye fell upon something that had not been there last night. Yes, there was a big box, with "Mother" on it. With shaking fingers she untied the bow and lifted out a beautiful fur coat. It was the very one she had wanted so much. In a minute she was in her husband's arms.

"O Jack, how did you know?"

"Oh, well, ... a little bird told me."

And once again the little bird in the clock sang out its warning, and this time it was to get ready to go to Mass, the blessed Mass of Christmas Day.

Marion Ball, Form IV.,
Loretto Abbey College School,
Brunswick Ave., Toronto.

GOOD NIGHT, AND PLEASANT DREAMS

Mavis went to bed early. She folded her clothes neatly, hung up her frock, put away her books, and left no toys about. Little girls are always good on Christmas Eve. She also hung up one of her new stockings . . . . .

It was long past midnight. Suddenly there was a noise. It was someone descending to the fire-place. The intruder advanced to the bed:

"Ha!" he said, rubbing his hands, "How she has grown, to be sure!"

He looked about the room.

"Nice and tidy," he said approvingly. "The doll I gave her last year is safely tucked up in its cradle. The teddy bear hasn't lost an eye, and the gray rabbit is still full of sawdust. Come Mavis, you're growing quite a good little girl."

He put his hand on the stocking.

"And how do you find yourself to-night?" he inquired.

"Rather lonely," answered the stocking.

Pulling all manner of toys and boxes of sweets out of his pack, he began to remedy that complaint.

"You'll split me if you're not careful! I'm a stocking! What do you think I am? A bazaar? The toy department, or what?"

Father Christmas laughed. "You're new to this then?" he asked.

"I can't bear any more. You're stretching me all out of shape. She won't be able to wear me," moaned the stocking again.

At this supplication Santa Claus departed, and Mavis knew no more until morning.

Annie Cordone, Form IV.,
Loretto Abbey School,
Brunswick Avenue, Toronto.

THE MURRAYS' CHRISTMAS-TREE.

John and Paul Murray lived with their father on a small, half-cleared farm in Western Canada. Their mother had died four years ago, and their father was shiftless, so these two little children were obliged to look after themselves and their life was very hard. Money was scarce and the log-cabin in which they lived, was so poorly built that the winter winds often blew in between the chinks in the logs.

Christmas was drawing near. The children at school were eagerly talking of the things they expected, but no one had ever brought anything to little John and Paul, although every year they hung up their stockings, hoping to receive something.

The day before Christmas came around and John had a bright idea. A boy at school had been talking about his tree, and he told Paul that the important thing was to have the tree. Guess you find a tree first, you could not expect anything else. John and Paul decided to go

to the swamp to find a tree, and taking a large dull knife and a broken saw, which were the only tools they could find, they set out.

After searching for some time, they found a tree of medium size, and they set to work to cut it down, but their tools were dull and unsuited to this work, and it took them a very long time. Their little hands were cut and bruised, but their interest made them forget their trouble and pain, and at last they set out for home with their precious burden. As they came out of the swamp to the road, a farmer passing in a sleigh gave them a drive home. He inquired what they were doing with the tree, and they told him it was a Christmas tree, and all about it. "We'll get something this year!" cried out little Paul joyfully.

When they reached their home, they carried in their tree—the hard-won treasure—forgetting all it had cost them. Their father was away, idling in the village, but that was a common occurrence. They got their own supper, and then found a box, and set up their tree. In joyous anticipation of the morning, they went to rest, and being very tired, were soon fast asleep.

In the meantime, Mr. Anderson, the farmer who had given them the drive, reached home and was soon relating to his family the story of the "little Murrays" and their Christmas Tree.

"I am afraid the poor little lads are in for another disappointment," said Mr. Anderson with a sigh.

"Why should they be disappointed? Why can't we all make their dream come true?" asked Miss Rose Wayne, a Christmas visitor at the Anderson home.

Mrs. Anderson agreed, and the whole family began a search for suitable gifts for these poor motherless children. In a short time Mr. Anderson had collected a supply of candy, oranges and bright red apples. Miss Wayne added a silver star and other decorations for the tree, while Betty and Billy, the Anderson twins, were joyfully proclaiming they had a couple of picture books and a box of building blocks. Good Mrs. Anderson contributed some warm clothing, and from her Christmas baking, a box of cookies, a mince pie, and a roast chicken.

Mr. Anderson made ready again, and soon he and his wife were on their way to the Murray home. They had no difficulty in getting in, for the boys still slept soundly, and their father had not yet returned. Mr. Anderson struck a match and lighted the lamp; they saw the tree standing in the corner with two ragged stockings hanging forlornly on it. Mrs. Anderson had thoughtfully packed in two pairs of stockings, which they nastily filled and hung on the tree, placing the other gifts on and around the tree, which was soon prettily decorated. When all was complete with hearts all the happier for their kind act, they slipped quietly out, while John and Paul dreamed peacefully on of a furry-clad man with white hair and rosy face, with a wondrous pack on his strong shoulder.

Great was the joy of the Murray children on Christmas morning to find their hopes were realized. If the Recording Angel's note of the Anderson family's kindness to these lonely children is proportionate to the joy of John and Paul, a happy reward must await some day those who on Christ's birthday, for His sake made two little children happy. "As long as you did it to one of the [illegible] you did it to Me."

Helen McNamara, Form I.
Loretto Academy, Stratford, Ont.

A JANUARY THAW

Mr. Smith was a very cross old man, the terror of the village in which he lived. He had plenty of money, but he did not get much pleasure out of it, nor did any one else. The people all thought him disagreeable and would have nothing to do with him. Mr. Smith, therefore, seldom went out.

The people of the parish were going to give a gift of money to their parish priest on New Year's Day. Most of them were poor, and so the sum was small. Somebody suggested going to ask Mr. Smith to contribute. The people all wished that Mr. Smith would contribute, but they wanted to know who was going to ask him. Nobody would do it. When all the grown-ups had refused, a small boy, who was at the meeting with his father, said:

"I'll ask him. I am not afraid."

His elders laughed and agreed to let him try.

So on New Year's Eve Master Bobbie went to call upon Mr. Smith. Mr. Smith lived in a fine big house, and as Bobbie approached it he somehow found himself feeling not quite so brave as before he came. Mr. Smith himself answered the door and said:

"Well, what do you want?"

"Please, Mr. Smith, the people want to give some money to the priest for New Year's and they thought you might like to help," stammered Bobbie.

"Well, I don't," said Mr. Smith.

Poor Bobbie had lost all his courage by this time. He only wanted to get away. But he tried to be manly about it, so he looked up at Mr. Smith and said: "Happy New Year, Mr. Smith." Then he turned to go.

Nobody ever ventured to say "Happy New Year" to Mr. Smith, and when [illegible] Bobbie say it, and saw how unhappy the cross words had made him, he suddenly changed his mind. He called Bobbie back, questioned him about the fund, and promised that he would give something towards it. Mr. Smith was better than his word. He immediately got in touch with the committee and insisted finally on giving not only the money, but the New Year's dinner at which the presentation was to take place.

The parish priest got his gift and the people had a good time at the dinner at Mr. Smith's house, but happiest of all was Mr. Smith himself, for he had found out how nice it was to be friendly with his neighbours. He made a New Year's resolution to be always kind and friendly with others. The people afterwards referred to this happening as "The January Thaw."

Grace Frank, Form I,
Loretto Academy, Guelph, Ont.

WINTER

It comes with winds
That howl and blow,
It comes with ice
And sleet and snow.
So comes Winter.

It comes with Christmas,
And its good cheer,
Brings thoughts of a stable,
And a Babe so dear.
So comes Winter.

It comes with the New Year
And skating too,
It comes with a blast
And a whirl and a whoo.
So comes Winter.

Ruth Busse, I A
Loretto High School, Englewood, Chicago

MY CHUMS.

Where I live I have three little girls to play with. Their names are Joan, Evadne and Marion. Evadne and Marion have a dog, Teddy. He is pure white and not very big, but we call him the Polar Bear, for fun. Teddy is always running after motor cars, and getting spanked and told not to do it. But it does not do any good, and one day he had his front paws run over.

Then they have a kitten called Maria. One day she was prowling around the kitchen when she saw a shrimp-can and put her head in to see what was there. She soon found out because without help she could not get her head out again. Then we put a shrimp in the can to see what she would do, but she would not go back for it. Maria is very wise.

One night this fall we came in from playing, and I think it was the first night the heat was turned on. Maria jumped up on the cushion, still but when she touched the radiator she burned her paws and she jumped down just enough. She licked and licked her paws and was careful after that. We do care fun with these animals.

When it snows we go out and jump around in the snow. Teddy pulls the tassel of my coat and drags me all over. We do have fun together.

Pauline Preller, Third Class,
Loretto Abbey College School.

A VIEW

One day I [illegible] inlet and there try to make a painting of it. It was a beautiful day and after preparing myself for the outing and gathering together the necessary colours and materials for my sketch, I set out, anxious for the weather to keep at its best.

After a long tramp of about three miles, I reached my destination, a beautiful little inlet. I immediately set to work. The inlet was narrow where I was, but farther on after losing itself through the woods, it appeared again broader and the reflection on the water was so beautiful that it seemed to extend still farther, and finally each little hill formed a small island in this enchanted inland sea. I do not think I have ever seen a more delightful spot in nature.

I finished my painting, and then moving on to where I could see the mountains, I resolved to come back some time and make a sketch of them when the sun was setting. The only thing I can think of to describe the scene is this:

"The western waves of ebbing day
Rolled o'er the glen their level way;
Each purple peak, each flinty spire
Was bathed in floods of living fire."

Scott's Lady of the Lake
Miriam Angus, Form 1,
Loretto Abbey, Armour Heights, Toronto.

MOTHER

Of all our truest, dearest friends
We'll never find another
Who can our joys and sorrows share
With half the love as mother.

And when misfortune we must meet
Or hardship's path must cover,
How restful is the loving smile
We're sure to get from mother!

Her loving heart must oft times ache
With griefs o'er us who love her,
But with it set to God [illegible]
And pleads for us—our mother.

Gertrude Thibodeau, '32,
Loretto Academy, Sault Ste. Marie, Mich.

ALUMNAE NOTES

LORETTO ALUMNAE ASSOCIATION
LORETTO ABBEY, TORONTO.

Patroness	MOTHER GENERAL PULCHERIA.
Honorary President	MOTHER M. AGATHA.
Honorary Vice President	MRS. D. RAE MACKENZIE 139 Imperial Ave., Toronto
President	MRS. FRANK CASSIDY 543 Sherbourne St., Toronto
First Vice-President	MRS. THOMAS KILGOUR, Oakville, Ont.
Second Vice-President	MRS. E. VAN DINE, 16 Linden St., Toronto
Treasurer	MISS ALICE GORMALY, [illegible] Kendal Ave., Toronto
Recording Secretary	MISS MARY HARKINS 6 Briarcliffe Gardens, Toronto
Corresponding Secretary	MRS. DAVID O'MEARA 73 Lyndwood Ave., Toronto
Convener of House Committee	MRS. HUGH RYAN [illegible] Leopold St., Toronto
Convener of Entertainment	MRS. FRED WOODS, 611 Sherbourne St., Toronto
Convener of Membership	MRS. J. L. LEE, [illegible] Spencer Ave., Toronto
Convener of Press	MISS KATHLEEN CORBETT 2365 Yonge St., Toronto

Presidents of Loretto Associations.

Loretto Abbey College, Toronto	MRS. JOSEPH O'LEARY, 188 Eglinton Ave., Apt. St., Toronto
Niagara Falls	MISS FLORENCE MULLIN 624 South West St., Lima, Ohio
Hamilton, Ont.	MISS GEORGE ANNE DELL, 92 Delaware Ave., Hamilton
Stratford, Ont.	MISS JANE MEGAN 176 Church St., Stratford, Ont.
Englewood, Chicago	MISS MARY COLLINS, [illegible] South Hamilton Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Sault Ste. Marie, Mich.	MISS IDA RANSOM
Joliet, Ill. (St. Mary's High School)	
Joliet, Ill. (St. Mary's Academy)	MRS. SYLVESTER HARRINGTON
Woodlawn, Chicago	MISS OLIVE SMITH
New York, N.Y.	MRS. EDWARD SCANLON.
Detroit, Mich.	MISS VERA REAUME
Buffalo, N.Y.	MISS MARY MAXWELL
Graduates' Club, Loretto Abbey College School, Toronto	MISS VERONICA STOCKWELL, [illegible]

The first quarterly meeting of the L.A.A. was held on Oct. 7th at Loretto Abbey, Armour Heights, Mrs. Frank Cassidy presiding. Reporting as the Loretto Abbey delegate to the convention of the International Federation of Catholic Alumnae, at Emmitsburgh, Md., Mrs. Cassidy noted that a signal honour had been given to Loretto on that occasion in the election of Mrs. Harry T. Roesler as first vice-president.

The program yesterday afternoon arranged by Mrs. Fred. Woods consisted of groups of songs by Mrs. May Fullerton Costello, accompanied by Mr. Fred. Plante. Mrs. James Mallon accompanied the singing of "O Canada!"

The tea room was beautifully decorated with Autumn foliage, yellow mums and roses. Mrs. Hugh Ryan was in charge. Those presiding at the tea table were Mrs. J. P. Hynes and Mrs. W. J. Cluff, assisted by Mrs. Wallace Clancy and Misses Aileen McLaughlin, Margaret Hayes, Clara Cox, Callie Dunn, Peggy Ryan, Margaret Parnell and Anne and Marie O'Connell.

On Oct. 11th the Loretto Alumnae Association held a delightful bridge-tea in the Acadian Court. The President, Mrs. Frank Cassidy, received with Mrs. Thomas Kilgour and Mrs. Ernest VanDine. Mrs. Fred. Woods was convener of this Bridge given in aid of the Scholarship Fund, and also of the charities to which the Association contributes.

On Nov. 3rd the members of the Alumnae were present and received Communion at the Requiem High Mass celebrated for the deceased members of the Association. Reverend John E. Burke, C.S.P., was the celebrant.

Detroit Circle, Loretto Alumnae.

Early in October the members of the Detroit Circle, Loretto Alumnae, met at the Detroit Yacht Club for a luncheon and social meeting.

Loretto Alumnae and Auxiliary, Woodlawn, Chicago.

The regular monthly meeting of the Auxiliary was held at the Academy on the afternoon of Nov. 23rd, Mrs. Albert O'Rourke presiding. The business meeting was followed by a reception for which Mrs. J. S. Boudreau was social chairman.

A benefit dinner, the proceeds of which are to be used for the building fund of the Academy, was held under the auspices of the Loretto Woodlawn Auxiliary on Thursday evening, Nov. 20th, at the Academy. Mrs. Mary F. Burke was chairman, and her coschairmen, Mrs. Robert Munroe and Mrs. Albert Cross. Others actively interested in the success of the event were Mrs. W. J. Lynch, Mrs. J. P. McGraw, J. V. Sullivan, Mrs. G. Zanzow, Mrs. A. H. O'Rourke, Mrs. William Traynor, Mrs. Mary O'Rourke, Mrs. J. J. Gallagher, Mrs. W. P. Garity, Mrs. H. F. Howard, Mrs. H. J. Gallagher, Mrs. M. V. Minahan, Mrs. M. W. Minahan, Mrs. R. J. Burke, Mrs. J. P. Galligan and Mrs. J. Marrs.

The Loretto Woodlawn Alumnae held a Hallowe'en Card Party on the afternoon of Saturday, Nov. 1st, at the Academy. Miss Olive Smith, the President, was assisted by Miss Marie Houle, Miss Helen Fleming and Miss Grace Hanrahan.

Graduates' Club, Loretto Abbey College School.

We have a Scholarship of one year's tuition at Loretto College School offered annually for the highest standing in the High School Entrance Examinations. Funds for this Scholarship must be raised annually so for the past two years the Club has held a very successful bridge-tea. This year the Bridge is being held on Saturday afternoon, Feb. 7th, at the Roof Garden of the Royal York Hotel, and all graduates are expected to show their usual fine "school spirit" and turn out in large numbers together with their friends.

Mary Barrett.

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Within the past two months four beloved members of the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary have gone from us to receive God's gift of eternal life, but in the Communion of Saints they are still close to those who strive to continue the work they did so well, and we know that even in the joy of the Beatific Vision they will never forget us, nor cease to aid us by their prayers.

On Thursday, Oct. 23rd, Mother M. Irenea Stafford died happily at Loretto Academy, Niagara Falls, after a prolonged illness spent as a special preparation for receiving God's final reward. During her forty-two years in religion she had taught in various schools of the Institute in Chicago, Toronto, and Niagara Falls, and had by her gentle words and deeds endeared herself to all with whom she had any intercourse, and had ever proved herself a devoted follower of the Prince of Peace. One of her former pupils voiced the sentiment of all by saying: "She was the who who always understood you,"—and we would add that she understood because she forgot herself and thought only of the good of the other. Sympathy is especially felt for her only sister, Mother M. Alacoque, Loretto Academy, Niagara Falls. Three brothers are also left to mourn the loss of a devoted sister, Mr. Thos. Stafford, Mr. Michael Stafford, and Mr. Joseph Stafford, of Renfrew. Mother Irenea was a niece of the late Reverend Father Stafford of Lindsay.

After years of suffering borne with patience and cheerfulness, Mother M. Leocrita Devlin passed peacefully away on Wednesday evening, Oct. 29th, at Loretto Abbey, Armour Heights. From her early years she had been a child of Loretto, first in the boarding school, and then, while still very young, in the novitiate. Versatile talents, broad culture, and an attractive personality endowed this truly religious teacher, and greatly facilitated the

spread of her influence, and her artistic temperament readily lent itself to the teaching of instrumental and vocal music. As superior of Loretto Academy, Chicago, and also at Niagara Falls, she gave evidence of her more extended administrative ability and of her power to make melody in the hearts of those she governed.

Sister M. Adele Morrisey died at Loretto Academy, Mt. St. Mary, Hamilton, on Thursday, Dec. 10th, after a protracted illness. She was among the eldest members of the Institute, having reached the advanced age of eighty-two. She was born in Freshford, County Kenny, Ireland, and came to Canada in her early youth. She entered the novitiate of Loretto Abbey in 1874, and celebrated her Golden Jubilee in religion, in January 1924. Her life was distinguished by the practice of the hidden virtues. Her patience, charity, love of prayer, and of our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament, were remarkable in her earlier life, and during her long years of suffering they so deepened and intensified that even before death called her she seemed to be living in the world of the Spirit. The funeral took place in Hamilton on Saturday, Dec. 12th, with Solemn Pontifical High Mass of Requiem. His Lordship, Right Reverend J. T. McNally, D.D., Bishop of Hamilton, was the celebrant, Reverend F. J. Hinchey, assistant priest, Reverend W. Hawkins and Reverend T. Grace, deacons of the Mass; Reverend A. J. Lee and Reverend T. B. Traynor, deacons of honour, and Dr. J. A. O'Reilly and Reverend W. Nolan, masters of ceremonies. Reverend Fathers Englert, McCrawell, Gleason, and Curtis assisted in the Sanctuary. The services at the Cemetery of the Holy Sepulchre were conducted by Reverend W. Nolan, Chaplain of the Convent.

The death in Chicago on Dec. 16th of Mother M. Hilary Bell, brings to our minds Christ's own words, "He that shall lose his life for me shall find it." Death came comparatively early to Mother Hilary, and what are as a rule the most active years in the life of a religious were in her case overshadowed by the cross, precious in the sight of God, of long and severe illness and suffering patiently and cheerfully borne. She had previously taught in Guelph and in Chicago, where she laboured whole-heartedly for the good of the souls of the children. She did not live to continue her work for the souls she loved, but we know that her prayers will follow these little ones through life. May she rest in peace.

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Loretto offers deep sympathy to the Reverend Carmelite Fathers on the deaths of Reverend Father Luke Leininger, and Reverend Father Ignatius MacDonald, both devoted friends of the Community. A fitting close to the unceasing labours of his priestly life, Father Luke Leininger, in the beloved habit of Carmel, died as he was preparing to say Mass for his people. It is consoling now to recall the words with which Father Ignatius MacDonald was wont sometimes to conclude his instructions and sermons: "I will come again, and will take you to Myself, that where I am, you also may be."

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Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. J. J. McFadden (Frances Devine, Alumna of Loretto Abbey), Sprague, Ont., on the honour of knighthood of St. Gregory, recently conferred by the Holy See upon Mr. McFadden.

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Congratulations also to Dr. and Mrs. Hugh O'Donnell (Maude Curran, a former pupil of Loretto Abbey), Fort Frances, Ont., on the honour recently conferred on the former by the American College of Surgeons.

Congratulations to Reverend Gerald Anglin, C.S.B., recently ordained to the holy priesthood. Father Anglin is a son of Mr. W. A. Anglin, K.C., and the late Mrs. Anglin (Madeleine Falconbridge), a former pupil of Loretto.

Marriages.

Miss Margaret Anne Milne, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William G. Milne, to Mr. Howard Walter Woodcroft, on Oct. 15th, at St. Paul's Church, Toronto.

Miss Margaret Burdette, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Richard H. Burdette, Sault Ste. Marie, to Mr. Henry Deveraux, on October 31st.

Miss Rita Adrienne Picket, a graduate of Loretto Academy, Hamilton, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James J. Picket, to Mr. James H. VanSickle, on Nov. 29th.

Miss Nora Sparling, a former pupil of Loretto Academy, Hamilton, daughter of the Reverend C. Sparling and Mrs. Sparling, to Mr. William Porter McClemont, on Nov. 19th.

Miss Ethel Coulson, a graduate of Loretto Academy, Niagara Falls, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Bert J. Coulson, to Mr. Robert John Conrad, on Oct. 15th, at St. Patrick's Church, Niagara Falls, Ont. Mr. and Mrs. Conrad live at the McKinsey Apartments, Niagara Falls, N.Y.

Miss Emily Griffin, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. Griffin, to Mr. Fergus A. McGraw, on Nov. 25th, at the Church of the Immaculate Conception, Stratford.

Miss Lois Mae MacDonald, a graduate of Loretto Academy, Hamilton, to Mr. Clifford Dawes.

Congratulations to:

Mr. and Mrs. Francis F. Trombley (Mae Bush), a former pupil of Loretto Academy, Sault Ste. Marie, Mich., on the birth of a son.

Mr. and Mrs. John Le Blanc (Genevieve Furlong), a former pupil of Loretto Academy, Sault Ste. Marie, Mich., on the birth of a daughter.

Loretto Offers Deepest Sympathy To:

Mrs. Richard Hannam, her daughter, Sister M. Kathleen, Loretto Abbey, and other members of the family, on the death of Mr. Hannam.

Mr. J. F. Sweeney, Chicago, his daughter, Mother M. Berenice, St. Bride's Convent, Chicago, and other members of the family, on the death of Mrs. Sweeney.

Mrs. W. M. German and Brigadier-General Macdonell, on the death of their sister, Miss Marie Macdonell.

Mrs. John F. Power, Toronto, on the death of her husband.

Right Reverend Monsignor J. A. O'Sullivan, on the death of his mother.

Reverend Father Francis Flanagan, Toronto, on the death of his mother.

Mrs. Joseph Roach, Arthur, Ont., her daughter, Miss Madeleine Roach, a graduate of Loretto Abbey College, and other members of the family on the death of Mr. Roach.

Mrs. Joseph Breen and family, and relatives, on the death of her husband.

Reverend J. D. Egan, and Miss Marie Egan, on the death of their father.

Mr. and Mrs. John Spellen, and family, on the death of the former's mother, and to Miss Hopkins, the late Mrs. Spellen's sister.

The relatives of the late Very Reverend Dean Dorovan on his death.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred. Woods, on the death of the former's brother, Mr. William P. Woods.

Mr. James Morissey, on the death of his sister, Sister M. Adele, I.B.V.M.

Reverend Robin Shea, S.J., Chicago, and Mrs. Ruby Ryan, alumna of Loretto Abbey, on the death of their mother, Mrs. James Shea (Julia McGuire, alumna of Loretto Academy, Niagara Falls).

Mrs. James Stout (Mary Burke, alumna of Loretto Academy, Hamilton), and family, on the death of her husband.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Clark (Helen O'Reilly, alumna of Loretto Academy, Hamilton), on the death of their little daughter.

Miss Georgie Dawson, Sault Ste. Marie, Mich., on the death of her mother, Mrs. Carrie Dawson. The late Mrs. Dawson was one of the first friends and greatest benefactors of Loretto Academy, Sault Ste. Marie, and it was she who received the late Reverend Mother Ignatia and Mother Gonzaga when they first came to the Sault to arrange about opening an Academy there.

Mrs. Wm. Fach and other members of the family on the death of their sister, Miss Catharine Cushing.

Mrs. Phelan, Toronto, Mrs. Sutherland, Guelph, Miss Edna Clancy and Mr. Ross Clancy, on the death of their father, Mr. Edward Clancy.

Mrs. Joseph Harris, Guelph, on the death of her husband, and also to Mrs. McElderry, a sister.

Misses Gertrude and Marcella Kirwin, Dundas (former pupils of Loretto Academy, Hamilton), on the death of their mother.

Mr. J. Cain, Chicago, on the death of Mrs. Cain (Mercedes Hennessey).

Mr. S. A. Driscoll, Chicago, on the death of his wife, Helen Curry, a Loretto Graduate, and also to her mother, Mrs. Curry, and to Mrs. Bosch, a sister.

The relatives of the late Mabel Preston, a former pupil of Loretto Academy, Niagara Falls, who died in Chicago.

Miss Bertha O'Sullivan, Quebec, alumna of Loretto Academy, Niagara Falls, on the death of her brother, Mr. Patrick O'Sullivan.

Miss Kathleen O'Leary, class of 1930, Loretto, Niagara Falls, on the death of her father, Mr. Frederick G. O'Leary, and to Mrs. J. E. Kilroy (Kathleen O'Leary, also an alumna of Loretto Academy, Niagara Falls).

Mrs. Charles J. Stewart, Stratford, and family, on the death of her husband, and to his mother, Mrs. Stewart, Guelph.

Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Larkin (Tillie Finley, a graduate of Loretto Academy, Joliet), on the death of their son, Francis Larkin.

Mrs. James E. Welsh, and the Misses Margaret, Cecilia and Alice Walsh, on the death of their sister, Mrs. Halligan (Agnes Walsh, alumna of Loretto, Joliet).

SCHOOL CHRONICLES

Loretto Abbey, Armour Heights.

Oct. 11th. The Canadian Catholic Students' Mission Rally. With the other Crusaders we attended the Mass offered at the Cathedral by His Grace, Archbishop McNeil, and afterwards the meeting held in St. Michael's Hall. After luncheon at Loretto Abbey College School, we were present at the afternoon session and Benediction at St. Joseph's College.

Oct. 14th.—Our first and second basketball teams played Merritton College in our gymnasium. After an exciting struggle we defeated our opponents.

Oct. 16th.—An interesting and educational lecture on South Africa, accompanied by slides, was given by Miss Grills. The vote of thanks was tendered by Miss Eileen Belair.

Oct. 18th.—Our first and second basketball teams played against Loretto Abbey College School. The honours were divided for we each won a game.

Oct. 25th.—Sigma Nu entertained at an informal bridge.

Oct. 31st.—Second form gave the Hallowe'en party. Prizes were awarded to Miss Peggy Strickland for the best representation—an Indian Chief, and Miss Mary Hayes for the most humorous costume—a charwoman. Dancing and supper followed.

Nov. 15th.—The Senior Students were hostesses at a socially and financially successful Bridge in aid of the building fund.

Nov. 17th.—The students turned out in a body to witness a delightful presentation of "As You Like It," given by the College Students.

Nov. 22nd.—Our basketball rivals from Niagara Falls arrived on Friday night, followed by their supporters on Saturday morning. It was only after a tremendous struggle that we managed to defeat them.

Dec. 5th-9th.—Everybody enjoyed the glorious retreat given by Reverend Father Keating, S.J. Our work now is to live up to the inspiring ideals placed before us by his words.

Dec. 10th.—Twenty aspirants were received into the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin Mary. The reception was followed by a dinner given by the Faculty.

Frances Clark.

Loretto Abbey College School, Brunswick Avenue.

Oct. 8th.—Our Senior basketball team defeated St. Michael's.

Oct. 10th.—An illustrated lecture by Reverend Father John Fraser, of Cuchow, China. This was one of the events of the Mission Rally, and was attended by the Senior Units and the Senior members of Junior Units of the city.

Oct. 15th.—The Feast of St. Teresa was marked by the birthday of our new literary society, The Academy of St. Teresa.

Oct. 18th.—Our teams met the Abbey teams in our gymnasium. The Abbey Junior team and our Senior team were the winners, a signal victory for us because of the excellence of the Abbey team, and also because it was our first indoor game of the season.

Oct. 24th.—Our Senior and Junior teams were invited to Moulton College to play basketball. The Senior teams tied, but our Juniors won.

Oct. 30th.—The Third and Fourth forms entertained the school at a Hallowe'en tea-dance. Miss Mary McConvey and Miss Mary Winn Slipper poured tea.

Nov. 4th.—We played both Moulton College teams. The Senior teams tied twice, but in the third attempt Moulton won. Their Junior team was also successful. Tea was served after the game in the art room.

Nov. 4th.—Miss Graham, Canadian journalist, gave a most interesting talk on the life and works of her intimate friend, Marjorie Pickthall, with readings from her poems.

Nov. 7th.—The monthly Crusade meeting, when Form IV gave the beautiful play, "The Angel's Touch."

Nov. 15th.—We entertained the team from Loretto Academy, Niagara Falls, and won the game. Miss Helen Cummins, the class President, and Miss Catherine Macklin, President of the Athletic Association, were the hostesses at the dinner party, and at tea after the game.

Dec. 5th.—The Crusade meeting and play wonderfully well acted and staged by Form III, "Why the Chimes Rang."

Dec. 19th.—The final Crusade meeting of the term gave us the right send-off for the holidays. The meeting was marked by another lovely play, "There Was No Room in the Inn," by Form II A. We were honored in having as our guest Right Reverend Monsignor Blair to whom we presented a cheque for $25 for the Missions.

Mary Winn Slipper.

Loretto Academy, Niagara Falls.

Oct. 1st.—Our delegates to the Chicago convention bring back to us the high-lights of those three memorable days, and enthusiasm is general. Big plans are made by our S.S.C. for the coming year.

Oct. 7th.—A living Rosary! Our first attempt at it most successful.

Oct. 9th.—The Mission staff is completed: Vice-President, Miss Marianne Conlon; Secretary, Miss Norma Toby; Treasurer, Miss Rose Dawson.

Oct. 10th.—We are instructively entertained by Mr. Witte's Shakespearian readings of selections from "Macbeth" and "The Merchant of Venice."

Oct. 12th.—Loretto Niagara's second field day! The true spirit is evident and everyone rejoices to find such excellent skill.

Oct. 22nd.—The St. Cecilia's Club brings us Reverend Father Ronan from Toronto and Reverend Brother Anthony, O. Carm., as guests. Father Ronan delivers a few helpful words concerning our rendition of the Gregorian chant and Brother Anthony displays for us his incomparable skill as a pianist.

Oct. 24th.—Reverend Father Garcia introduces to us Reverend Father McGuire, a young Vincentian Missionary, who will soon leave for China. We of the Mission Unit greatly enjoy talks from Father Garcia.

Oct. 27th.—A Mission Movie featuring the Catechists in New Mexico—again we are indebted to Reverend Father Garcia.

Oct. 31st.—An eventful evening with costumes, and everything for supper, to celebrate Hallowe'en. The prize for the prettiest costume is awarded Miss Jeanne Glaser; for the most original, to Miss Angelina Briand, and for the funniest, to Miss Dorothea Kerschner.

A new radio, purchased by the Gamma Kappa, is another agreeable surprise.

Nov. 15th.—The team returns from Toronto defeated in basketball by Loretto Abbey College School. The score is 49—42. Our girls, impressed by their charming hostesses, are looking forward to another visit.

Nov. 16th.—A red-letter day for Niagara. With songs and speeches and posters, we do our best to give our returned missioner, Reverend Father McClimont, C.M., a due reception.

Nov. 21st.—This time Reverend Father McClimont receives his official welcome at a meeting of the Mission Unit. A specially planned program takes place, followed by Father's modest account of his perilous adventures.

Nov. 22nd.—A pleasant bus ride, an exciting game, and charming opponents fill up the measure of our enjoyable trip to Loretto Abbey. They won!

Nov. 24th.—Fourth year presents a novel Mission night in the form of a broadcasting station. We find unusual dramatic power among our Seniors. In every way the performance is a success.

Dec. 3rd.—A spirited game between first year and fourth year takes place, in which the former is victorious.

Dec. 5th.—Third year, avenging the Sen-

tors, defeats first year. Who will win the inter-year cup?

Dec. 8th. A day filled with inspirations from morning Mass until the Reception in the evening. A lovely banquet is prepared for the ones about to join our ranks. Fifteen candidates are received as Children of Mary. God bless them ever, as now.

Dec. 11th. We are successful in a game of basketball with the Collegiate Institute of Niagara Falls, Ontario. Although the strangers show splendid spirit in holding on to the end, the game results 44-26 in our favor.

Dec. 12th. Some of our Mission Unit attend a meeting of the Niagara sector, where they receive encouragement and new zeal for our Mission work.

Dec. 13th. We tune in on the Sodality Hour, at 7:30 p.m., broadcasted from WBEN of Buffalo, to hear Reverend Father Lord, S.J., present a most interesting talk against Student Standardization. WBEN is a National Broadcasting Station.

Dec. 15th. Sixty little children come here to learn that there is a Santa Claus, and leave laden with gifts furnished by the students.

Miriam Mracek, E. de M.

Loretto Academy, Sault Ste. Marie.

Oct. 15th. Perhaps the most outstanding event of the season was the Saint Theresa's Literary Society banquet, with its attractive decorations and appointments of autumn colours, its splendid program, a trend toward a "Campaign for better reading," and its non-[illegible] guests, Reverend Father William Gagnieur, S.J., and Reverend Father Joseph Du-Quette, [illegible] of the former graduates.

Oct. 29th. A Jitney Dance was enjoyed by the High School students under the sponsorship of the Catholic Students' Spiritual Crusade.

Nov. 10th. Opening of Education Week. A program, consisting of articles on the subject of Catholic Education, was given by members of Junior Class.

Nov. 11th. Armistice Day. High School entertained at a program given by pupils of lower grades.

Nov. 13th. A debate on the subject of Catholic Education, upheld by the members of Junior and Senior Class.

Nov. 14th. Reverend Dean John J. Stenglein, addresses the student body on the "Use of Leisure Time." Other features of the program were the presenting of four original plays, written by members of the Junior and Senior Classes: "The Wrong Impressions," by Miss Jean Dagenais; "The Library Mystery," by Miss Loretto Milbauer; "The Transformation," by Miss Jean McEachern; and "The Thing That Counts," by Miss Audrey Olmstead. An original poem was also read by Miss Georgia Cameron.

Loretto Milbauer, '31.

Loretto Academy, Hamilton.

Oct. 1st.—We were delightfully entertained by moving pictures, kindly shown by Mr. Burns, which included an intensely interesting film of present day life in Alaska, the journey of the only expedition that penetrated the villages of the head-hunters of Ecuador, and brief glimpses of the beauties of Northern Canada.

Oct. 8th. Mr. Henry Witte gave a reading of the play "Macbeth," which was particularly interesting to the students of the matriculation forms.

Dec. 8th. Twenty-two candidates were re-

ceived to-day, in the school chapel, into the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin Mary. The ceremony was performed by Reverend Father Curtis of St. Mary's pro-Cathedral, who gave an eloquent and instructive sermon, congratulating the new members on the great honour they had received. Those enrolled were Misses Patricia Muldoon, Margaret Schiavo, Freda Garner, Ursula Bodendistel, Kathleen Radigan, Helen Radigan, Mary Gray, Mary Nelligan, Elinor McHarg, Mary Craven, Eva Wooden, Bernice Bradden, Patricia Hanrahan, Kathleen Brown, Margaret Shields, Margaret Barclay, Betty Walton, Margaret Thomson, Mary Jane Fearn, Jean Chisholm, Mae Murray, Helen Burns.

Other events of the term are mentioned elsewhere in this issue.

Margaret Sharkey, Form IV.

Loretto Convent, Sedley.

Oct. 14th, 16th.—were days filled with excitement because of the parish bazaar. Those in charge of it were well satisfied with the proceeds, considering the hard year and the stormy weather.

Oct. 2nd.—Everyone enjoyed the visit of the school inspector, Mr. Rowan. He, too, seemed pleased with all the classes.

Oct. 31st.—In the afternoon the primary class entertained the school with a concert. We enjoyed it all immensely, but especially "Comin' Thro' the Rye."

In the evening the High School had a kitchen party which consisted of a taffy-pull and masquerade.

Nov. 6th.—The High School pupils held their first Literary meeting. Grades eleven and twelve entertained the remaining members with short talks on Canadian poets and artists.

Nov. 13th. The announcement was made that Reverend Father Janssen had been chosen Vicar-General of the Archdiocese of Regina. Sedley's loss is the Archdiocese's gain.

Nov. 21st. The members of the Literary Society held their second meeting. Grades nine and ten entertained grades eleven and twelve with well-dramatized scenes from "The Merchant of Venice."

Nov. 22nd.—St. Cecilia's feast. The music pupils gave a most enjoyable recital, and there was also a "taffy-pull" for the members of the choir.

Dec. 5th-7th. Forty Hours' Devotion. Reverend Father Carlin, S.J., officiated again. On Sunday afternoon he gave a splendid talk to the High School boys. In the evening he visited the boarders and spent a merry recreation hour with us.

Alma Eberl, Grade XI.

Loretto High School, Englewood, Chicago.

Oct. 10th. "Land ahoy!" The Juniors presented an excellent Columbus Day program to celebrate the memory of the famous discoverer. They entertained by talks and tableaux commemorating his life, presenting an old, old story in a new and different way.

Oct. 20th. Yes, there's something in being a Senior, after all, besides a lot of work. Because we were such worthy personages we were invited over to Loretto Academy, Woodlawn, to hear the famous lyric soprano Miss Marie Houston, who endowed with a silver voice and a charming personality, completely captivated us.

Oct. 31st. The Sophomore Hallowe'en party, at which we hardly recognized the three

freshmen of last year, so competent and successful were they.

Week of Nov. 10th. This week having been designated as Education Week, our Faculty and student body joined forces to devise a fitting observance of it. The result was that on Monday, Nov. 10th, the Freshmen, very appropriately, launched a campaign on colds. Such is the advantage of being a student of physiology. On Wednesday, Nov. 13th, the Freshmen talked on "Avoiding Accidents," and the Civics Class presented beautiful slides of Washington D.C. On Thursday the Juniors presented educational talks on literature, and on Friday the Seniors completed the week by enacting three scenes from "The Merchant of Venice" in an effectively dramatic style.

Nov. 25th.—Miss Jessie Kramer, our star musician, in a piano recital, rendered some very difficult selections from Paderewski, Mozart, MacDowelle, Chopin, and other famous composers. The polished style of her performance aroused great admiration.

Dec. 3rd.—Again we rode the advantage of being a Senior for the entire class saw Fritz Leiber in his interpretation of "Hamlet" at the Chicago Civic Theatre.

Dec. 5th.—Our lovely chapel, filled with flowers, was the scene of an extraordinarily beautiful and impressive ceremony when the Freshmen were received into our Sodality.

Dec. 10th.—Already the generous Christmas spirit of Loretto is functioning, for on this day we held a penny parade to amass a sum to send to the missions for Christmas. It was amusing as well as beneficial. The girls marched around the assembly-hall, dropping in a penny each time until they had exhausted their supplies, and thanks to the generous spirit of the girls, they did not stop until the large box was completely filled. And so in this same Christmas spirit, Loretto, Englewood, wishes all Rainbow readers a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

Rita Fitzpatrick.

Our Honour Roll for First Quarter: Misses Kathleen Brown, Catherine Cognac, Marie Zerega, May Kenny, Colomba Zerega, Margaret Nims, Regina Larmen, June Mary Hoffman, Florence O'Brien, Eileen McGuire, Dorothy Roche, Jane Herbert, Elizabeth Healy.

R.F.

Loretto Academy, Woodlawn, Chicago.

Oct. 20th.—Miss Marie Houston gave a very attractive musical program. Miss Houston dressed in the costume of the period of which she sang. We were attracted by her sweet personality as well as by her charming voice.

Oct. 22nd.—Our riding class had its first lesson. The navy-blue riding-habits have called forth many admiring words. The master of the Midway Riding Academy, where the girls procure their horses, found the riders apt pupils. Mrs. Kessler, mother of two of our students, Misses Eileen and Peggy Ann Kessler, accompanies the girls in their rides through the park.

Oct. 30th.—The Juniors entertained the school royally with a masquerade. A real orchestra from Mount Carmel High School made the dancers happy. The decorations were just what we would expect from the artistic third year.

Nov.—The inter-class games between the schools have been most interesting. Our Junior team remains undefeated.

Nov. 6th.—Our course in Parliamentary Procedure began to-day.

Nov. 17th.—Mr. Allan Spencer gave us a delightful piano recital.

Nov. 24th.—Reverend Doctor Philip Solome thrilled us with his illustrated talk on India.

Dec. 2nd.—The "Blue Ribbons" met and formed a committee to take care of the poor at Christmas-time. Miss Veronica O'Meara was elected chairman of this committee and the donations that have been pouring in show the true Christian spirit of our girls.

Dec. 5th.—To-day we rejoiced to have Reverend Mother General and Mother Blandina with us. The students celebrated the "Silver Jubilee" of our academy. The Glee Club and the Orchestra gave a most enjoyable entertainment. The Senior, Junior, Sophomore, and Freshman class presidents, in the name of their classmates, each presented $25.00 in silver to the community.

Dec. 10th.—The Forty Hours' Devotion began to-day. The Seniors are the ones priveleged to be the guard of honour throughout the days Our Lord remains exposed on our altar.

Dec. 11th.—We are justly proud of our representatives who gave talks in the Parliamentary law class to-day. Miss Gannon announced they were the best speeches she had heard in any of her Chicago classes. The speakers were Misses Kathryn Burke, Marie Stanton and Elise Felix.

Dec. 12th.—As this goes to press we notice a poster on the Bulletin Board announcing a Christmas party to be given by the Seniors on Dec. 19th. Great fun is promised. The proceeds from the party are to be given to the poor.

Kathryn Burke.

Loretto Academy, Guelph.

Oct. 27th.—The students entertained their friends at Euchre and Bridge. Refreshments were served, and all enjoyed the dance in the gymnasium.

Nov. 10th.—A friendly basketball game with the Collegiate. Our opponents were victorious.

Nov. 18th.—The Senior music pupils sponsored a recital in honour of the Feast of St. Cecilia. On Saturday the Junior pupils played for their parents and friends.

Dec. 3rd.—The Feast of St. Francis Xavier, a fitting day for the opening of our retreat. And what a retreat! Father Bradley's inspiring sermons will never be forgotten.

Dec. 12th.—Another basketball game, when we defeated the Collegiate 27—14.

Mission Notes.

At the enthusiastic October meeting, our beloved pastor, Reverend Father Bradley, S.J., in a stirring address, outlined our duty as apostles in our homes and in the Mission fields, both at home and abroad.

"Example," he said, "is more powerful than precept. Each Crusader can by obedience, fidelity, and gentleness, bring Christ into the home. Chapels might be built, or Chinese children rescued, by the little acts of self-denial that even the youngest member can practice."

At the November meeting we had the privilege of meeting our hitherto unknown adopted missionary, Reverend Father Couture, S.J. The intrepid Indian missionary vividly described Indian life and the adventures of the lone missionary in his territory of three hundred and fifty square miles. The missionary travels by canoe in summer, and by dog-sleigh in winter, and many are the tales he can tell of lost trails and portages. Father told us that the Christian Indians who have not had any contact with the white race, are model people. They are honest and simple; their only joy is their prayer, and their greatest pleasure the

yearly visit of the missionary. To illustrate their honesty Father related how, on his first journey, he saw lying on the shore a bag of flour. Inquiring how it was that a commodity so precious was left unprotected, the Indian guide answered "No white man within fifty miles."

Our heartiest congratulations to the Crusade Unit of Loretto Academy, Hamilton, the second of our Loretto Units to build a chapel in the Canadian West. Loretto Abbey College School built the first one.

Gladys Dodds.

Loretto Academy, Stratford.

Oct. 19th. Our first Crusade meeting of the year was held to-day. The following officers were elected for the coming year: President, Miss Jean Cole; Vice-President, Miss Moira Gaunt; Secretary, Miss Eunice Le Sueur; Treasurer, Miss Dorothy McCarthy. Each day from one to one-thirty is a busy half-hour, as we are earnestly striving to complete by Christmas eleven linen to be sent through the C.C.S.M.C. to some poor mission.

Oct. 15th.—Basketball season is once more in full swing—our first indoor practice today. Both Senior and Junior teams are eagerly looking forward to future games with the various school teams.

Oct. 27th. The Carter McGee Scholarship, mentioned elsewhere in this issue, were to-day distributed by the Very Reverend D. J. Egan.

Nov. 12th. Initiation of the new members of St. Cecilia's Club. Various processes and games were carried on, to which the new members responded willingly. After all was over a tribute was paid to St. Cecilia and the members were duly admitted.

Nov. 22nd.—St. Cecilia's Club held its annual banquet in our hall to-night. Reverend W. J. Kelly, Reverend G. L. Pettypeace, and Reverend Leo Kelly were present. The toast list was as follows: St. Cecilia, Miss Mary Wimpory; Our New Members, Miss Catherine Stewart, Miss Marion Rogers; Music (Plain Chant), Miss Josephine Pigeon; Literary Unit, Miss Evelyn Goettler, Miss Jean Cole; Our Guests, Miss Catherine Harrigan. Miss Iona Seigner was toast-mistress.

Nov. 28th. A very enjoyable program was rendered this evening by the Music Students of the Academy. The Very Reverend D. J. Egan and Judge Killoran spoke in praise and encouragement of the performers.

Jean Cole.

Sioux Lookout, Ont.

Nov. 23rd. After weeks of praying and waiting, the long-expected missionary arrived —Reverend Father d'Echambault, who speaks English, French, Italian and Polish. He heard confessions in these languages, and preached at the Sunday Masses in Polish, Italian and English. Later in the day a social gathering was held in the school, and Father d'Echambault gave a talk in Polish, on his trip to Rome.

Bernadette George.

JUST FOR FUN

Hurry and get your skates on;
I'll beat you on the pond.
All ready now? All right, let's go!
Let's hold hands once around

Oh, isn't it grand
With the wind in your face,
And the furry flakes waving
An intricate lace

You get tired and hungry,
And bruised, and so cold.
You don't do your homework,
The teachers may scold.

But you'll take it—and like it,
It's all in the game
It's the *Spirit of Ice Skating*,
Always the same

Virginia Whitehead
Loretto High School, Englewood, Chicago

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LORETTO RAINBOW

Earth's noblest thing—a woman perfected.

VOL. XXXVII. TORONTO, APRIL, 1931 No. 4

THE STORY OF TWO PICTURES

By REVEREND R. J. DOBELL, B.A.

THOSE who have had the privilege of a visit to St. Augustine's Seminary know that among the many interesting corners in that great institution of learning is the missionary museum which was begun and has grown considerably under the guidance of the Seminary Rector, now the Bishop Elect of Charlottetown. Besides many interesting exhibits from the mission fields of the world, it contains a collection of large pictures which portray some of the great events in the history of the Catholic Church. Among these there are two that depict incidents of an all important historical event of very recent years, which will be known to students of the future as the settlement of the Roman Question.

The Rise of the Roman Question.

The problem known as the Roman Question arose about sixty years ago. Briefly it was this: Before the year 1870 the Pope, besides being God's representative on earth and the Head of the Catholic Church, was also an earthly king who owned the City of Rome and ruled over almost one-quarter of Italy. But in 1870 some wicked men in the Italian Government, known as Freemasons, raised an army and confiscated all these possessions of the Pope. They stole even his own church and home from him, merely permitting him to live in the Vatican and to use St. Peter's Basilica, both of which they regarded as their own property. This was a very great injustice that left God's representative at the mercy of the Italian Government. In protest, Pope Pius the IX decided he would never set his foot on Italian territory until the Italians recognized their sin and made restitution for these thefts. Thus it was that five Popes in succession voluntarily made prisoners of themselves in the Vatican.

The Solution of the Problem.

But it was not very becoming for God's representative to be a prisoner. He should be the freest of all men—free from subjection to any particular nation because he has to direct the peoples of all the different nations of the world. It was Mussolini who settled the problem for the Pope. Mussolini made restitution for all that the Italian Government had stolen and he gave the Pope part of the City of Rome for himself. In this manner the Pope once more became a king and felt free to leave the Vatican once again. Now the two pictures I speak of are pictures of that great event when His Holiness Pope Pius XI broke his self-imposed imprisonment for the first time, on July 25, 1929. And the story of these two pictures is the story of

how we came to be witnesses and actual participants in this great historical event. Here then is the story:

The International Pilgrimage of Seminarians.

In the summer of 1929 five thousand seminarians gathered from all parts of the world in the City of Rome to congratulate His Holiness the Pope on the fiftieth anniversary of his ordination to the priesthood, and among the five thousand were three professors of St. Augustine's Seminary, who were commissioned by the Apostolic Delegate to represent the seminaries of Canada. The Bishop-Elect of Charlottetown was one of the three delegates. Thus it was that with the orders of the Papal Delegate in our pockets, the Canadian Delegation to the International Pilgrimage of Seminarians arrived in Rome on Saturday, July 20, 1929.

We had been in Rome a month before and it was quite familiar as we stepped briskly out of the De Luxe Special from Paris. Paying no attention to the shouting mob of baggage carriers and taxi-drivers for which European stations are famous, we hailed a car, shouted the name of our hotel into the ear of the driver and in a few moments, fraught with the excitement of quick turns in narrow streets, and incessant blowing of raucous horns, found ourselves in one of Rome's modern hotels. On Sunday morning, information gleaned from the "Osservatore Romano" led us across Rome to the "Cancellaria." This place seemed mad with the excitement of Italian officials, but everything came to a standstill when we managed to get one of them into a corner and acquaint him of the fact that we were from Canada. "Canadese! Canadese!" he exclaimed, and others repeated it as though it seemed to them impossible that representatives should come so far to join with other seminarians in congratulating His Holiness Pope Pius XI on being fifty years a priest. Very cordially welcomed and quickly registered, we were given tickets to all the events of the week, and a small badge bearing the papal colours—a badge which worked many a miracle of free and easy admissions during the crowded festivities. The official welcome to the pilgrims was tendered that evening, in the Church of St. Ignatius, by Cardinal Bisleti, head of the Congregation of Seminaries and Universities. Papal audiences, Commemorations of the early Saints and Martyrs of the Church, at the Coliseum and in the Catacombs, together with Masses and Benedictions in several of Rome's important Basilicas, filled in the week until there was left one day more—the last and the best—the great historical day, Thursday, July 25th.

The Great Historical Day.

It began with Mass celebrated in St. Peter's by the Holy Father himself. The entrance of the Pope, who was borne on the Seda Gestatoria; the accompaniment of the famous silver trumpets; the acclamations of the thousands upon thousands in the vast Basilica; and Pius, with his smile, bestowing blessings right and left, the picture of humility amidst all the grandeur and opportunities for pride, was a spectacle never to be forgotten.

But, impressive as was his entrance, there was one thing much more soul stirring in that morning service and it was the coming of Our Blessed Lord at the consecration of the Papal Mass. Shortly after the "Hanc Igitur" one could hear in the far distance at the entrance of the Basilica, muffled, yet sharp military commands. The civil and papal troops, who stretched the length of St. Peter's, silently come to attention and present arms. The noble guard close to the altar in their stately uniform and

golden helmets, salute and kneel; the vast throng bows the knee and head, and as His Holiness pronounces the words "Hoc est Enim Corpus Meum" and falls to his knees in adoration, those world renowned silver trumpets of the Vatican burst forth into the sweetest and most stirring of musical compositions, the Marche de Sylvers, composed especially for the Consecration of the Papal Mass. Long will the memory of this event linger in our minds!

The Eucharistic Procession.

The afternoon of July 25th came at last. Rome, Italy and the entire Catholic world had been waiting anxiously for it, but no one more anxiously than ourselves. Our pilgrimage badge and tickets worked wonders again for from 2 p.m. to 10 p.m. entrance to the Vatican City was by ticket alone. It carried us through streets and gateways, past hundreds of armed guards and officials and in through the Bronze door of St. Peter's Basilica where the procession was to form.

The hour or more that we had to wait passed very quickly for we spent the time chatting with groups of seminarians from Spain, France, Ireland, and even made ourselves acquainted with a delegation of Negroes from Abyssinia. At 5.55 the great bell of St. Peter's pealed forth. It was the signal for the procession to begin. It was not, however, the signal for us, for we had still long to wait before we took our place in the line with the delegation from the United States.

HIS HOLINESS AND THE PAPAL CORTEGE IN THE EUCHARISTIC PROCESSION OF JULY 25, 1929

Before us at the head of the procession, went a detachment of Pontifical Gendarmes, followed by a squad of the Palatine Guard. Next came a schola of 200 voices; the mendicant and monastic orders in their many habits; then six abreast in almost endless line the 5,000 seminarians in surplice, each carrying a lighted candle. Behind us followed the clergy of the parish and collegiate churches, and the minor and major Basilicas.

As we came out the main entrance of St. Peter's a scene surpasses all imagination presented itself. The slowly moving and colorful procession stretched for almost half a mile before us, singing Eucharistic hymns and wending its way through a mass of humanity that covered every inch of the great piazza and

HIS EMINENCE THE MOST REVEREND LORD CARDINAL PIETRO GASPARRI

The great Prince of the Church who for Sixteen Years was Secretary of State, and as Plenipotentiary of His Holiness signed the Treaty of the Lateran.

stretched as far as the eye could see — in numbers well over 300,000. As our eyes raised we saw that the house-tops were crowded, and that even far away — high up on the Janiculan — the crowds had gathered to catch a glimpse of this historical procession.

On each side, as we descended the long steps that lead to the Basilica and turned to the right to enter the famous colonnade of Bernini, corps of Pontifical Gendarmes, Swiss Guards and Palatine Guards fully armed and each in their own peculiar and picturesque uniform, lined the way.

The Plazza was encircled by 15,000 armed Italian soldiers, six and eight deep, forming an impressive guard of honor. As we passed through the colonnades we recognized detachments from every division of the army — Carabinieri, Bersaglieri, artillery, infantry, sailors and aviators, each and every one on his best deportment. At the feet of the obelisk a company of Fascist militia had erected two red cross tents to supply first aid in case of necessity. The houses and stores which press up closely to the exterior of the colonnades were gayly decorated and standing room upon their roofs and in their windows was at a premium.

The Event That Made History.

At 7.00 o'clock, as we passed from one colonnade to the other, just on the borders of the Vatican City and between rows of soldiers with drawn bayonets, the Papal Cortege appeared in the entrance of St. Peter's. It was made up of all manner of ecclesiastical and lay officials — hundreds of priests in chasubles, fifty bishops in cope and, finally, slowly and stately marched the Noble Guard in their commanding uniform.

Then — just one hour and twenty minutes after the procession had begun, following the Noble Guard, came Pius XI, kneeling prayerfully at a prie-dieu, carrying the Blessed Sacrament and borne high upon the shoulders of stalwart men. This was the historic moment — the first time in 59 years that the Vicar of Christ had crossed

the threshold of his own church and home to come into the outside world. At the precise moment of his appearance the great bell joyfully announced the fact, the carillons took it up and the chimes of every church in Rome carried it on—on one to another until all Rome was ringing with their glad message of triumph. A cheer swept over the multitude, but subsided quickly as each realized the presence of Our Blessed Lord. The 15,000 troops came smartly to attention and presented arms. It was a supreme moment of triumph for Pope, cardinals, bishops, priests, seminarians and laity, not only in Rome but throughout the entire world.

Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

When the end of the procession had left St. Peter's and thousands of participants had already crowded the steps of the Basilica, a golden altar was erected before the main entrance under a great purple baldachino, from the rear of which hung an ancient and precious tapestry from the Vatican Museum, a tapestry representing Leonardo di Vinci's "Last Supper."

Night fell and 300 men scaled the facade of St. Peter's to light its myriad torches, which made the Basilica and its great plazza fairly brilliant with light. At 8.30 the procession was over and it found His Holiness at the altar ready to give Benediction. As soon as the echo of the "Tantum Ergo," sung by that vast gathering, had subsided, the ocean of humanity knelt, soldiers, sailors and aviators saluted and presented arms, the silver trumpets once again burst forth into the Marche de Sylvere and then Christ Our King, through His Vicar Pius XI, blessed us—He blessed Rome and Italy and the world.

Last Remembrances.

Our last recollections of the memorable occasion are of that mighty assembly which no man could number, of all nations and tribes and peoples and tongues standing before St. Peter's, Rome, cheering and calling out of the darkness for the Holy Father to appear in person, in the loggia above the entrance, that they might receive his blessing. But the Pope did not appear and so against severe odds of wooden barricades, narrow streets, police, soldiers, and heat, every one in that vast plazza seemed to decide at one and the same time to make for home.

No photographers, except official photographers of the Vatican, had been allowed on the scene and thus good pictures of this historical event were at a premium. The next day, before leaving the Eternal City, we ordered two of the best of them for the seminary, and a few weeks after our return home they took their place in the collection of historical pictures hung in the Seminary Museum.

THE WAY TO CALVARY.

With weary feet and drooping head,
He climbed the path with tears unshed;
And, as a crown, Our King did wear
A wreath of thorns upon His hair.
'Twas on the way to Calvary,
The road He chose because of me.
He saw His Mother standing there,
His Mother, virgin, sweet and fair,
Benumbed by grief and sorrow keen.
The sword had come, not unforeseen
And she was with Him to the last,
She knew the sword had come and passed,
And weeping, took Him to His grave
What can I give for all He gave

Elise Felix, IA.,
Loretto Academy, Woodlawn, Chicago.

HIS EXCELLENCY MOST REVEREND NEIL MCNEIL, D.D.
ARCHBISHOP OF TORONTO.

[illegible]

MARY WARD

Foundress of the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary (1585-1645)

Prayer for Beatification

[illegible]

Amen.

JANUARY 23rd, the feast of the Servant of God, Mary Ward, the Foundress of the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary, was joyfully and lovingly celebrated in all the houses of the Institute in America, and especially at the Motherhouse, Loretto Abbey, Armour Heights, Toronto. Pupils of Loretto, you are enjoying the fruits of the heroic love, labour and suffering of Mary Ward. What are you doing in return, to cultivate her spirit, to promote her canonization, to perpetuate her work? Dear Reader, we ask you to say this little prayer for the beatification of her whose whole life-work was directed to the furtherance of God's greater honour and glory.

LORETTO ABBEY, ARMOUR HEIGHTS

THE SEVENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY OF HAMILTON DIOCESE

Sermon Delivered in St. Patrick's Cathedral, by His Excellency, Right Reverend Joseph A. O'Sullivan, D.P., Bishop-elect of Charlottetown, P.E.I.

"He will make her desert as a place of pleasure and her wilderness as the garden of the Lord. Joy and gladness shall be found therein . . . . . thanksgiving and the voice of praise." (Isaias 51, 3).

My dear Brethren:

Overwhelmed with the mighty load of sorrows which afflicted God's people of old, the Prophet Isaias peered with mystic gaze down the long corridor of time to those blessed days when Christ's reign on earth would have begun, and he beheld a vision of glory that enthralled him. He saw the lights and shadows of a wondrous panorama—the history of the New Jerusalem—the Kingdom of God. He beheld new people gathered around God's altar, from strange lands and the remotest corners of the earth. He saw new continents springing up and budding forth flowers of virtue, and teeming with spiritual harvests. He witnessed scenes of joy and scenes of sorrow, epochs of expansion in one section to counteract reverses in another. But, with it all, seeing the whole ensemble of the vision as God enrolled it before his astonished eyes he realized that the joys would outnumber the sorrows; the shadows ever would be softened, suffused by the glory of God's presence dwelling among his people: Lift up thy eyes round about and see, he cried, all these are gathered together, they are come to Thee, O God; thy sons shall come from afar and thy daughters shall rise up at thy side. Then shalt thou see and abound, and thy heart shall wonder and be enlarged for "He will make her desert as a place of pleasure and her wilderness as the garden of the Lord: Joy and gladness shall be found therein—thanksgiving and the voice of praise." (Isaias 51: 3).

And in that vision we also had our place, for here, too, in this Canada of ours, the Church of God took root, and has flourished. Gathered here this morning in all humility before God's altar, surrounding the throne of our beloved Bishop, who is offering in his name and ours, a sacrifice of praise and thanksgiving for all the wonderful works of God that have been wrought in our midst, we are rejoicing on the seventy-fifth anniversary of the foundation of our diocese, the diocese of Hamilton, one of the fairest jewels set in the diadem wherewith God has crowned his spiritual spouse, our Holy Mother, the Church. To-day our fancy seems wafted back over the lapse of three centuries to those romantic days when the untutored Indians roamed these lands, and beheld for the first time the advent of those intrepid explorers, who sailed across the broad Atlantic and ushered in the dawn of civilization in this land. It is only when we pause to realize how things have changed in that long span of years, that the distant past seems to cast a spell about us. The visible, palpable things of the present seem to lose their substance and to have their places taken by primeval forests, through which resounds the ring of the woodman's axe, as, with heroic toil he hews out a clearing for his simple homestead, and our ears catch the sweet strains of music as the ploughman brings new courage to his homesick heart by singing while he toils, the old familiar folk-songs of his mother land beyond the seas. Yes, this stately tem-

ple, which a later generation of devoted children of Holy Church reared to the worship of the God of Nations, seems to fade away. Its chiselled columns and Gothic arches give place to lordly oak and uplifted pine and the wide-spreading branches of elm and maple. And under the blue vault of heaven stands that first altar whose Holy Mass is being offered and those first Catholic citizens of Canada are chanting the praises of Him whose blessings they hope will make these deserts as a place of pleasure and this wilderness blossom forth as a garden of the Lord."

All through this district to the Niagara, the long forgotten Attiwandrons held undisputed sway until, in 1626, an humble Franciscan priest, Father Daillon visited this vicinity and was the first white man on record to preach the Word of God to these poor pagans. Of this priest we know very little except that he was able to make no impression on the inhabitants who, a few years later, were absolutely destroyed by enemy

HIS EXCELLENCY RIGHT REVEREND JOHN T. McNALLY, D.D.
Bishop of Hamilton

tribes. And again, in 1669, it is on record that two Sulpician priests, Fathers Galinee and De Casson, wintered on the banks of the Niagara River and, for the first time, the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass was offered in this part of the world. These missionaries had only one thought — to convert the Indians and make them — Christian race. Theirs was no dream of worldly empire, but one for Christ. Yet history is strange. Their dream was not to be realized. America was to become the home of European peoples and, for more than a hundred years, the lily of France and the lion of England were to be pitted against each other for mastery of the land.

CONGRATULATIONS TO
HIS EXCELLENCY, RIGHT REVEREND JOSEPH A. O'SULLIVAN
O.P.

Bishop-Elect of Charlottetown, P.E.I.

Ordained to the Holy Priesthood in Hamilton, 1911. Appointed Rector of St. Mary's Cathedral, Hamilton, 1921. Named Domestic Prelate to His Holiness, Pope Pius XI, 1923. Appointed Rector of St. Augustine's Seminary, 1925. Bishop-Elect of Charlottetown, P.E.I., 1931.

Growth was slow and tedious. The years sped on and mounted into centuries; 1794 found the Reverend Edmund Burke, a secular priest, journeying from the only diocese, Quebec, to the Niagara Peninsula, and having dreams of founding churches and parishes for the few scattered Irish, Scotch, and French families that were located in this vast area. But six years afterwards he was recalled to Quebec and appointed Vicar-Apostolic of Nova Scotia, and in 1818 was consecrated Bishop of Halifax. In 1826, exactly 200 years after Daillon, Pope Leo XII canonically erected Upper Canada as a diocese, with Kingston as its see, and Ontario had its first Bishop in the person of the Right Reverend and Honourable Alexander Macdonnell, whose coming marked a new era in our history. I am gradually coming to the organization of the first churches in what is now Hamilton Diocese, for in 1830 Bishop Macdonnell ordained to the priesthood at St. Raphael's Seminary, Glengarry—a seminary that has long since been disbanded—Edward Gordon, a man of wonderful spirituality and foresight, who, with all the apostolic zeal of a St. Paul, went up and down the roadways of his vast parish, from Niagara Falls to Dundas, down to Trafalgar and along to Toronto Gore and Adjala, a truly great missionary, sowing the good seed, the harvest of which we are now reaping. He said Mass and heard confessions and preached the Word of God in barns and log cabins, but within ten years he had modest but comfortable churches built in all these places. Meanwhile, between 1834 and 1838, Father Wirtath ministered to the German settlers from Guelph to Goderich. In 1838 Father Gordon had the consolation of seeing a resident priest in Hamilton, Father William MacDonald, who later became Vicar-General to Bishop Power of Toronto, when that diocese was established in 1841. But it is to Father Gordon that Hamilton owes its first great debt of gratitude. Bishop Power sent him as resident pastor to Hamilton, and the next Bishop of Toronto, the famous de Charbonel, made him Vicar-General and sent him an assistant in the person of Father Carayon. Vicar-General Gordon and Father Carayon were destined to see the birth of Hamilton Diocese and to have a grand share in the early development of our history, and no names deserve to be held in more blessed memory than theirs.

Bishop de Charbonel longed to see the vast Diocese of Toronto divided, and had plans prepared to make Hamilton the Archdiocese, with Toronto and London as suffragans. However, events turned out differently. February 17th, 1856, saw the two new dioceses of Hamilton and London formed, but no decision was reached regarding where the Archdiocese was to be; and it was only in the time of the third Bishop of Toronto that this matter was finally settled.

February 17th, 1856: what a day of rejoicing for the few priests that laboured among the fast increasing numbers of the faithful, then totalling 15,000 souls. They were to have their own Bishop; and with joy they cried out in the words of Solomon: "Surge, propera, et veni: Arise, make haste and come: O beloved shepherd: for the winter is now past, the rain is over and gone; the flowers have appeared in our land!" The long spiritual winter, that those early settlers endured without Holy Mass for weeks and months at a time; without the sacraments; without hearing the Word of God from consecrated lips; the long, dreary months, when brave Catholic fathers and mothers had not only to slave away their lives in order to earn daily bread for their children's bodies, but had also to be their teachers and spiritual guides as well. The flowers had truly appeared in the land; the Church had taken root in this Canadian soil, and was budding forth religious vocations, and joy

VERY REVEREND DEAN GEORGE L. CASSIDY.
Rector of St. Patrick's Cathedral, Hamilton.

and gladness filled all hearts, and thanksgiving and a voice of praise went forth to God.

And truly there was good reason for rejoicing, for God sent this diocese a wonderful Bishop in the person of Right Reverend John Farrell, who was destined to bear the crosier for seventeen years, one of the kindest, noblest, and most courteous of the prelates that have ever worn the mitre or graced the Sees of Ontario. He came to the city when it had only a small frame church to offer him as a Cathedral, and no priest toiled harder than this venerable Bishop who attended sick calls, visited the poor, and heard confessions every week, and every day when required. He saw his little Cathedral burned to the ground within three years of his arrival here, but within a year St. Mary's was erected and ready for worship.

I am not going to dilate upon the various developments that have taken place in this diocese during the past seventy-five years: the gentle but wise Bishop Crinnon, who built this beautiful church that is now honoured in being the Cathedral Church of our present beloved Bishop, the learned Dominican, Bishop Carberry, whose reign was cut short by death while on a visit to his native Ireland; the long regime of Bishop Dowling, as yet too recent to have taken on its proper perspective. Many of you know its story better than I do, and there will no doubt be occasions in the near future when it will be recalled by worthier lips than mine. But I do feel that on this anniversary day we should recall with something of a patriot's pride, with something of that thrill which heirs find in the history of noble ancestors, with something of that reverence that grateful children have for the memory of departed loved ones, with all these sentiments of affection that sway the human heart, should we recall the hallowed names of priests who once laboured in our midst, sacred names like that of Heenan, and McEvay, Elena, Keough, and Mahoney, who all bore the office of Vicar-General; beloved names like that of Laussie, Funken, George Brohmann, Kloepfer, John Gehl, to whom this diocese is forever indebted; household names around this Cathedral City, such as Coty, and Brady, and John Hinchey, and Craven.

And still these were only some of the leaders. We are accustomed to think of the Church in terms of bishops and priests, whereas the real workers are to be found in the schools, and hospitals, and orphan asylums; and in the fathers and mothers of families. God alone has the record of the good women who have devoted their lives to these religious works in this diocese in the communities of St. Joseph, and Loretto, and Notre Dame, but they have written glorious pages in the history of Hamilton Diocese, every line of which tells a story of self-sacrifice, and self-effacement, of humble, untiring consecration to duty that only is ended with life's last breath.

And what could be done without the faithful laity's hearty co-operation? On Christopher Wren's tomb, it is written: "If you want to see his monument look around you." Look around

at churches, schools, and charitable institutions and behold the monuments that tell of seventy-five years of loyal co-operation between priests and people. Hand in hand they toiled together, in dark days and in prosperous days; never faltering in their faith; never hesitating before accepting the burdens that had been placed upon them; careful always to keep the unity of the spirit in the bond of peace. This diocese has been singularly blessed in its laity; they have kept their homes Christian; they have never been a wealthy people, but they have been consistently a charitable people; and they have been blessed by many signs of heavenly approval. The problems that faced the first bishops were great, even staggering; what were these problems in comparison with those which faced the present Bishop when six years ago the Holy Father sent him to rule this diocese? These few years have been crowned with progressive undertakings. New life has been instilled into every department of church administration, and as we consider this goodly portion of the Lord's vineyard over which his Lordship so benignly rules, we see a newer and fuller verification of the prophet's message: "Joy and gladness shall be found therein, thanksgiving and the voice of praise."

"Not to us, O Lord, but to Thy Name be the glory." It has been God's work that has been done; it has been due only to the goodness of God that these works have succeeded. "Unless the Lord build the house, they labour in vain that build it." Paul said, "I have planted, Apollo watered, but God gives the increase."

Let us be mindful of what our part is in the building up of the Kingdom of God, as good stewards of the manifold gifts of God, let us keep rigorously in mind and heart a deep reverance for God's rights over our consciences and our hearts; let us as Catholics keep out of our homes, as we would keep out vitiated air, or pestilence, the horrible evil of sin, which comes to us in modern drapings, but is just as truly the hated evil against which God has warned us, let us keep loyal to the faith even as our forefathers did when they lacked the comforts of religion which we now have at our disposal, let us cling to Catholic ideals of education, Catholic ideals of home life, Catholic ideals of honest labour, Catholic ideals of civil parity and integrity, even as our parents had to fight for the rights down through these seven decades and a half, let us stand shoulder to shoulder, with bishops and pastors; and when our time comes, as come it will, to pass to our eternal rewards, we will hand on to our posterity as glorious a heritage of faith and good work as our parents consigned to us.

REVEREND FRANCIS CARROLL

Congratulations to Reverend Francis Carroll on his recent appointment to the Vice-Presidency of St. Augustine's Seminary, Toronto. Father Carroll has been a valued contributor to the "Rainbow" both while he was in Palestine, and since his return.

The Late Right Reverend Michael Francis Fallon, D.D., O.M.I.

Although the long expected illness of our dear Bishop, the Right Reverend Michael Francis Fallon, D.D., O.M.I., had prepared us in some measure for the possibility of his death, the reality has come as a severe blow, and a great sense of loss is felt not only by his Diocesan Children and residents of Ontario, but by his vast number of friends and admirers throughout Canada and the United States.

To enumerate all the accomplishments of his zealous, active life, is a task too vast to attempt here. Many of his works are well known to the public; others, perhaps greater, are recorded only in the golden annals of Heaven. Next only to the cause of religion, he devoted heart and a passionate earnestness to that of education—Catholic education. During his ministry he raised to the priesthood more than seventy-five young men to serve in the diocese. He was in many ways instrumental in the upbuilding of the University of Western Ontario. The outstanding work that was nearest to his heart, was the building of the beautiful Theological College, St. Peter's Seminary, which he completed, and which opened to its great mission on September 29th, 1926.

Bishop Fallon was a fearless fighter in the cause of truth, and an intrepid champion of the Faith. He possessed, moreover, the gift of eloquence, and more than once his voice and pen it was that swayed public opinion and won the victory in a difficult crisis. He was a loyal citizen, a great churchman, and a great statesman. His influence was felt far beyond the limits of his diocese, irrespective of religious differences. Friends in all parts of the country, and abroad, who knew and loved him, and countless others who loved and revered him without knowing him personally, will unite their prayers with those of his bereaved spiritual children, and like one great fold that has lost a faithful shepherd, we shall earnestly pray for the repose of his soul.

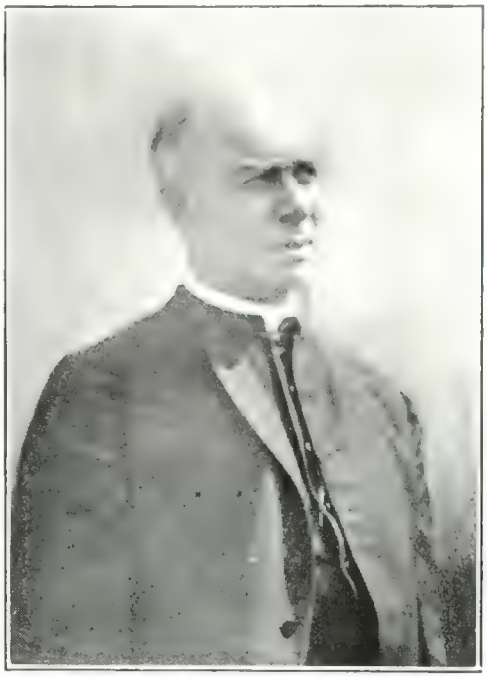
Jean Cole, Form IV.

Loretto Academy, Stratford, Ontario.

THE LATE REVEREND FATHER LANCELOT MINEHAN

Toronto mourns, Ontario mourns, the whole Dominion mourns, and continues to mourn the death on December 30th of Reverend Father Lancelot Minehan, pastor of the Church of St. Vincent de Paul, Toronto, one of the most widely known churchmen in Canada, outstanding as a social welfare leader, and a journalist of recognized merit. The tributes to his life and work and personal character that filled the daily press and the Catholic papers, continue to appear from Catholic and non-Catholic sources alike, and recently a meeting was held to discuss plans for the erection of a suitable monument to his memory. While the late priest's writing in the cause of religion and of social betterment found place in the leading secular journals, he wrote principally for our own paper, "The Catholic Register." During his long and active ministry in the city of Toronto he supported and was openly identified with its many agencies interested in service for the welfare of its people. The Central Council of the Neighbourhood Workers' Association, of which he was a member, wrote of him: "His ripe experience, together with a richly stored mind, a warm heart, and a generous spirit, equipped him for a quality of co-operative service meriting the admiration as well as the sincere appreciation of every member." He was a member not only of this executive, but of many others.

Father Minehan was born in Ireland and came out to Canada as a young man and completed his ecclesiastical studies at the Grand Seminary, Montreal. After his ordination in 1884, he was at first appointed assistant pastor at Thornhill, and later, chaplain of Penetanguishene Reformatory. The experience gained there and during his work among the poor in Toronto, resulted in his becoming the lifelong zealous friend of the under privileged and a fervent advocate of every real movement for relief and betterment.



THE LATE REVEREND FATHER LAUNCELOT MINEHAN

This, the last picture of Father Minehan, was taken at the Martyrs' Shrine at Midland, Ontario

Some years later Father Minehan was appointed pastor of St. Peter's Parish, Toronto, whose church was then a small frame building. He built the edifice at Bloor and Markham Streets, and subsequently handed it over when Toronto welcomed the Paulist Fathers, who have recently completed the splendid new St. Peter's Church on Bathurst Street. Father Minehan himself began again in the new parish of St. Vincent de Paul, where he offered up the Holy Sacrifice in a hired hall until he built the present fine parish church.

During all the time he carried manifold activities would of themselves have filled a busy career. His broad outlook on life enabled him

to see beyond class and race distinctions; he was the same to all; behind every unfortunate circumstance he saw the soul, and respected the individual. He was so simple, so candid, so forgetful of himself, that others might easily take his work as he himself took it—as a mere matter of course. In his pursuit of the defenceless and the forgotten of this world his heart was aglow with sympathy. He never patronized. He was always priestly, but he never asked or expected any special consideration because of his position. He was a man among men, sincere, courteous, self effacing, fearless, ready to render service and to do good whenever and wherever it was asked. He had a genial spirit, a deep humility, the tireless energy of an apostle, and a complete contempt for comforts and worldly pleasures.

A little incident, one of many such, that occurred shortly before his death is typical of the whole man: His overcoat was very old and worn; he was told that he should get a new one. "This one is all right," he said. "But the people feel badly, they do not like to see their priest wearing such a shabby one." "Oh, if that is the way you look at it," said Father Minehan, and without any further word he bought a new coat. But he gave it away, the new coat, not the old one, to a poor man unemployed, who came to him one winter night cold and hungry and seeking assistance.

The hour of farewell found him on the "beat," with lamp filled and brightly burning. Father Minehan was suddenly stricken as he sat at his desk writing. He was removed to St. Joseph's Hospital where, conscious and fortified by the last sacraments, he died within twenty-four hours, succumbing to a fatal attack of angina pectoris.

The crowds who came to pay their last respects, people from every walk of life, and the floral tributes from churches of non-Catholic denominations, from public corporations, and from religious, social, and business organizations, told their own story.

Father Minehan was the lifelong friend of Loretto.

May his holy soul rest in peace!

Rita Kohen, 3T4.
Loretto Abbey College, Toronto.

RENEWAL.

By P. J. Coleman, M.A.

Again the tender flush
Of green things growing!
The pulse in blade and bush
Of new life flowing!

The upward reach and urge
Of instincts vernal
That skyward grope and surge
To laws supernal!

The mystery of birth
From death awaking!
The miracle of earth
New beauty taking!

Renascent throb and thrill
In blossoms tender
That form and flame and fill
With glow and splendor!

The bubbling ecstasy
Of birds that capture
From earth and air and sky
Delight and rapture!

Glory of bud and bloom
Rising in gladness
Out of December's gloom
And winter's sadness!

NAMES.

By Mother M. Dorothea, I.B.V.M.

It was apple-blossom season
And a day of rare delight,
When the orchard donned her fairest garb
Of pearly pink and white.
The delicate frail blossoms
Swaying on every tree,
With the filtering golden sunlight
Made a gleaming filigree.
I lingered at the rustic gate,
Enchanted with the scene:
The peeping buds of pink and white,
The little tufts of green,
The downy fragrant pollen
Falling like roseate mist
From the myriad opening blossoms
A view for a rhapsodist!

But sudden, an apparition
Roused me from reverie,
Running along the pathway,
Nearer and nearer to me,
Came two little earthly cherubs
Such as Raphael might paint,
With a nimbus round their golden hair
That would honour any saint.
They were pink and white like the blossoms,
And they swayed on the rustic gate
As graceful as buds on the branches
In nodding tete a tete.
"What are your names?" I queried,
Lost in perplexity
Whether wood-sprites or elfin phantoms
Were playing their pranks on me.
The eldest boy quickly answered
(The maid was shy and sweet),
"Why, Peggy's name is Peggy,
And my name is Pete."

Was I rudely disillusioned?
Did the poetry fade away
From the little human blossoms
Who recalled me to common day?
No, but I felt within me
My heart with love replete
For Peggy whose name was Peggy,
And Pete whose name was Pete.

FRIENDSHIP.

The love for a friend is a precious gift,
A gift from God on high,
And to Him each morn and night we lift
Our hearts, with the fervent cry:

"Dear Lord, let friendship's fire burn bright,
With a love, the reflex of Thine,
True as the stars, and as sweet and pure
As the breeze through the stately pine."

Frances Clarke, Form IV.,
Loretto Abbey, Armour Heights, Toronto.

EASTER.

O joyous feast that makes our hearts so sing,
"All praise to God, our Maker and King!"
While church spires shine, and church bells ring,
Alleluia! The Son of Man is risen!
Alleluia! The Son of Man is risen!

Marion Cunningham, I.B.
Loretto High School
Englewood, Chicago.

IN MEMORIAM

Mother M. Loyola, I.B.V.M., of the Bar Convent, York, England

The Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary mourns the loss of one of its best known members, Mother Mary Loyola Giles, who passed to her eternal reward on Dec. 18th, 1930, at the Bar Convent, York.

The late Mother Loyola is one of the most widely read of English devotional writers. Her books have been translated into almost every modern language and reach the farthest corners of the Catholic world. Such beautiful works as "Jesus of Nazareth," "Hail, Full of Grace," "The Soldier of Christ," and "Heavenwards," have a universal appeal. Her little book, "Welcome" has become the *Vade Mecum* of many a Loretto girl. It is perhaps, however, in her books written especially for children, that Mother Loyola best reveals her genius, for hers is the happy faculty of understanding the minds and hearts of little ones. She introduces a loving and reverent familiarity between children and the Divine Child, and explains the mysteries of Faith in an easy, natural way. Parents and teachers the world over will feel the loss of the one who so well expressed for them the ideals they would place before the young souls under their care.

Mother Loyola was keenly alive to all that concerned education and the spreading of the faith in her country, and her influence was very considerable; she looked forward earnestly to the time when England—"The Blessed Virgin's Dower" would return again to Catholicity. Her zeal was truly apostolic; she loved and laboured for souls, souls in general, and individual souls. In a letter written to the "Rainbow" only a few months before her death she inquired for one of the pupils whose essay she had noticed, and for whom she had been praying. She was devotedly interested in Osterly and its "Young Priests," a work after her own heart.

Reverend Mother Salome, I.B.V.M., herself a writer of note, the author of the beautiful life of Mary Ward, "Mary Ward, A Foundress of the Seventeenth Century," and whose very name is synonomous with zeal for the Cause of Mary Ward's Canonization, was the life-long friend of Mother Loyola. When we wrote to Mother Salome for data to assist us in the writing of this article, she took her valuable time to answer immediately, writing a beautiful letter, and enclosing a separate page of notes about Mother Loyola. She wrote in haste at our request, and with no thought of publication, but we take the liberty of thus using her account, just as she wrote it, for we feel that it is too precious to use in any other way:

A few details of the Life of Mother Mary Loyola Giles:

"Elizabeth Giles was born at Islington, London, on June 30th, 1845. She was baptized a Catholic in 1855. She and her three sisters were educated at the Bar Convent, York. She left school so much in love with it that she thought she should not enter there. Whilst on a tour on the continent she visited a little shrine of Our Lady near Wiesbaden. There she made her decision and entered the noviceship at the "Bar," May 5th, 1866. She was professed on October 27th, 1869. As Head Mistress of the School, 1880-1891, she was noted for the thoroughness of her training, imbuing the children with principles to fit them for life, never sacrificing the future for the present. How often she has been heard to say, 'What will this mean to the child

in the future!" Her instructions made an indelible impression on young minds, so that they declared they never could forget the lessons that she imparted, helped out as they were by such apt illustrations.

Superior: She showed her love not only for her own community but for the whole Institute by drawing closer the bonds between the houses by correspondence and mutual hospitality.

Mistress of Novices (1897-1923), an office held for over twenty-five years. She devoted herself heart and soul to the formation of all who passed through her hands, and there are those living, who, full of gratitude, show forth in their lives the precious teaching they received.

Notwithstanding her whole-heartedness as Mistress of Novices, Mother Loyola found time to establish a branch of the "Boys' Brigade" in York, at which she worked for ten years, providing the boys with religious instructions, a band, military drill, given by a devoted sergeant—in fact all the training required by such a corps. Twenty-four of her boys went to the war, and those who returned joined the "Catholic Young Men's Club."

Books: M. M. Loyola's world-wide influence is through her books, which reach the farthest corner of the world and through translations come in touch with most European nations. They range from childhood to age, meeting every need as it arises.

Correspondence: Her books brought upon her an immense correspondence to which she always attended herself with self-sacrificing zeal, made possible by her Christlike sympathy.

In 1923 Mother Loyola met with an accident which confined her to her room for the last seven years of her life, a tremendous sacrifice, borne with heroic courage, which in no wise impaired her power of work.

No one claimed her sympathy more than converts who came to her seeking help; their visits continued even to the last week of her life.

Her death was preceded by a few days' illness. She lost consciousness a few hours before the end. Her own favourite prayers, chosen beforehand for her death, were said by the community around her bed. She gave up her soul to her Creator so peacefully that those around her hardly knew when the last breath came. Her last word to her Superior was "Home," with an upward look.

Two Bishops, over thirty priests, religious of many congregations, pupils past and present, and friends were present at the Requiem Mass, and followed the remains to the convent cemetery. May she rest in peace."

In her letter Mother Salome says: "Hers was a beautiful soul; she was in old age, small and very thin; her face oval, her eyes dark brown, very beautiful, full of expression, the most speaking feature of her face. She was full of humour. Her conversation was never dull, always up-to-date and suited to her visitor. She was never idle; her fingers were always employed, when she was not writing even. There is no photograph of her available; she had a deep-seated dislike to be taken."

We can pay her no adequate tribute. Her works speak for her and reveal the undaunted steadfastness of her noble spirit.

The well-springs of inspiration which she has bequeathed us are the most fitting memorial of her whose sole aim in living was

"Ad Majorem Dei Gloriam!"

Mary McLaughlin, 3T3.

EDITORIAL

We ask upon graduation. Is it absolutely necessary that an unsuspecting and totally undeserving womankind should be thrust into an economic rummage sale that has been mildly called the cold, cruel world, or, stupidly, an insurance agency of freedom and brilliant careers?

Graduating from university, we stand with the glare of the astounding suffrage situation full in our faces, and, according to our natures, either frankly or shamefacedly we are confused. There is nothing there but the glare. O tempora! O mores! Oh, for the good old mediaeval (or even Victorian) days when a maiden could frankly enjoy her shelter without being brow-beaten by the censure of the world.

Was she forced to swear by all the gods that wholesale transportation every morning and evening with three hundred ill-mannered souls was glorious liberation; that filing premiums to the tune of a thousand typewriters was mental elasticity; that twenty dollars a week and a nervous breakdown meant economic independence?

What of the university graduate? She must immediately deny and forget the liberal arts of which she was made master if she is to be the "success" that is her modern heritage. Can she spend leisure hours enjoying Shakespeare, Plato, Browning, Molière, Jane Austen? She cannot! — for there is a career to be achieved, and she is slothful who tarries. That luxury will be reserved for leisure years, a mirage for she never attains them. Somewhere in the files or among the typewriters her intellectualism is lost.

After reviewing the situation we conclude that the only real freedom for the modern woman seems to be in comparative poverty. If she is sincere in her desire for a university and advanced education, she must deny what are thought to be the necessities of comfort only to be attained through a career — that fur coat, that car, the best clubs — the very bases of modern society; for they demand in return one's whole life, all one's thought, and twenty-four hours of one's day. It could be stated more baldly: in the present social situation and organization she must accept comparative poverty if she would not be engulfed in materialism. Materialism is perhaps the greatest enemy of Christianity to-day. Courage is not a complement of physical battle only. Is a higher education of any use to a Catholic woman if she has not the courage to uphold an insidiously attacked idealism and intellectualism?

M. B. V., 3T1

MAY AND MARY.

What month than this more true,
To be your own, my Mother!
This time of [illegible] blue — to me
Brings thoughts of you — no other!

Helen Ruth Sweeney, 2A

Loretto High School,
Englewood, Chicago.

Associate Editors
OF
The Rainbow
1930-1931

MISS MARY WYNN SLIPPER.

MISS FRANCES CLARKE.

MISS ROSEMARY WELSH.

MISS RITA FITZPATRICK

MISS BERNICE VENINI, 3T1,
Loretto Abbey College,
Editor-in-Chief

MISS KATHRYN BURKE.

MISS MARGARET SHARKEY,

MISS GLADYS DODDS.

MISS LORETTO MILBAUER,

MISS MIRIAM MRACEK.

MISS JEAN COLE.

MISS ALMA EBERL.

MISS KATHLEEN McQUINN.

MISS BERNADETTE GEORGE.

MISS PATRICIA METTEL

THIS BUSINESS OF CALLING

Calling is an experience one should not miss and doesn't in residence life. This thing of stretching a cautious hand out into the darkness and vainly trying to stifle the raucous blast of a certain instrument of torture loaned by the House Committee, is an unparalleled delight. Then one can play the pleasant little game of throwing coy glances, and sometimes a pillow or two, at one's room-mate to see if she (now why couldn't she?) be a little less tired than you.

Finally you're up. No, the room-mate shows no evidences of activity and won't until the breakfast bell resounds lustily. You poke along the hall—you tramp into someone's room—you close a persistent window—you meekly announce "It's six-thirty," and then you receive a distinct impression that the dignified senior does not wish to rise to-day, to-morrow, next week or the next—ad infinitum.

Fine, now you proceed to the next. This time you are wide awake yourself. Blithely you call out to two coiled-up atoms of humanity, "Do you want to go to Mass? Isn't it a nice morning?" With one accord each sleeper opens a knowing eye and without further ado, "Oh yeah," proceeds from one and a mighty grunt from the other.

And you go on—and on.

You chance upon your next victim in the Freshman Hall. She appraises you from bedroom slipper to unkempt top-knot. "Why, what kind of a college is this?" she asks. "I've been up for hours—doing Latin prose. You had better hurry or you won't get to Mass on time yourself." Wearily you make explanations, wearily you trail on to the next newly arrived hopeful. This one thinks she is at home again, and with a beatific smile in answer to your greeting, says, "Thanks, mother, I'll have breakfast in bed."

What is that you hear now? My heavens—and likewise my goodness and sapristi—it can't be the Mass bell! With a yawn you decide—no, you haven't time—you couldn't get there. With benedictions on the said House Committee you get dressed and prepare to plow through the drifts to St. Peter's.

Catherine Mace, 3T2.

A LAUGH.

A laugh is just like sunshine
It brightens all the day;
It tips the peaks of life with light,
And drives the clouds away.

The soul grows glad that hears it
And feels its courage strong,
A laugh is just like sunshine,
For cheering folk along.

Ruth Fabry, '33.

Loretto Academy, Sault Ste. Marie, Mich.

Students of Loretto Abbey College, University of Toronto

3T4 *Misses Beatrice Pleines, Monica Gallagher, Dorothea Cain, Aileen Robinson, Kathleen Eng[illegible], Gertrude Sweeney.*
Margaret McCormick, Clara Cox, Callie Dunn, Aileen McLaughlin, Patricia Callen.

3T4 *Misses Margaret Whelan, Rita Kohen, Mary Brohman, Clare [illegible], Ethel McBeth, Ruth McCormick.*
[illegible] Loretto Parnell, Margaret McCoy, [illegible] Murphy.

3T3 *Misses Patricia Healy, Mary Parkes, Lillian McNamara, Carolyn Hamel Kathleen Kirkland, Dorothy Laberge, Agnes Cain, Audrey Charbonneau, Dorothy Long, Roberta Rankin, Mary McLaughlin, Olive Macklin, Margaret Unger, Gertrude Cain*

COLLEGE NOTES.

Sunday, Jan. 12th—A St. Joseph's Loretto debate was held at Newman Club. Miss Dorothea Cain and Miss Agnes O'Dea opposed the motion that "This House deplores the inroads of women into the professions," and were entirely successful in so doing.

Thursday, Jan. 22nd—Third Year entertained the Freshmen at a sleighing party, with tea later, at the home of Miss Isobel Maloney's sister, Mrs. Phelan.

In the evening the first Intercaculty debate of the season was held in the Auditorium. The motion before the House was: "This House deplores the Snobbishness of College Women."

Sunday, Jan. 25th—The newly-decorated Common Room was formally opened by an Alumnae tea. Needless to add it was of successes "la crème de la crème."

Tuesday, Jan. 27th—The dinner which is given annually by the Faculty on the feast of Mother Mary Ward was transferred to this date. It was a gala occasion—the guests of honour were the ladies who were to be the patronesses of the "At Home."

Wednesday, Feb. 4th—The night of the "At Home," which nothing in the College Calendar can rival; it has an unique position. This year's committee were untiring in their efforts to make this event an outstanding success. And

Misses Dorothy Smith, Hilda Tumelty, Madeline Clancy, Hettie Moran, Margaret Glintz, Ann Quinlan, Leona Charlebois, Margaret Loughlin, Catherine Mace, Evelyn Whelan, Joan Hopkins, Molly Hopkins, Rita MacDonald, Isobel Maloney, Emma Pompore, Alice Hayes

3T2

so it proved. Alumnae beyond all hopes returned to swell the quite unusual number of undergraduates.

Wednesday, Feb. 11th. The Newman Ball was held in the Crystal Ball Room of the King Edward Hotel. Since so many of the girls attended and enjoyed such a brilliant event, it deserves mention, even though, strictly speaking, it is not of the college.

Sunday, Feb. 22nd. The feast of Mother Margarita, Dean of the College, was celebrated by the "Missa Recitata" on Sunday morning. The class of '23 arrived for tea in the afternoon, according to their time-honoured custom.

Monday, Feb. 23rd. The Classical Association held a debate. "This House is of the opinion that Aeneas was too god-controlled to be a hero, or (ut ita dicam), a stick." Miss Marie Writt and Miss Mary Purkis succeeded in defeating the Government, which was upheld by Miss Dorothy Smith and Miss Rita MacDonald. Some very fine speeches distinguished the event. As our guests we had Reverend Dr. Phelan, Reverend Father Sharpe, of St. Michael's College, and Mr. A. A. Day, of University College.

Monday, March 2nd. An Inter-year debate was held between the Second and First Years. The motion read: "This House is of the opinion that a technical education is more useful to a

woman than that of a university." The Government, representing Second Year, Miss Caroline Hamel and Miss Roberta Rankin, were defeated by Miss Agnes Shepherd and Miss Rita Kohen of First Year.

Saturday, March 7th—The Feast of St. Thomas Aquinas was celebrated by High Mass at Newman Chapel, and sung by the students' choir of Loretto College, which was directed by the Reverend Father Ronan of St. Augustine's Seminary. Afterwards breakfast was served at the club.

Sunday, March 8th—Misses Nora Rouselle and Agnes Shepherd were victorious in a debate held at Newman Club. They entirely convinced the assembled multitude that the feminine element of the club was most conducive to its spiritual and intellectual betterment. Miss Rouselle and Miss Shepherd both gave very clever and witty speeches, and did much to prove that the girls at the Club were a vital element intellectually as well as socially. This is the second time that Loretto girls have emerged with the laurels from a verbal battle at Newman, though it is the first year in the history of the Club that the men have ever been defeated.

Tuesday, March 17th—At tea in the Common Room, Professor A. T. DeLury spoke on the sources of Irish legend and its effect in modern Irish mystical poetry. Tea was served by First Year, and the Common Room looked particularly pretty with the tea table decorated in silver and delicate green.

Wednesday, March 18th—After giving a paper on Swift, Miss Margaret Cronin was entertained at tea in the Common Room. Miss Cronin's research at the Sorbonne and her own evident literary taste and judgment made the paper of particular interest to the students, especially those who are studying Swift this year.

Sunday, March 22nd—The opposition were successful in defeating the motion: "This House disapproves of the late editorial on atheism in the 'Varsity.'" The motion was supported by Miss Margaret Loughlin and Miss Isobel Maloney.

SPRING.

Raindrops falling, silver, shiny,
Coax out daffodils and violets tiny.
Pussy Willow doffs her grey fur cap
And wears gay plumes in her new Spring hat.

The brook runs by with his gurgling laughter,
And the frog hops out to see what he's after;
The buds all burst their sides with glee
And Robin calls "Spring" from the top of a tree.

The grass felt warm in his little, low bed,
And he pushed the earth-blankets off his head.
He stretched himself up green and slim
To find a coy sunbeam smiling at him.

On the forest's side there's a haze of green,
Then a thousand delicate shades are seen;
Green means hope in the spring unending
And hope is the message that Easter's sending

STUDENTS' SPIRITUAL COUNCIL, LORETTO ABBEY, ARMOUR HEIGHTS, 1930-1931

Standing: Misses Eileen Belair, Marguerite Harris, Katherine Roche, Margaret Parnell, Paula Tillman.

Seated: Misses Lorraine Monahan, Dorothea McLaughlin, Peggy Strickland.

Loretto Abbey Listens to The Holy Father's Speech

Accustomed as we are to take it quite naturally to sit at home and listen to the living voices of people hundreds of miles away, or even on the other side of the world, the announcement made to us on the morning of February 12th, did bring to us a distinct thrill. This announcement was that at half past ten o'clock the Holy Father would speak from Vatican City to the whole world and that we would hear him through a Toronto station. Immediately little excited whispers ran around the room and even the most matter of fact among us felt a glow of excitement and enthusiasm at the very thought. Our excitement was not unmixed with awe as we realized that it was not an ordinary voice that would speak to us across the miles of land and ocean, but the voice of the representative of Our Lord Himself, Christ's Vicar on earth.

We tried hard to go through the first two periods of class that morning in an ordinary way, but it was a relief when the bell rang at last and we took our places in the gymnasium, a joyful and smiling gathering. Somehow it

made us think of the Communion of Saints, for as we sat there eager and expectant, we reflected that hundreds and thousands of other audiences were gathered together in all parts of the world, and that the same voice would speak to us all, the children of one great family. Perhaps it was the nuns who first made us think of this, for as we looked up at them in the gallery above us, their happy faces reminded us of Saints gazing benevolently down on us from heaven.

At first only strange sounds came from the radio, then voices speaking in foreign languages and finally in English. Then there were long pauses broken by "Hello! Hello! Hello!" with an Italian accent. Then there were further preliminary speeches, a blaring of trumpets, and then a long pause. Everyone waited breathlessly for the Pope's voice. It came at last, in Latin, and although we could make out only words and phrases here and there, we listened in awe and devotion. When, to our disappointment, the Holy Father ceased speaking, other voices followed, translating his speech into several languages and finally into English. Then, once more, we were all attention, and learned that the Holy Father had spoken separately to all classes of people: to the hierarchy, to Catholics and non-Catholics, to missionaries, to rich and poor, to employers and employees, to the afflicted and suffering—exhorting, sympathizing and comforting by his kind, strong words. His beautiful speech to religious, "the sons and daughters of his predilection" and his praise of their holy work and of the good they were doing, brought happy, thankful smiles to the faces of the nuns. Our chaplain, Reverend Father Fraser, sat with a rapt expression on his kindly face throughout the whole broadcast. When our Toronto announcer told us that the programme was over, we sang the Papal hymn, "Long live the Pope!" a fitting expression of our feelings after this never-to-be-forgotten experience of hearing for the first time the voice of His Holiness speaking to the entire world.

Mary Drayton, Form IV.,
Loretto Abbey, Armour Heights, Toronto.

FAIR ILLINOIS.

Where the lakes and streams are deepest,
Where the birds' songs are the sweetest—
Illinois.
Where the grass grows tall and green,
Where the sapphire skies are seen
Illinois.
Where butter-cups of gold do lay
Out in the meadows, each summer day—
Illinois

Where forests great of lofty trees
Merrily swing in the cooling breeze
Illinois.
Where Nature lives through all the year;
Her rarest beauties, she leaves them here
In Illinois.
All things are happy, great and small,
They are here, God gave them all
To Illinois.

Betty Lewis,
Loretto High School,
Englewood, Chicago.

WINNERS OF SILVER CUP FOR "GREGORIAN CHANT AND PART SINGING AMONG LORETTO SCHOOLS IN CANADA"

SELECT CHOIR OF FORTY STUDENTS AT LORETTO ABBEY, ARMOUR HEIGHTS

PAULINE JARICOT.

People who do great work often must suffer greatly also, and those who do great work for God always suffer. Maybe it is God's way of bringing them close to Him to reward them Himself. The foundress of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith did a wonderful work for God, and she saw herself set aside while others took to themselves the credit of all she was done. She was calumniated, despised, and then forgotten, but people have realized now who—and how she was—and Pauline Jaricot is to take her rightful place in all hearts.

This heroic woman was born in 1799 in Lyons France the daughter of a rich silk-merchant. She had a thorough education, and up to the age of seventeen, enjoyed many worldly pleasures, but she then became aware that her greatest happiness and satisfaction was in serving God.

She was given by her brother a keen understanding of the great needs of the Missions which were very pressing in the years following the French Revolution. She collected alms for them from pious working women, and for a year she prayed and thought constantly about some plan to do greater and [illegible] time good for this cause.

THE STUDENTS' SPIRITUAL COUNCIL OF LORETTO HIGH SCHOOL, ENGLEWOOD, CHICAGO, UNIT.

Back row—Misses Leonardine Charlson (Publicity Chairman), Betty Lewis (Secretary of Social Committee), Rita Fitzpatrick (Prefect of Sodality), June Lyons (Secretary of Mission Committee), Helen Sheehan (Chairman of Mission Committee), Regina Lannon (Treasurer of Mission Committee).

Front row—Misses Cecilia Healy (Secretary of Publicity Committee), Colomba Zerega (Chairman of Social Committee), Marabeth Herbert (Treasurer of Sodality), Catherine Rick (Treasurer of Social Committee), Misses Mary Margaret Murphy (Chairman of Our Lady and Eucharistic Section), and Rosalind Conley (Secretary of Sodality), absent.

In 1819 she took the first step in founding the Society for the Propagation of the Faith. Ten were placed under one leader, and one leader was placed over every ten leaders. In this way one thousand members referred to a common centre.

The Society grew rapidly, and priests and layfolks alike became interested. Then a committee of men, interested in the Missions and seeing the possibilities of the Society, took it entirely into their own hands. Mlle. Jaricot and her work in founding the Society were both soon forgotten.

Therese founded the Association of the Living Rosary which she organized in the same manner as the Society for the Propagation of the Faith. Her works were all planned on a large scale, for the universal Church was the object of her interest. She was rich, and she readily gave her money to distribute rosaries circulars, crucifixes, and other pious articles. The poor, the missions, every good cause, received her attention and her help; and yet she was accused of keeping for herself money given her for religious purposes.

In an attempt to establish a Model Christian Settlement for the working classes, she lost her fortune. The cause was worthy because these people were in a pitiable condition, but it failed partly because she placed her trust in unreliable men.

For the next ten or twelve years she lived in great poverty trying to repay the money she owed, through the failure of her charitable enterprise. One of her few remaining friends was the saintly Curé d'Ars, who greatly comforted her by assuring her that she was not epxected to do the impossible; the debt had not been contracted through her fault.

In June, 1862, at the age of sixty three years, Mlle. Jaricot died, after five weeks of intense suffering. Her only mourners were her little peasant companion, Marie Dubois, and a few nuns and priests.

Although during her life, and for years after her death, Pauline Jaricot was all but completely forgotten, the cause of her beatification in arousing the interest of Catholics today, and it may be that a greater honour than the world could ever confer will be hers—that of the halo of the blessed.

Grace O'Brien and Veronica Murray,
Form III.,
Loretto Academy, Guelph, Ont.

THE BUILDERS.

In this poem, Longfellow reminds us that in every action of our lives we are building the house of our future, that is to say, what we do well or ill to-day, will mean much in the days to come. He refers to us as architects working on walls of time. Some of us have great deeds to perform, while others work in a more simple manner. The poem goes on to say that no matter how small or seemingly useless a task may be, it is important, because it strengthens or supports our building.

The materials given us for the structure are our to-days and yesterdays. It is essential to shape and fashion these carefully, by doing thoroughly the duties of each day as they come; in this way we develop a model character, one of architectural beauty, one having no unseen gaps that will surely wreck our building in after years.

The poet tells us that long ago builders worked with greater care because they thought the gods saw everywhere. Nowadays some builders are careless, because they believe that no one will notice a small mistake; their main idea is to have something to show; that as long as they complete the work in a short time, they are accomplishing wonders; but this is not so.

Lines that deserve special attention are:

> "Let us do our work as well,
> Both the unseen and the seen;
> Make the house where gods may dwell
> Beautiful, entire and clean."

Longfellow lays great stress on perfecting "the unseen," otherwise our lives will be incomplete, and our feet will stumble over our poorly constructed stairways. Let us while we are young, build a strong, sure base, that we may be more certain of attaining the vast heights of great achievements in after years.

Betty Cameron, Form II.
Loretto Academy, Hamilton, Ontario.

CANADIAN ART.

Canadian Art is a new school, and has for its own many and interesting characteristics. When one speaks of Italian, Dutch, and other European Art, their characteristics are already well-known, because people have studied them for centuries back. But when Canadian Art is mentioned it awakens new interests, for the Art and artists of Canada are, as yet, little known.

The distinction of twentieth century painting in Canada, as elsewhere, is a deliberate return to the severe principles of form and serious study of colour. The result is a liberation of the artist's imagination and an enriching of his palette.

Take as an example Mr. Herbert S. Palmer's picture "A Golden Autumn Day." The picture is composed of sheep grazing in the painted glory of an autumn afternoon, the blue of the lazily flowing river, and the golden haze of autumn resting in quiet benediction over all. In this delightful landscape Mr. Palmer of the "Ontario Society of Artists" and of the "Association of the Royal Canadian Academy," has captured the serenity of a day in Indian Summer.

In the Canadian School, then, the artist once more becomes a creator and not a mimic. The sad, hazy colouring of so much of the earlier painting, and the vagueness of composition are gone, instead we have strong, organized composition and rich and ingenious harmonizing of colour.

Irene Coulson, Form I.,
Loretto Abbey, Armour Heights, Toronto.

THE BROADCAST FROM THE VATICAN

Living as we do in this remarkable era of scientific progress, the majority of us scarcely realize what a marvellous thing it is to be able to hear the voice of the Holy Father over thousands of miles, but the call of the announcer, "Hello! Hello! Hello!" to tell us that the station HVJ would be put on the international hook-up, did awaken a feeling of awe in the throngs of listeners.

The radio station, HVJ—Holy See-Vatican Jesus—has come as one of the results of the Treaty of the Lateran, and what a joy it must be to the fatherly heart of His Holiness that the regaining of his temporal power has enabled him to speak at one and the same time to his children all over the world. It is the crowning triumph of Senator Marconi's gift to humanity, that of the wireless, the means by which one country is more closely linked with another and the whole world bound together in greater unity than has ever been possible by any other way. At the inaugural of the station Senator Marconi said: "The installation of the Vatican station, which I personally superintended, has given to me one of the greatest satisfactions of my life."

Crowds all over the world knelt to receive the Holy Father's blessing, given to all the peoples of the earth: to all the faithful, to bishops and priests, to governments, to rich and poor, to employers and employed, to the afflicted and the suffering—in short His Holiness wished "the peace of Christ" to the whole world. A Cardinal has since said that the Pope spoke and wished to speak as much like God to all people, as it is possible for a human being to speak.

And what of Senator Marconi, the man whose genius has contributed so vastly to the modern scientific world? His profound humility was outstanding as he spoke [illegible] our conferred upon him by the Holy Father's acceptance of his work: "It is not I who should be thanked. It is rather I who must offer the humble expression of my profound gratitude to your Holiness for having conferred on me the great honour of directing the construction of the new radio station of the State of Vatican City."

Indeed this gift Senator Marconi has given to humanity will be of inestimable value to the Church, now, and in the years to come, when perhaps people will have forgotten through familiarity the wonder of the thing. Through it the Pope is brought into direct and immediate contact with the whole world, and from a temporal point of view his prestige, and with it his influence for good, is increased.

Holy See, Vatican, Jesus——the very name brings and will continue to bring a thrill of joy to every Catholic heart, uniting more closely the members of the Church, the Bride of Christ, and recalling His own words: "Behold I am with you all days, even to the consummation of the world."

Catherine Ballard, Form IV.,
Loretto Abbey College School, Toronto.

HARMONY.

There's rhythm in music
Like sunshine in art;
There's sweetness in living
Like love in prayer!

Genevieve Grant
Loretto High School
Edgemont, Glasgow

THE TEAM THAT WON THE INTER-LORETTO BASKETBALL TROPHY, 1931

LORETTO
ABBEY
COLLEGE
SCHOOL.
BRUNSWICK
AVENUE.
TORONTO

Standing: Misses
Ruth Baird
Catherine Macklin
(Captain).
Mary McCormick
Patricia Hassan

Seated:
Louise Dodds
Mildred Johns

Insert: Miss
Marie McKinnon
Cheer Leader

THE SONG OF THE BLUEBIRD.

I like to hear the bluebird sing,
When he comes back here every Spring
From home down south, swift, gay, and bright
Returning from his distant flight

His songs we hear the whole day through,
While soars he up in skies of blue.
He brightens dark hours, every one,
Sings to us while our work is done

Joy to the sorrowful breast he brings,
Gladdening the hearts to which he sings
Listen to him and you'll feel gay,
Tasks will grow lighter in every way.

Elizabeth Paquette, 3[illegible]
Loretto Academy, Sault Ste. Marie, Mich.

THE FIRST ROBIN.

I sat by my window one morning in Spring,
Dazzled with sunshine that May mornings bring;
Down hopped a robin from a neighbouring tree
To sit on my window and visit with me

A nod and some crumbs
(For now we are chums),
Every morning I bring
To coax him to sing.

Rita Ward, IB

Loretto High School
Englewood, Chicago

LORETTO ACADEMY, WOODLAWN, CHICAGO—THE SCHOOL ORCHESTRA

Standing: Misses Veronica O'Meara, Loretto Walsh, Florence Hayes, Patricia Binchey, Marian McClellan, Mary O'Brien, Rita Overmyer.

Seated: Misses Mary Jane Barrett, Mary Callahan, Catherine Burke, Kathlyn Murphy, Loretto McIntyre, Agnes Grogan, Eileen Larkin, Margaret Burke, Helen O'Brien, Alvina Swierski, Mary Docherty.

MY FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF CHICAGO.

For a number of years I had longed for a trip to the great city of Chicago. Imagine my delight when one memorable June day my parents informed me that they had decided to move to that city. The weather was warm, the sun shining brightly and a refreshing breeze was coming from the east. We decided that it would add to the enjoyment of the trip to motor, instead of melting in a stuffy train.

About nine o'clock on the 15th of June we left Milwaukee, drove down the Lake Shore Drive, through the beautiful suburbs of Lake Forest, Highland Park, Glencoe and Evanston. As we drove along our eyes feasted on the beautiful villas that bordered the roadway. It would appear that all of America's wealth had decided to live on the enchanting shores of Lake Michigan. After passing through Evanston we came upon the northern city limits of the great metropolis of the Middle West.

My heart gave a bound of exultation at having finally seen my dream realized. I endeavored to absorb as much of the scenery as possible with my eager eyes. To the left of us lay this

glorious sheet of water with its white-capped waves licking the sandy shore. All around us beautiful stretches of velvety lawn with here and there hedges, and gardens of bushes and flowers of myriad variety. Farther back stood miles and miles of sentinel-like hotels and apartment buildings. A short distance ahead we saw commercial skyscrapers, forming in all, Chicago's famous sky-line.

After gazing upon their, to me, hitherto, unseen wonders, I began to realize that this great central market place, where annual transactions run into billions of dollars, thinks of something else besides bartering and trading. The beautiful parks, modern apartment buildings and hotels, bespoke the great interest displayed here in the comfort and artistic beauty of the home. The crowds along the beaches, told that Chicago believed that work must be counter balanced by pleasure and healthful recreation. As we rode along the winding highway we came upon the Field Museum, and here chiselled in stone and mortar was the testimony of Chicago's love of art. Further along we saw the Adler Planetarium denoting Chicago's interest in science. In the distance we saw the spires of churches which spoke louder than words of the city's religious spirit.

My concluding impression from this delightful experience was a feeling of pride in the city of my adoption for her noble aspirations and accomplishments, and a sense of satisfaction that I had come to share them.

Eleanor Zimmerman, '31,
Loretto Academy, Woodlawn, Chicago.

FOUND—A POSITION.

Marian had just lost her poistion. Again the inevitable had happened and again she was left with no visible means of support for her dependent mother. She had not been trained for a business life, but had been reared according to the idea that no well bred lady should earn her living. Her father passed away quite suddenly, and with his death come the realization that they had no money and that Marian must support her mother and herself. As she trudged along the street she wondered why it was she was so slow to grasp the fundamentals of business.

All the next week she scanned the Want Ad section and answered innumerable advertisements, but to no avail. She decided that she was not adapted to a business career. But what else could she do? By what other means could they live? The days passed and the prospect of want was becoming serious.

Returning home one evening, after a wearisome search for employment, she heard a faint cry from the bushes nearby. She stopped, and after considerable difficulty she found a small bundle and in it was a tiny mite of a baby. There was no one in sight.

Marian tenderly carried the baby into her home. The child was soon sleeping quietly. Marian and her mother then consulted as to what should be done first. They discovered on the baby's fine silk clothing the initials J. H., which furnished the only clue. Inexperienced, frightened, and puzzled, with no one to advise them, they delayed quite unnecessarily in notifying the police. By the next morning they had both become attached to the little piece of humanity.

When they presently did call the police, they were besieged by an anxious father who came immediately to claim his beloved child, explaining that his motherless baby had been in the

SENIOR ORCHESTRA, LORETTO ABBEY, ARMOUR HEIGHTS

Back row: Misses Margaret Tillman, Kathleen Englert, Mary Hayes, Florence Goldsmith, Elinor Hill, Isabel Kerwin, Christine Allen.
Front row: Misses Dorothea McLaughlin, Marguerite Harris, Norma d'Urbano, Madeleine Cummins, Grace Kent.

care of a nurse who had left the child momentarily alone in his carriage to do some shopping. Some little boys, thinking only to play a prank, and that the nurse would at once find the baby, had lifted it, sleeping, out of the carriage, hidden it behind the bushes, and run away.

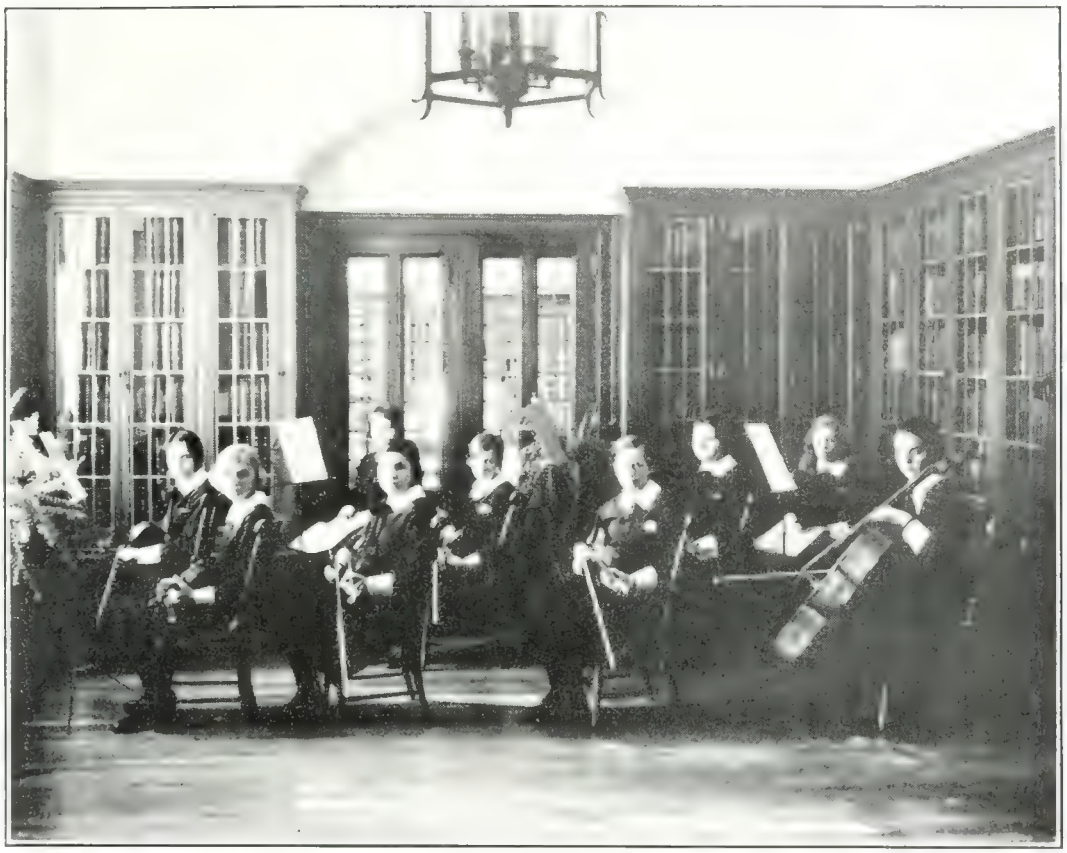
Regret mingled with her relief. Marian watched the happy father depart with his child, for she already loved the beautiful baby. Mr. Harper was deeply grateful to Marian and her mother, and asked if he might call again and bring the child to see them.

Within a few months he had become an almost daily visitor. Mr. Harper often consulted them about the child, and soon there sprang up between Marian and himself a strong friendship which ripened as the summer wore on into mutual love.

* * * * * *

This story has the usual happy ending and now Marian is no longer looking for a position; she has a lifetime one in her own home, caring for her husband and baby. And then, there's grandmother to be a spell little Jimmie but that's what grandmothers are for.

Kathleen Cooney, '31.
Loretto Academy, Woodlawn, Chicago.



JUNIOR ORCHESTRA, LORETTO ABBEY, ARMOUR HEIGHTS

Back row: Misses Genevieve Cahley, Catherine Cahley, Kathleen Menton, Amalia Solana, Isabel Hannon.

Front row: Misses Evelyn Marie Mahoney, Rosario Solana, Barbara Knox, Grace Kent.

THE CHARIOT RACE.

In the olden days when Caesar Augustus was ruling Rome it was the custom to hold a chariot race every year. This race was sometimes called the "Circus Maximus" — the greatest circus. It was always held in the special place that had been built for it, a great circle with seats for the spectators all around the outer edge, and in the centre the seats for the nobility. Between these was the track. Sometimes there was as many as twenty contestants. On this particular year there were but five: Mucius, Tarquinus, Priscus, Tullus, and Numa. The five chariots stood in readiness. They were like huge arm chairs placed backwards on two wheels. These chariots were beautifully carved. The horses stood four abreast in five rows.

Most of the spectators were in favour of Priscus, the winner for the last five years. Mucius, Tarquinus and Numa had all been in the race the year before. But what of Tullus? Tullus was a new comer. No one paid him the slightest attention. He had laboured very hard for this race, and naturally he was excited as much and even a little more than the others.

There were to be only ten rounds of the track. At last the trumpets sounded the signal for the race to begin. Everyone was breathless

for the first five rounds, so close did the chariots keep together. Then came the real excitement. Let us peep into the race.

Tullus is leading, but not for long. They are even now — but, look! — a catastrophe! Tarquinus has fallen. He is out of the race for good. The others rush madly on. Tullus is again in the lead. Another catastrophe! Ah! it is the ruin of the favorite, Priscus. Only three charioteers carry on the race. Mucius, Tullus and Numa. Numa is leading — now it is Tullus. But, look closely—Mucius is slowing down. Will he drop out? Now he picks up; again he slows down; finally he drops out. Tullus and Numa remain. Tullus is in the lead in the ninth round. Numa is gaining. "Speed! Speed, Tullus!" is the cry that rises from every heart in that great multitude. Tullus did speed. Numa makes a final effort — too late. The race is over. Tullus is the winner.

Now the trumpets sound; the shouts are almost deafening. All crowd around Tullus. He is not wanting for attention now! Everything is upset in the attempt to reach the victor. Finally he is taken to Caesar's palace, and there at the great feast, is awarded the prize. His efforts — like all real efforts — have not been in vain.

Teresa Simons, Grade X.,
Sedley, Sask.

A TRIP TO GEORGIAN BAY.

On a hot day towards the end of June we were driving to our summer cottage on Georgian Bay. We left Toronto at half past ten and expected to reach the cottage by about half-past four. At noon we had our picnic on the roadside, and my brother and I were allowed to play around for a little while. We set out again at one o'clock. It was nice all the way up, until about fifteen miles from Barry there was a heavy rain-storm. Then we had a puncture, but that was quickly remedied at a garage. The rain stopped soon afterwards, and we had a pleasant trip all the way up to the cottage.

Our cottage is situated on top of a hill of sand. There are pine and birch trees all around it. The back of the cottage faces the forest, and the front looks out over the bay. It is painted brown. There are steps leading down to the beach, and just a little way up from the cottage is a lookout. It has two flats to it — the first a place where you can sit down and the second where you can see all across the bay — on a clear day as far as Christian Island. At the bottom of the steps is a pump-house where we get our water. Not far off is an old boat-house, where it is lots of fun climbing on the roof. Near the boat-house is a stream, and if you watch it carefully you will see that it leads to the sugar-camp. My brother and I like to go to the sugar-camp and watch the men at work.

One day Daddy took us across the bay to Christian Island; we had some wicker chairs to be mended, and there is an old Indian there who always does our chairs. We saw several Indians weaving baskets, and it was interesting to watch them. We met one old Indian who said he was ninety-nine years old. He told us many wonderful tales of his life. When our chairs were mended and Mother had bought a few baskets we went home again. It was quite late and dinner was waiting for us. After dinner we went to the lookout to see the sunset.

Joan O'Sullivan, Third Class.
Loretto Abbey College School,
Brunswick Avenue, Toronto.

ALL CREATION.

The brightly lighted windows of number seven, St. Clair Avenue, proclaimed to the world that Mr. and Mrs. Henry Lock, owners of the really beautiful house, were entertaining. Even the most curious of neighbours might be aware of the fact, because when no guests were present Mr. and Mrs. Lock sat in the little den upstairs, and spent the evening there by the light of a single lamp, for "the electric bills do run up dreadfully, you know." On this particular evening the house wore an air of festivity because of the presence of Mr. and Mrs. James Peters. The ladies were great friends, and this was the first occasion on which their husbands had met. Mr. Peters had anticipated an evening's pleasant chat with a neighbour, while their wives discussed their own interests, and now found himself out of his element and ill at ease because his host steadfastly refused to discuss anything but the "business depression." Mr. Lock was far from being a poor man, but he was cutting down all possible expenses simply and solely because there was a "depression" and he needs must guard carefully against it. His guest tried to interest him in other matters, but inevitably the "depression" would come up again. Mr. Lock was indomitable; not less so Mr. Peters. He began to talk about automobiles. This attempt was likewise doomed to failure, because Mr. Lock had "put the automobile up for the winter; the street-cars are so much cheaper." Mr. Peters, seeing a radio in one corner of the room, triumphantly began to discuss radio and the marvels of the air. But Mr. Lock declared that, on account of the "depression," a really good radio was too expensive for ordinary people, and so he and his wife were keeping this old one a little longer, and that they seldom listened to any but local stations.

Mr. Peters sighed inwardly. What could one do with a man like that. He tried again. The current news of the day was paraded forth for Mr. Lock's approval. This met with more success. In the course of conversation Mr. Peters inquired if his host had heard the Pope on the radio that morning or had read a translation of his speech in the paper. Mr. Lock had not. Mr. Peters felt a mild surprise, but was too well bred to show it. It seemed strange; if it had been a king. . . .

"Mary put the telephone near the radio so I could hear the speech at the office. It was an amazing speech: a beautiful speech. Although I'm not of his Faith there's no one alive I admire and respect more. There was something in the very simplicity of his words and message that impressed me very much. It is a revelation, that a man with power extending over the whole world would deliver such a message, simple and sublime . . . He said something about employers and employees. . . . if I can remember his words. . . . Here we are; here it is in this evening's paper: 'We earnestly beg of workmen and employers that, avoiding every hostile contest and mutual strife, joined in fraternal and friendly alliance, they exchange on the one hand the means and direction and on the other hand the work and ability, and, not asking except what is just, and not denying what is just, let them strive in tranquillity and order not so much for the benefit of the one but for the good of all.' "

Mr. Lock was gloomy. "Oh, it's all very well for wealthy people," he said, "but with this beastly depression . . . ," and his voice trailed off, "well, one just can't be too careful."

Mr. Peters, fearful lest the gloomy subject would be discussed again, dexterously turned

the conversation once more into more cheerful channels.

Late that evening, after the guests had gone, Mr. Lock sat on, reading the Holy Father's speech and thinking hard. His mind reverted continually to what had taken place in his own office that very morning. He saw himself giving his secretary a list of names of men who were to be given "two weeks' notice" with their pay envelopes that afternoon. Just before closing time a timid knock was heard on his own door, and a rather white-faced young man responded to his curt "Come in."

"Pardon the interruption, Mr. Lock, but I've really something urgent to say. You see, you've just given me two weeks' notice, and I've come to ask you to keep me on. It's not as though there weren't plenty of work in the department to keep me busy. We're making good, and there's been nothing against me, I think. I've a wife and little baby, as well as my mother dependent on me, and if I'm let out and cannot get another job, well, the situation'll be desperate, that's all. Can't you just keep me on for a little longer?"

Mr. Lock replied with a shake of his head. "I'm very sorry, but this depression has made the cutting down expenses absolutely necessary."

"But that's not justice . . . " the man was desperate.

Mr. Lock had not given any thought to the justice or lack of it in the matter, and had sent the man out to join the ranks of the discontented unemployed. But now that he came to think of it seriously he could see it the man's way. Supposing that he found himself out of a position in these hard times, and with a wife and family to support. Was it justice to have abundance, and see another man and wife and helpless children want. Would it not be infinitely more just to sacrifice a little himself if necessary. His mind made up, he determined to keep the men on, for a time at least, and, if he could arrange it, permanently.

When His Holiness delivered his first message over the radio, even in his most fatherly kindness and love for all mankind, and his desire to aid and encourage every sufferer, he could not have visualized the many unlikely places his words would reach, and the help and comfort he would bring to many a troubled heart.

Lois Berryman, Form IV.,
Loretto Abbey College School, Brunswick Avenue, Toronto.

DUTY.

"That which one is bound, by any natural, legal, or moral obligation, to pay, do or perform," is the definition Webster gives of duty. It is something of which we hear little, yet devotion to it is one of the most essential qualities of character. It is of such great importance that in one case I knew, it made a man a hero, and in my private estimation, a saint. I will try to relate how it happened.

When I was quite young my parents and I were travelling by train in the West. It was a very hot day and all the windows were open in order to get the benefit of any possible breeze. The train was late and was going very fast, trying to make up for lost time. Suddenly without warning there was a crash immediately followed by an explosion, and the sensation of having passed through a furnace. Hair and faces were burned. The train finally came to a stop, and we all piled out to seek the cause of the trouble.

What had happened was this: a large standard oil truck had been struck full force as the driver was attempting to cross the tracks ahead of the train. The impact had caused the oil to explode and was the cause of our passing through a raging fire. The poor engineer had

BASKETBALL TEAM LORETTO HIGH SCHOOL, ENGLEWOOD, CHICAGO

Top row: Misses Anna Marie Austin, June Lyons, Grace Peters (Miss Helen Denney, coach), Betty Lewis, Catherine Mullaskey, Rita Mean.
Middle row: Misses Charlotte Forden, Loretto Guentin, Mary Kenny, Josephine Seneca, Leonardine Charlson, Ellen Schotle, Cecilia Healy.
Front row: (Cheer Leaders) Misses Rose Budinger, Catherine Fennell, Isabelle Sullivan.

received the full force of the explosion. And as the track was a large one the impact had bent the cow-catcher under the engine and it was tearing up the ties in the middle of the track. The engineer, horribly burned, realized the danger and brought the train to a stop before it was derailed. When the people reached the engine he was found still sitting erect, his hand on the throttle which had brought the train to a stop and saved hundreds of lives, at the cost of his own.

His family was taken care of and his body was given a military funeral as a tribute to his courageous performance of duty.

We perhaps cannot save hundreds of lives as he did, but there are other things within our reach that we can do with the same motive. We can keep silence in the halls and locker room; we can remember to be always an honour to our Alma Mater and never do anything which would reflect upon her. True, we shall not become well-known or honoured because of this, still there is One who remembers the smallest thing and rewards us Himself. Is not His approval more important than a little, passing, worldly fame?

June O'Rourke, Third Year
Loretto Academy, Woodlawn, Chicago.

SAINT PATRICK.

No saint's name is more familiar than holy St. Patrick's. Legends have sprung up around it as numerous as the shamrocks of the Emerald Isle from which he forever banished the serpents into the sea. Yet in the entire calendar of the saints there is scarcely one whose real life is less known than that of this marvellous man who spread the true faith throughout the length and breadth of Erin.

It is, however, a well known fact that St Patrick was not born in Ireland. According to his own book, "Confessio," he was born in Scotland. Professor Wrong, in his "History of England," makes note of this fact: "St. Patrick, the Apostle of Ireland, was born at Kilpatrick, near Dumbarton, in Scotland, in the year 387." The town of Kilpatrick still retains many memorials of St. Patrick, and frequent pilgrimages continued far into the Middle Ages to perpetuate there the fame and sanctity of his miracles. "He was born in the town of Taberniae, a Roman town of ancient Scotland, not far from the modern city of Glasgow." Taberniae has been identified as the modern town of Kilpatrick on the mouth of the River Clyde. St. Patrick's father, Calpurnius, a man of high rank and a devout Christian, was of Roman extraction, and his mother, Conchessa, was a close relative of St. Martin of Tours, the patron saint of Gaul.

In these early days the coasts of Scotland were ravaged by Irish chieftains, who landed from their swift barques and carried off many of the inhabitants into slavery. It was on one of these expeditions that the house of Calpurnius was attacked, and Succat, as the Saint was then called, with two of his sisters and many of his countrymen were conveyed to the North of Ireland, where they were consigned to slavery.

Patrick, now in his sixteenth year, was sold as a slave to a chieftain named Milchu, in Dalaradia, a territory of the present county of Antrim in Ireland, where for six years he tended the flocks of his pagan master. Here he endured a bitterly hard life, for little kindness was expended upon those who were sold into bondage, and it was now that Patrick found much consolation in prayer and the religious teachings imparted to him by his parents. In his "Confessio" he relates that during his captivity, as shepherd, he prayed frequently. "The love of God and His fear increased in me more and more, and the faith grew in me, and the spirit was roused, so that, in a single day, I have said as many as a hundred prayers, and in the night nearly as many, so that whilst in the woods and on the mountain, even before the dawn, I was roused to prayer and felt no hurt from it, whether there was snow or ice or rain; nor was there any slothfulness in me, such as I see now, because the spirit was then fervent within me."

After six years spent under the same master, Patrick was admonished by God in a dream to return to his native country. Being informed that a ship was ready to sail thither, he repaired immediately to the sea coast where he found the vessel, and after some rebuffs—probably for lack of money—he was allowed to go on board. In a few days he was back in Scotland among his friends. It was during this period, when he was at home with his parents, that God manifested to him by divers visions that he was destined for the great work of the conversion of Ireland. He then spent many years in preparing himself for the Irish mission; some say that he even studied in Gaul and visited Rome, but according to his "Confessio" he was ordained deacon, priest and bishop in his own country.

He forsook his family, sold, he says, his

birthright and dignity, to serve strangers, and extend the Kingdom of Christ to the end of the earth. He was determined to suffer all things for the accomplishment of his holy design, to welcome in the same spirit both prosperity and adversity, and to return thanks to God equally for the one as for the other, desiring only that His Name might be glorified and His Divine Will accomplished.

In these dispositions, probably in the summer of 433, he set out for Ireland, with a few companions, to preach the Gospel in a land where Druidism reigned supreme. The Druids rose in arms against him, but he was not disheartened and proceeded first to the scene of his old captivity in Dalaradia, to bestow on his former master the blessings and freedom of God's children in exchange for the servitude and cruelty that he had himself experienced at the hands of Milchu.

He had not proceeded far when a chieftain named Dichu tried to prevent his further advance. As this pagan chieftain drew his sword to smite the Saint, his arm became rigid as a statue and remained so until he declared himself obedient to Patrick. Overcome by the Saint's meekness and gentleness, and impressed by his miraculous powers, Dichu asked for instruction and made a gift of a large "sabhall" (barn) which was the first sanctuary dedicated by Patrick in Erin; a monastery and a church were erected here, and in later years they became a favorite retreat of the Saint.

As he continued his journey towards his old master's homestead, he was struck with horror on seeing in the distance Milchu's fort enveloped in flames. The fame of Patrick's miracles had travelled ahead of him, and Milchu, in his pride, unable to endure the thought of being vanquished by his former slave, gathered all his treasures into his mansion, set all afire, and cast himself into the flames.

On his return to Sabhall Patrick was informed that Leoghaire, the Ard-Righ, the supreme monarch of Ireland, was about to feast his chieftains at Tara. There Patrick would present himself to unfold to the assembled guests the glad tidings of the Redemption.

On Easter Sunday, 433, St. Patrick, arrayed in full episcopal robes, proceeded with a procession to Tara to meet the unsuspecting assembly of chiefs, who had deliberately mustered all their strength to bid defiance to the herald of good tidings, and to secure on the Celtic race a firmer hold for their superstition.

Though the King gave orders that no sign of respect was to be shown to the messenger of Christ, the royal page and the chief bard of the court rose to honour the Saint as he entered the presence of the king and his assembled chieftains. It was on this solemn occasion that Patrick plucked a shamrock from the sward to explain by its triple leaf and single stem, the great mystery of the Blessed Trinity. Then, after he had performed several miracles, the prayer and faith of St. Patrick achieved a glorious triumph, and the Ard-Righ, thoroughly converted, granted him the privilege of preaching the Faith throughout the length and breadth of the land. A touching story, and one that seems to bring the personality of the Saint very close to us, is that of Benen, the son of a converted chieftain. This boy so loved the Saint that while he slumbered he would gather sweet-scented flowers and scatter them over his bosom, and when Patrick was setting out again on his journey, Benen clung to his feet declaring that nothing would sever him from the Saint. "Allow him to have his way," said St. Patrick to the boy's father, "he shall be heir to my sacred mission." And Benen was from that time the inseparable companion of the Saint.

Year after year St. Patrick travelled over the whole of Ireland, penetrating its remotest

corners, and often revisiting each district. Year after year he laboured, preaching and exhorting, founding monasteries and convents, erecting churches, baptizing thousands and tens of thousands, ordaining priests, consecrating bishops, and performing countless miracles. Year after year he fought the good fight against bitter and powerful enemies who opposed and tried to thwart him at every step; and not only men had he to fight, but the rigour of the elements and of the seasons; yet he travelled on; climbing mountains, fording streams, crossing interminable bogs; scorched by sun, and chilled by snow, buffeted by wind, and drenched by rain, but always full of high courage and deep love, he marched on until he had made the Sign of the Cross on the face of the entire island and won a new realm for Christ.

As the love for the children of Ireland grew and deepened in his heart, with it grew a determination to open wide for them forever the gates of heaven. Consequently he always spent the Lenten season in solitude and penance, interceding day and night for the souls he had come to save. It was on one of these occasions when he was absorbed in fervent prayer that an angel appeared to him and said: "Fear not, Patrick, your apostolate shall never cease."

In his old age he wrote the "Confessio" as a testimony of his mission. It is full of common sense and piety, expressing an extraordinary humility and a great desire for martyrdom. He admits that among his many temptations he felt an intense desire to see again his native country and to visit his kin and acquaintances, but the Holy Spirit informed him that it would be criminal to abandon his flock, so he remained forever on the island.

On March 17th, 493, fortified by the last Sacraments of the Church, he died at Sabhall, where he had said his first Mass on Irish soil. The bishops and priests, together with the laity from all parts of the island, crowded around his remains to pay their last respects to their apostle and father, and the angels of Heaven made the air so bright around his bier that no candles were needed. His remains, wrapped in a shroud made by St. Brigid's own hands, were then interred about two miles from Sabhall under the present site of the beautiful cathedral of Down.

Mary Hennessy, Form III.,
Loretto Academy, Hamilton, Ontario.

THE SHAMROCK.

Long, long ago the angels, resting on the rocky, jagged mountains of Ireland, were so impressed by the great beauty of the isle, the flowers, the fruit trees, overflowing with blossoms and fruit; the warm blue of the sky and the brightness of the sun, that they thought how dreadful it would be if the sons of this land would never know God, never enjoy *true* happiness, or fully appreciate the beauty of nature, created by God. So they shook tiny seeds over the isle, and as each seed fell a plant appeared bearing three leaves, each the same size, in the center of a stem joining the leaves together.

This plant symbolizes the infinite mystery of the Blessed Trinity, Three Persons — God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost — equal in all things. This tiny plant helped St. Patrick to convert Ireland. It is the symbol of faith and love; every Irishman loves it — Ireland's crest, the Shamrock.

Mary Malloy, Third Year.

Loretto High School,
Englewood, Chicago.

HER DOUBLE.

"Well Miss—what yo' all anticipatin' fo' yo' brekfas' this mawnin'!"

Snap! the bubble burst! . . . and there was the waiter anxious for his "awdah."

The diner on a California-Limited,—over-crowded with summer-resort seekers,—is not always the best place for reminiscences. So Anne learned when the impatient waiter broke in on her reveries.

"Have ah got it straight? One awdah—of cantaloupe; one of minced ham and scrambled aggs; one of toast, well buttahed and one coffee."

Receiving a nod of approval the "portah" went off and left this young lady to wonder if she were really a high-school graduate speeding across the country to her grandfather's home in California, or—just a dreamer of dreams!

Memories of the school she had left were crowding for a place in her thoughts. The dear little room where she had slept, the long white-arched corridors—even the threatening study-hall came in for its share of affection. She would miss her teachers much.

There was a something drumming in her ear and she strove to fashion the sound into words. Finally they came—"O Lady, hasten, and thy arms extend—" it was the old familiar Office! As the words took shape Anne could see again our Blessed Mother, enshrined in the niche, high above her Alma Mater—"whose outspread hands the weary greet. O Mother mild, where e'er we roam, lead all Loretto's children home!"

* * *

"Third down and five to go—!" The crowd was roaring for action. Both teams were equally matched and played as men of iron. Only a minute to play and at last there was an opening—"He's got the—ball—He's running down the field—Look out for that tackle—yea—h—a touchdown!" It was number eleven—Jack Stamford—the hero of the day.

As the victorious squad was leaving the field, Jack hastened to join an enthusiastic young lady who came down the side-lines. The rest looked on with envious eyes at the "luck"—of their team-mate.

Four years had brought many changes into Anne Bedford's whirling young life. Her grandfather had died and left his fortune at her disposal. Now she was alone—an heiress—with the world and its admiration at her feet.

The great football victory was celebrated in a fitting manner by a ball.

The Crystal—ball-room—swayed with the graceful steps of the waltzers. Such a maze—of colour and lights! Wealth and beauty from end to end of the continent were represented, and joined in the picturesque revelry. Gayest of the gay, Anne and Jack presented a charming pair.

Weary of the dance, they left the hall to seek quiet. The balcony with its moonlight lured them. The night was cool and Anne had thrown a thin scarf over her shoulders. Something was bothering Jack. He gazed long at the ethereal beauty of the girl beside him, desperately—he tried to recall something—"I have it!" he almost shouted.

"Have what?"

"A something about you has been haunting me since you stepped into the ballroom this evening. You reminded me of—someone I had seen—somewhere—and at last I know! It was a picture of one of your saints or whatever you call them. I saw it somewhere the summer I spent in Paris. I'll never forget it—just the image of you. There was a filmy thing around her shoulders too, and that look in her eyes that makes one

think of better things—she must have been—your double!"

"My double——!"

The gay weeks rolled into months during which the tantalizing double both worried and annoyed Anne. But frivolity's call was insistent and within a year she had almost forgotten the lady of the filmy scarf.

Then one day she told her friends that she intended to go abroad to study art. Just a hobby! She had always wanted to study it—her father had been somewhat of an artist—anyway she was going!!

* * * * *

It was the maiden voyage of the S. S. De Grace and the docks were lined with cheering crowds as the magnificent vessel set sail. The city, disregarding Nature's law of darkness, was a blaze of light.

Peering through her port hole Anne was enjoying the sight of New York's famous skyline when suddenly she was seized with regret. Why had she come on this fool's errand? To look for a picture! How absurd and childish to let the thought of a picture haunt her! In desperation she ran to the door—could she possibly go back now? Already the lights on the shore were vanishing. She must go through with it, so tossing her head with indifference she went back to her stateroom and slammed the door. The sight of the gorgeous bouquet carrying Jack's card made matters even worse, for was he not the one who had started her on this wild goose-chase?

The ship's passenger list would have supplied her with many companions who could have reinstated her in the social whirl she loved—if she had only sought them. But for the time being she sought to avoid everyone.

It was not until the fourth day out at sea, that Anne, her old gay self once more, appeared on deck. She watched the restless waves lashing the side of the boat and was glad to think each moment brought her nearer land. She had fully decided to give up the quest and return home as soon as possible. But her musings were interrupted by someone calling her name in a shrill voice. Anne turned around to see rushing towards her a typically modern young lady who proved to be none other than Joy Gorman—of college days. They had been classmates, but never intimate friends.

Before evening came Joy had decided to sacrifice her own itinerary that Anne might have the comfort of an old friend's companionship. Anne wondered if this heroic offer would give her as great a "thrill." Joy was a flippant maid with nothing more on her mind than a becoming little turban. The question arose in Anne's mind: Was she like Joy? What had she ever done with her life? Then it was that Anne realized her folly in seeking only pleasure, and she almost rejoiced that she was on her way to study. Now, if never before, she would accomplish something and try to forget the old life.

The boat landed, in France, on a day whose very sunshine predicted success for the future. A swift train brought them to Paris. Speeding down the crowded French avenues in a taxi was a delightful change from the monotonous roll off the boat. At length the driver stopped at a huge grey building, studded with countless windows, and bearing the following inscription above its portals: "L'Ecole Des Beaux Arts." Anne's heart fluttered a bit. Perhaps here, somewhere she could find the "double" that had so strangely altered her life.

But it was not destined that Anne should end her quest so soon. Not one of the famous galleries contained a portrait with the least resemblance. She scoured the city for art collections, and visited all the famous churches. Nowhere could she find the picture she was seeking. After a few fruitless months of search she was convinced that it had been just Jack's imagination

BASKETBALL TEAMS, LORETTO ABBEY COLLEGE SCHOOL, BRUNSWICK AVENUE, TORONTO.

Top row—Misses Margaret Hilborn, Margaret Healy, Eleanor Huntley, Jean Downs.

Second row—Rita Dwyer, Winifred Fletcher, Catherine Macklin (Captain), Mary Primeau, Mary McCarthy, Sabina Alexander, Marjorie Dault.

Third row—Louise Dodds, Ruth Baird, Mildred Johns, Patricia Hassan, Mary McConvey, Aileen O'Brien.

The picture could not really have been so much like her.

It was hard to give up this search that might have ended so gloriously. But what could she do? She had not missed a spot in Paris. Even though she had progressed rapidly in her studies, art no longer held its charm for her. She must go home—to her friends—the foreign city suddenly seemed cold and uninviting.

Joy, after three months of close contact with Anne, had fallen completely under the charm of the latter's dominating personality. And so passage was procured for two—Westward bound!

"We're sailing on Tuesday—what's the date?" Joy asked, thumbing the calendar for December. "The eighth, just four months from the day we landed."

"The eighth . . ." That set Anne thinking, with the result that the feast day found Anne with Joy at the early Mass in a little shrine near the docks.

The quaintness of the chapel soon became a distraction to Joy. The sanctuary lamp fairly captivated her with its odd little boat like shape. As her eyes became accustomed to the dim light, the charm of the place became more evident. The flickering rays from the sanctuary lamp lit up a rich painting above the altar, and leaning forward to examine it, Joy barely suppressed a cry.

"Anne—look! Is it Our Lady—or is it you?"

And so the quest ended. Anne was gazing into the face of her "double."

"O Mother mild, where e'er we roam, lead all Loretto's children home!"

'Twas sweet, this finding of one's quest, and the effect was a great change in Anne's life. She found again an ideal—the ideal of her convent days—and the strength to "follow her star". She became Jack's inspiration and gradually, through her, he found the pathway leading to *his* quest.

Miriam Mracek, E. de M.,
Loretto Academy, Niagara Falls, Ont.

DEBATING TEAM, LORETTO HIGH SCHOOL, ENGLEWOOD, CHICAGO.

Left to right Misses Rita Fitzpatrick, Colombo Zerega, Virginia Cheevers

THE KEEPSAKE.

"Bravo! The watch is mine," shouted Rhoda, triumphantly adding the last precious coin to her savings now sufficient for the purchase of the long desired sport watch at Goodwyn's.

It had taken an age, it seemed, to gather the precious ten dollars. And now! Was it true? Would she really possess it that very morning? She could almost hear Barbara say, "O, the *darling* watch!" and hear a pleading, "Let me wear it!" from Cynthia.

"Here, Sis, you dropped this," exclaimed little Bob, handing her a small blue tag. Rhoda gasped when she saw it. O why did Bob find that now! She had completely forgotten about it, that little tag passed to her at the last Crusade meeting and meant to serve as a reminder to bring her donation for the Missions. Rhoda knit her brow. There was a struggle going on within. "True," she made herself realize, "it is the last day for our Mission contributions, and besides there will be other watches." But Oh! how she longed for that one in particular!

Finally strength came. She would make the sacrifice. If ten dollars meant so much to her, how much would it not mean to the Missions.

That morning school passed off in much the same way as on other mornings; but going home for lunch the thought of the watch was still on her mind. Then a sudden idea struck her: "Mr. Goodwyn would save it for me, if I asked him." Reaching the tiny jewelry shop she sought that particular space in the window display. The watch was gone!

"Sorry, Miss Rollings," sympathized the little proprieter, "I sold that watch to a young lady less than an hour ago."

Disappointed, but singularly consoled, she left the shop. What if it was the daintiest watch she had ever seen? What if she had been childish enough to set her very heart upon it? She could not regret that she was going to make some poor missionary happy, and that God was leaving no room for rapine in the holocaust. And although a pearly bead glistened for a moment in each eye there was a calm in her heart that she could not quite understand.

Arriving at school that afternoon, Rhoda took her place in the assembly hall where the mission meeting was being held. Her face beaming with contentment, she placed her donation in the box that was passed around. Just before the close of the meeting, the treasurer, after reading her report, stepped up to the chair, and addressed the President in an undertone.

"Miss Rollings," said the President, "will you kindly step forward."

Eager to be of any service, Rhoda was on the platform in a second.

"Miss Rollings," the President continued, "has undoubtedly been our most active worker for the Missions this year, and has been voted, therefore, by the executive, the winner of this prize." She held up the "sport watch." Rhoda gasped. With reverent hand she received it. It seemed less a prize than a gift from heaven in return for her sacrifice, a very keepsake from God.

Loretto Milbauer, '31.

Loretto Academy, Sault Ste. Marie, Mich.

ALUMNAE NOTES

LORETTO ALUMNAE ASSOCIATION
LORETTO ABBEY, TORONTO.

Patroness	MOTHER GENERAL PULCHERIA
Honorary President	MOTHER M. AGATHA.
Honorary Vice President	MRS. D. RAE MACKENZIE [illegible]
President	MRS FRANK CASSIDY [illegible]
First Vice President	MRS. THOMAS KILGOUR. [illegible]
Second Vice President	[illegible]
Treasurer	MISS ALICE GORMALY [illegible]
Recording Secretary	MISS MARY HARKINS. [illegible]
Corresponding Secretary	MRS. DAVID O'MEARA [illegible]
Convener of House Committee	MRS. HUGH RYAN. [illegible]
Convener of Entertainment	MRS FRED WOODS. [illegible]
Convener of Membership	MRS. J. L. LEE. [illegible]
Convener of Press	MISS KATHLEEN CORBETT [illegible]

Presidents of Loretto Associations.

Loretto Abbey College, Toronto	MRS. JOSEPH O'LEARY. [illegible]
Niagara Falls	MISS FLORENCE MULLIN [illegible]
Hamilton, Ont.	MISS GEORGE ANNE DELL. [illegible]
Stratford, Ont.	MISS JANE MEGAN. [illegible]
Englewood, Chicago	MISS MARY COLLINS. [illegible] Chicago, Ill
Sault Ste Marie, Mich	MISS IDA RANSOM
Joliet, Ill (St Mary's High School)	
Joliet, Ill (St Mary's Academy)	MRS SYLVESTER HARRINGTON
Woodlawn, Chicago	MISS OLIVE SMITH. [illegible]
New York, N Y	MISS M E FORDE. [illegible] N Y
Detroit, Mich.	MISS VERA REAUME
Buffalo, N.Y.	MISS MARY MAXWELL.
Graduates' Club, Loretto Abbey College School, Toronto	MISS VERONICA STOCKWELL. [illegible]

The second quarterly meeting of the L A A was held on January 27th at Loretto Abbey, Armour Heights. Amongst those present were the president and ladies of the executive of the Local Council of Women, who were guests of the Alumnae President, Mrs. Frank Cassidy. Mrs. Fred Woods had arranged an enjoyable musical program. Mrs T. L. Crossley was soloist and sang a group of songs, accompanied by Mrs. James Mallon. Mr. Reginald Godden gave several piano selections. The tea room was in charge of Mrs. Hugh Ryan. The tea hostesses were Mrs. T. A. Doherty and Mrs. E P Kelly, assisted by Mrs. R S Weir, Mrs. P J Glover, Mrs. Harry Nersch, Mrs. Glen Sullivan, Mrs. Wallace Clarey. Misses Ann Kelly, Irene Finn, Helen Seitz, Evelyn Murphy, Gertrude Sullivan, Peggy Ryan, Marjorie Moscaugh and Ann O'Connell.

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Mrs. Frank Cassidy, President L A A, was captain of a group of capable workers for the Tag-day on March 17th, in aid of the unemployed.

* * * *

Loretto Abbey College School Graduates' Club.

On Saturday afternoon, Jan 17th, the Fourth Form entertained the Graduates at the Annual Tea and Reunion. Miss Hilda Duffy sang during the tea hour, and Miss Helen Cummins poured. Miss Veronica Stockwell, President of the club, spoke of the Bridge to be held at the Royal York Hotel on Feb 7th. The Bridge was attended by over four hundred graduates and their friends, and proved a success in every way. The graduates are now eagerly awaiting the outcome of the examinations to learn the winner of the scholarship for which the Bridge provided funds, and are also looking forward with pleasant anticipation to the Graduation of 1931 and the accompanying banquet. Mary Barrett.

* * * *

Loretto Alumnae and Auxiliary, Woodlawn, Chicago.

The fourth Annual Benefit Card Party was given by the Loretto Woodlawn Auxiliary, at the Academy on Saturday afternoon, Feb 7th. Mrs. William Garrity was Chairman of the benefit.

The Loretto Woodlawn Alumnae held its regular monthly meeting in the drawing room of the Academy on Sunday afternoon, Jan. 7th. Miss Olive Smith, the President, presided at the business meeting, which was followed by a reception and tea. Plans for the yearly Easter Ball were discussed.

The monthly meeting of the Loretto Woodlawn Auxiliary was held at the Academy on March 2nd, Mrs. Albert O'Rourke presiding. A special Lenten program was arranged for the afternoon by the Social Committee.

The Loretto Woodlawn Alumnae held its monthly meeting on Sunday afternoon March 8th. Miss Olive Smith presided and plans were made for the annual "Prom" to be held early in June, just before the graduation of the class of 1931.

* * * *

Loretto takes this opportunity of congratulating the Reverend Redemptorist Fathers

on the reverent and carefully prepared "Passion Play," and of thanking them for the special performance given for religious. Miss Bunnie Higgins, a graduate of Loretto Academy, Niagara Falls, took the part of the Blessed Virgin.

* * * * *

In the death of Mother M. Ancilla, on Dec. 30, 1930, at Loretto Academy Sault Ste. Marie, Mich., the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary sustains the loss of a very saintly and a very efficient member. Her sudden death, caused by pneumonia, found her ready to answer the call peacefully, fortified by the last rites of Holy Church. The Requiem Mass was sung by Very Reverend Dean Stenglein, in St. Mary's Church, and attended by a large congregation. May her soul rest in peace.

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Marriages.

Miss Madeleine Smyth, B.A., graduate of Loretto Abbey College, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Smyth, to Mr. John Pollard, on Dec. 28th. Right Reverend Monsignor Martin Whelan, V.G., performed the ceremony.

Miss Maxine Ryckman, class of 1928, Loretto Academy, Niagara Falls, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Ryckman, to Mr. William Ronson Nethercott, on Jan. 3rd, at St. Catherine's Church, St. Catherine's, Ont. Mr. and Mrs. Nethercott will live at 46 Arnold Avenue, Hamilton, Ont.

* * * * *

Congratulations to:

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph O'Leary (Marie Campbell, B.A., a graduate of Loretto Abbey College) on the birth of a daughter.

Dr. and Mrs. Frank Coté (Isobel Sheridan), Guelph, on the birth of a son.

Dr. and Mrs. Edward Dodge (Agnes Dell), Niagara Falls, N.Y., on the birth of a daughter.

Mr. and Mrs. John Dobbie, jr. (Annabelle Bishop), Niagara Falls, N.Y., on the birth of a daughter.

Mr. and Mrs. Gilman Craig Perkins (Cornelia Noyes), Rochester, N.Y., on the birth of a son.

Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Geisenhoff (Grace Mulligan), Niagara Falls, Ont., on the birth of a daughter.

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Loretto offers deepest sympathy to:

Mother M. Francis, Loretto Abbey, Toronto; Misses Elizabeth, Josephine and Helen Corcoran, Mr. Francis Corcoran, and Dr. Joseph Corcoran, on the death of their seister, Miss Jane Corcoran.

Mr. Andrews, Collingwood, Ont.; his daughter, Mother M. Joan and other members of the family on the death of Mrs. Andrews.

Mother M. Athanasia, Loretto Abbey College; Mrs. M. Rogers, and Mrs. McLaughlin, Des Moines; and Mr. P. J. Quinlivan, Texas, on the death of their brother.

Mrs. John Ryan, Chicago; her daughter, Sr. M. Lillian, Loretto Branch Novitiate, Chicago and other members of the family, on the death of Mr. Ryan.

The Reverend Paulist Fathers on the death of Reverend Charles Casserly, C.S.P.

The Reverend Basilian Fathers on the death of Reverend J. Player, C.S.B.

Rev. M. J. Carey, C.S.P., Pastor of St. Peter's Church, Toronto, on the death of his brother.

Reverend J. E. Ronan, St. Augustine's Seminary, on the death of his mother.

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Markle, Toronto, on the death of Mr. Markle's mother. Reverend L. Markle, St. Augustine's Seminary, and Reverend B. Markle, are grandsons.

Mrs. Hennessy (Agnes Davis), Emmitsburg, Iowa, and family, on the death of her husband.

The Misses Lavan, Toronto, on the death of their sister.

Miss Lynett, Guelph, on the death of her sister, Mrs. Sims, and to the other members of the family.

Mrs. Allan Pringle (Adelaide Van Dine) on the death of her mother, Mrs. Ernest Van Dine (Mary Adelaide Hughes), Vice-President of the Loretto Alumnae Association, Loretto Abbey, Armour Heights.

Mrs. McCall, on the death of her brother, Mr. Joseph Cronin; and to Mrs. Read (Loretto McCall), and the Misses Mary, Helen and Lima McCall, nieces, alumnae of Loretto, Niagara.

Mrs. Brophy (Agnes O'Neill, alumna of Loretto, Niagara), on the death of her father, Mr. Henry O'Neill, and to the other members of the family.

Misses Mary and Anna Downey, Corry, Penna., on the death of their father.

Mr. Howe, Durham, Ont., on the death of his wife (Catharine Lavelle), and to her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. Lavelle, Owen Sound, Ont.

Mrs. McPhee, Chicago, and family, on the death of her daughter, Miss Anna McPhee, a recent pupil of Loretto Academy, Stratford, Ont.

Mr. and Mrs. G. O. McConkey (Lillian

Seitz, on the death of their youngest daughter, Muriel.

Mr. and Mrs. M. P. Byrnes (Dorothea Cronin), Collingwood, Ont., on the death of their infant daughter, Mary Patricia, born on March 17th.

Mrs. Connolly (Anna Mary Devine), Ottawa, on the death of her husband, Dr. Bernard Gervase Connolly, and to her sister, Miss Selena Connolly, and brother, Mr. Frank Connolly, Brockville.

Miss Margaret Stock and Mr. William Stock, on the death of their sister, Miss Lillie Stock, a former pupil of Loretto Abbey.

Mrs. John Mallon 104 Isabella Street, Toronto, on the death of her husband.

Mrs. J. P. Montgomery, White Plains, N.Y.; Mrs. W. T. Scully, St. John's, Newfoundland; and Mr. F. Dwyer, St. John's, Newfoundland, on the death of their mother, Mrs. Florence Dwyer, Toronto.

Mr. John J. Sweeney, Toronto and family, on the death of his wife.

Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Doyle, Toronto, on the death of the latter's brother, Mr. John Doyle.

Mrs. Galligan, Eganville, Ont., and family, on the death of her husband.

Mrs. William J. O'Brien, Detroit, and her daughter, Mother Theophane, Ursuline Order, on the death of Mr. O'Brien.

Mr. Thomas Williams, Stratford, Ont., and Mr. Alfred Williams; Mr. Joseph Williams, Mrs. C. H. Cushing, Mrs. J. Reardon and Miss Sarah Williams, on the death of their mother.

Mrs. Sullivan (Margaret Crockett) and Mrs McIsaac (Helen Crockett), Sault Ste Marie, on the death of their mother.

Mr. R. H. Burdeno, Sault Ste. Marie, Mich. and family, on the death of his wife.

Mrs. Henry Pitcher and family, Guelph, on the death of her husband.

SWEETHEART

I would come to you at break of dawn,
With the thrush who sings at your door,
While the rest of the world goes slumbering on
And the heart's sweet matins soar.
I would come to you in the noonday's heat
While the children play by the road,
And the farmer rests in shady retreat
From the weary weight of his load.
I would come to you in the purple dusk
When deep shadows enclose the sky,
And far in the west, the sun's red husk
Valiantly passes by.
But best of all I would come to you
When the darkness closes down
And the sparkling light of the stars' bright hue
Plays on your silvery gown.

Dorothea Cain, 3T4

THE LEGEND OF THE PURPLE ORCHIS FLOWER.

Once on the Mount of Olives grew
A lonely orchis, hid from view.
From dawn to twilight, every day
The sun sent friendly beams its way.
At night the stars their silver spread
Around its humble leaves and head.

'Twas while the Master bowed in grief,
That stains appeared upon each leaf;
Imprinted fast, of dark red hue,
From heavier drops than those of dew.
Its frame was thrilled, and in that hour
Rewarded was the orchis flower.

To-day on any English lea
It bears the name, "Gethsemane."

Margaret Gillen, Form V.,
Loretto Academy, Hamilton, Ontario.

SCHOOL CHRONICLES

RECREATION HOURS ON THE GROUNDS OF LORETTO ABBEY, ARMOUR HEIGHTS

Loretto Abbey, Armour Heights.

Dec. 12th. We played a return game with St. Mildred's basketball team, and although they played well, we defeated them by a few points.

Dec. 14th. Sodality meeting, very enthusiastic, at which we planned our Christmas baskets, baskets of Christmas dinners for the poor, and one made up of prayers and acts of self-denial for the Infant Jesus.

Dec. 19th. Amid many "Merry Christmasses," and "Do write soons" we set out for our homes to enjoy the glorious days ahead of us.

Jan. 7th. Back to work, and pray, again.

Jan. 17th. The perversity of the weather necessitated the postponement of a skating party planned for today, but in compensation we had a charming tea-dance.

Jan. 23rd. Feast day of Mother Mary Ward. At last we have the story of her life in lantern slides, interesting readings accompanied the pictures, which were enjoyed by all the "daughters." In the evening the Faculty gave us a banquet

in honour of our holy Foundress, during which the story of her life was reviewed again, each of the undergraduates reading a part. Reverend Mother General gave each of the girls a remembrance of the day in the form of a beautiful picture of Mary Ward.

Jan. 27th—An Alumnae meeting was the occasion of a delightful musicale in our auditorium.

Jan. 29th—We defeated the Second basketball team of the Margaret Eaton College, in our gymnasium.

Jan. 29th—We are greatly indebted to Reverend Father Lally, S.J., for his interesting story and slides of the Canadian Martyrs. This was followed by a sketch of the life of Our Blessed Lord—quotations from the Bible illustrated by slides.

Jan. 30th—Our week-end at home.

Feb. 5th—Feast Day of Mother M. Agatha, our Superior. The students gave a charming musical programme and one of the girls read a short life of St. Agatha. Two bouquets, one of spiritual and the other of earthly flowers, were presented as a token of our affection and gratitude for Mother Agatha's many kindnesses to us all.

Feb. 7th—We played this afternoon against the Seniors of Margaret Eaton College and were gloriously defeated by this superb team to whom we offer our congratulations and good wishes for continued success during the season.

Feb. 12th—It gave us a thrill of pleasure this morning to hear Our Holy Father, Pope Pius XI, speak to his children throughout the world. In the afternoon Reverend Father Keating, S.J., talked to us about prayer, a talk that went to our hearts, as Father Keating's inspiring words always do.

Feb. 14th—An enjoyable Valentine party given to the School by the Senior Girls' Club. It opened with a Valentine court presided over by Miss Eileen Belair. After the dancing, tea was served in the recreation room. The prizes for the novelty dances were won by Miss Grace Kent, Miss Nadine Harris, and Miss Millicent Penfound.

AT LORETTO ABBEY, ARMOUR HEIGHTS IN THE GYMNASIUM

Feb. 15th—The undergraduates received at tea in honour of "The 'Old' Graduates of the New Abbey." Miss Mary Barker, our guest of honour, poured tea.

Feb. 16th—Mrs. Harris gave a delightful dinner party in honour of the birthday of her daughter, Miss Marguerite Harris, when her guests were the undergraduates. A captivating feature of the entertainment was a great Jack Horner pie containing pleasant surprises for everyone.

Feb. 18th—Our first team was defeated in their second game with the M. E. C. Junior team.

Feb. 21st—We went for a long cross-country walk with Miss Barker and came home, of course, "tired but happy," and found delicious hot coffee and sandwiches waiting to make us feel completely contented with life.

Feb. 24th—Fourteen of the Seniors, chaperoned by Miss Barker, attended the Twilight Concert at Massey Hall, where we were soon under the spell of the Toronto Symphony Orchestra.

Feb. 18th—The Children of Mary began their Lenten devotion of reciting daily the Little Office of the Immaculate Conception.

March 2nd—Miss Barker took a number of the Seniors to see "Twelfth Night" at the Hart House Theatre.

Katherine Roche.

Loretto Abbey College School, Brunswick Ave.

Jan. 17th—Our first entertaining since the Christmas holidays—the annual tea given by the Fourth Form for the Loretto Abbey College School Graduates' Club. A short business meeting proceeded the tea at which Miss Hilda Duffy sang charmingly for us.

Jan. 23rd—Feast day of Mother Mary Ward and gala day for L.A.C.S. Prizes for the best compositions and posters of the life of the Servant of God, our Foundress, were given in the morning, and an exhibition of Physical Culture by the Lower School in the afternoon.

Jan. 27th—We played both teams of St. Mildred's College in a return game in our gymnasium, and won both games—the Senior by a score of 48-40, and the Junior, 36-18.

Jan. 31st—The Commercial Classes held their annual reunion tea-dance this afternoon and early evening, when some two hundred former pupils were present and there was much merry laughter and chat as old friendships were renewed and memories revived.

Feb. 6th—The monthly Crusade meeting was held in the auditorium at half-past two this afternoon. Reverend Father Fraser of the China Mission Seminary, who has spent long

MISS MARY McCONVEY,
Business Manager of the "Rainbow" for Loretto Abbey College School.

years in China, gave a graphic account of religious activities there to-day, touching particularly on the work of the three nuns at Chuchow, the first foreign nuns ever to reach that district. Form 1B gave a really lovely play, "The Power of Kindness."

Feb. 12th—Nuns, College students and the entire High School gathered to hear over the radio in the ante-room of the auditorium, the inauguration of the Vatican radio-station HVJ, by His Holiness Pope Pius XI. There were comparatively few delays and very little static so that the voice of the Holy Father could be heard clearly and distinctly. We were all deeply impressed.

Feb. 14th—Twenty of the girls from Loretto Academy, Guelph, arrived at half-past ten this morning and were met by our Junior and Senior teams, who entertained them at dinner. The basketball game was held at half-past two; only the Senior teams played. After five minutes overtime—necessitated by the omission of our score for two quarter periods—the final score stood 61-16 in our favour. Tea and dancing followed, and it was with regret that we saw them leave for home. They are excellent sports, and we enjoyed their visit immensely.

Feb. 25th-27th—The annual retreat for the Second, Third, and Fourth Forms was appropriately held at the beginning of the Lenten season. Reverend Father Murray, C.S.P., officiated, and it is needless to add that the retreat was one of the best we have ever had.

Mar. 6th—Our regular monthly meeting of the C.C.S.M.C. was held to-day. After the business meeting Miss Hilda Tumelty of the College gave two violin selections, accompanied by Miss Evelyn Whelan also of the College. Tableaux depicting well-known episodes in the lives of favorite Saints were presented by Form 1A. Miss Margaret Glintz, also a student of the College, sang "Ave Maria" during the tableau of Bernadette's vision at Lourdes. The whole thing was very lovely.

March 27th—Our Senior Team obtained the highest score of the season against Loretto Academy, Stratford, the best losers with whom we have ever played, in the game that decided the championship.

Mary Wynn Slipper

Loretto Academy, Hamilton, Ont.

Jan. 27th—Our retreat began to-day under the direction of Reverend Father Keough, C.SS.R., of Toronto, with a sermon, followed by Benediction, and it terminated with the Papal Blessing on Jan. 31st. We are all deeply grateful to Father Keough for his uplifting instructions on the art of "being good."

Feb. 12th—A Valentine party was given to-day under the auspices of the Mission Crusade. Bridge was enjoyed by the Seniors, prizes being awarded to Miss Helen Goodrow and Miss Marion Flynn.

Feb. 13th—The open house debate, the first of a series, was held to-day. The motion before the house was: "Resolved that this house favours government ownership of public utilities." The affirmative was upheld by Miss Alma Dowrie and Miss Irene Hannah of the Commercial Class, and the negative by Miss Margaret Goodrow and Miss Doris Clancy of Third Form. The decision of the judges and of the House was in favour of the negative. Speeches were made from both sides of the House by Misses Betty Blacklock, Wilma Easterbrook, Marion Flynn, Lucille Schiavo and Francis Wittaker.

Feb. 20th—We were pleasantly surprised to-day by an unexpected visit from one of our most entertaining Canadian poets, Wilson MacDonald. He recited many of his unpublished poems, besides some from his latest book, "The Caw-Caw Ballads."

Margaret Sharkey.

On Monday, Jan. 19th, our school was favoured with a most interesting lecture by Reverend Francis Brennan, of London. The subject of the lecture was the speaker's trip to the Passion Play of 1930 at Oberammergau and the Eucharistic Congress at Carthage.

Father Brennan dealt first with the Passion Play, defining its origin and nature. Then he acquainted us with the sights and scenes characteristic of the little town of Oberammmergau in the Passion Play season. The chief scenes of the play described were: The triumphal entry of Christ into Jerusalem on Palm Sunday; Christ driving the money changers out of the temple; the repentant Mary Magdalen anointing Jesus with precious ointment, bathing His feet with her tears and drying them with her hair; at which occurrence, the speaker said, it was remarkable to note that there was not a dry eye in the great audience; the trial of Christ; His crucifixion and death; and the final scene, His ascension into Heaven. While listening to the vivid narration it was not difficult to imagine oneself present throughout that unrivalled spectacle acted in such a splendid theatre by such unique actors.

The second part of the address was on

Carthage and the Congress. Many details of the city's historic fame and local beauty were given; also the various incidents of the Congress itself were presented to our minds, and we could picture that vast assemblage of Catholics from all parts of the world.

A description of Father Brennan's aeroplane trip from France to England concluded a lecture of such interest that we are assured of the greatest pleasure should we have the good fortune of hearing again the Reverend speaker.

Margaret Gillen, Form V.

Tuesday, March 3rd, was a day of unusual interest to every Loretto Crusader. After the usual preliminaries of the regular meeting, the Assembly was addressed by two Franciscan Sisters of the Atonement from Smoky Lake and Edmonton, Alberta.

These Sisters told of their experiences and the difficulties in this far northern field of action, a typical "Red" centre, seventy-five miles north of Edmonton. However, the good work was begun and gradually—very gradually—the efforts of these courageous spirits produced encouraging results. Now, though these few Sisters have been labouring in the district for only five short years, they have won their way so thoroughly into the hearts of all, that even if contemplated, their exit from Smoky Lake would be a much more difficult undertaking than was their entrance.

Miss Marion Flynn, President of the Crusade, offered an enthusiastic vote of thanks to the Sisters for their enlightening talk on their pioneer work for the Church out west, and assured the Sisters of a future practical interest in Smoky Lake district.

Betty Townsend, Form IV.

Loretto Academy, Niagara Falls.

Dec. 18th—An unparalelled privilege is given us when Reverend Father Lord, S.J., comes as our retreat master. For these grace-laden days we live in close companionship with our Lord and His angels.

Dec. 21st—With hustling and bustling, we leave the school, eager for the holiday.

Jan. 7th—We return as eagerly as we left; resolutions are compared and put into practice at once.

Jan. 16th—The Juniors have their Mission Day, with great success. This is the first chance Third Year has had to show its fund of novel ideas.

Jan. 18th—One of the big days in Niagara's history! A great piece of rock, thousands of tone in weight, crashed from the American side making a second horse-shoe.

Jan. 20th—Third Year come out victorious over Second Year in an inter-form basketball game. The score is 39-24.

Jan. 22nd—The "ad" campaign for our Year Book is launched!

Jan. 23rd—In honour of Mary Ward, foundress of I.B.V.M., the nuns arrange a banquet for us. The music is supplied by the Niagara University orchestra, for which we are indebted to Reverend Father Garcia, C.M.

Jan. 25th—We are invited to Niagara University to one of the "home" games with St. Bonaventure's. Niagara wins, much to our delight.

Jan. 26th—The unfortunate Sophomores lose a basketball game to the Seniors. Score is 34-16.

Jan. 28th—A St. Cecilia's musicale is held and we are charmed with the talent of our guest-artists.

Jan. 29th and 30th—The second term ex

affiliations are held, causing much mental unrest.

Feb. 1st—Our Central Committee of the S.S.C. attends a meeting at Mount St. Joseph's Academy, Buffalo, N.Y. They return eager with new ideas and fresh enthusiasm.

Feb. 3rd—The Seniors are once more defeated by the Freshmen in basketball. Three cheers for First Year!

Feb. 10th—Dr. McMillan, from the Toronto Conservatory of Music comes to hear our rendition of the competition songs. His words of helpful criticism are highly esteemed and we hope for another encouraging visit.

Feb. 12th—We [illegible] the first opening of the Vatican Station and are thrilled to hear the voice of the Holy Father and of many illustrious prelates and men of science.

Feb. 14th—Miss Kathleen McElroy, in the name of the school enters an oratorical contest sponsored by the Western New York S.S.C.

Feb. 15th—We take part in the National Vocation Week for Sodalists.

Feb. 17th—An entertainment to celebrate Shrove Tuesday is given in the Clubroom. Each class displays [illegible] talent. Refreshments conclude the program.

Feb. 18th—A meeting of the executive committees of the Rainbowing Units is held at St. Mary's Nurses' Home, Niagara Falls, N.Y.

Feb. 19th—A Mission business meeting, [illegible] Lenten resolutions.

Feb. 20th—We celebrate Washington's birthday at home.

Feb. 25th—Basketball [illegible] again after a [illegible].

Feb. 26th—St. Cecilia's Club brings to us Mrs. Diblie, noted pianist of this city. After [illegible] program, about twenty of us leave to attend a sector Mission meeting. Plans for the coming convention are proposed and we enjoy the many speakers.

Feb. 27th—A precedent is established for saying the Stations of the Cross in a body, on the Fridays during Lent. A short talk on the Passion follows directly after the devotions.

Mar. 1st—A new honour is given to us within the pages of "The Queen's Work." The photograph of Miss Kathleen McElroy, President of our Sodality, of St. Cecilia's Club, and of the Senior Class, holds a place among the prominent Sodality leaders of the country.

March 5th—A stirring S.S.C. meeting is held in the morning and a lovely "tea-time" treat from Mother M. Alberta, our Superior in the afternoon.

March 7th—Our long-awaited trip to Hamilton! With a grand reception, lovely hostesses and a good game—what more is necessary for a "Perfect Day?"

March 8th—The Sodality enjoys an address from Miss Dorothy Eads, a former President of the Niagara Sodality.

Miriam Mracek, E. de M.

Loretto High School, Englewood, Chicago.

Dec. 21st—Just a week before Christmas! The days were full of events. On this particular Sunday our debating team made its debut in a debate against Visitation High School, on the subject: "Is Personality a Greater Asset than Education?" We upheld the affirmative side. And did we win? Of course we did; and the personality of our girls was a fitting illustration for their side.

Jan. 11th—Thrills! "The Senior Alumnae tea!" We Seniors did feel dignified, mingling with alumnae and being treated as one of them. We know now that much as we shall grieve on leaving Loretto, just being an alumna will relieve the sorrow a little.

HOUSEHOLD ARTS, LORETTO HIGH SCHOOL, ENGLEWOOD, CHICAGO.

Seated—Misses Margaret Nims, Grace Peters, Mary Kenny, Annarose Schofield.
Standing—Misses Loretto Malcski and Claire Smith.

Dec. 22nd—Chain Stores! Do you approve of them? You would have if you heard our debate with the girls of South Shore Dominican School. I must admit that we did not win; but we still think that the chain store is the best thing that ever happened—in stores.

Feb. 8th-11th—Retreat. The girls donned their snowy veils and for three glorious days left studies behind and came closer to Our Lord. The retreat was beautiful and Reverend Father Seymour, a Jesuit, is a marvelous retreat master. This retreat will be a lasting memory in the hearts of the Seniors.

Feb. 15th—General Communion for Vocations.

Feb. 16th—Miss Marver (I still think the last "r" should be an "l"), a concert pianist from the Conservatory of Music, illustrated the benefits of a musical training.

Feb. 17th—A lovely talk on Vocations by our Chaplain, Reverend Father Consins.

Feb. 18th—Talks by the girls on various vocations.

Feb. 19th—Chain Stores again! Yes, we had the courage to try again with the same side of the question in a debate with St. Xavier's High School. I am beginning to think some people really do not like chain stores, for, sorry to say, the judges decided that they would buy their groceries in an independent store.

Feb. 20th—Again talks by the girls on varied vocations.

March 22nd—On this noted day, the debaters from two famous Universities, Loyola, Chicago, and Grenell, Iowa, held a debate at our school on "Unemployment Insurance." There was no decision, but we ourselves decided that they grow something more than tall corn in Iowa; but we remained loyal to Loyola.

March 4th—Slides of the famous Passion Play at Oberammergau, presented in a Lenten Sodality program. Rita Fitzpatrick.

Loretto Academy, Woodlawn, Chicago.

Jan. 9th—Our first basketball game of the season was with our good friends, Loretto, Englewood. We had to play hard to win by a narrow margin.

Jan. 16th—We met the Mercy High School team in a hard fought battle. At the quarter the score was tied, but Mercy proved the better team and came out victorious.

Jan. 19th—The Aquinas High School team met and were defeated at the hands of our basketball team.

Jan. 23rd—The Seniors gave an entertainment this afternoon in honour of our foundress, Mary Ward. They related incidents from her life and exhibited their dramatic ability in the musical play, "Girlhood Fancies."

Feb. 7th—The Ladies' Auxiliary of Loretto, Woodlawn, sponsored a successful card party in our gymnasium. The students of the school are to be congratulated on their co-operation.

OUR TEAM LORETTO ACADEMY
WOODLAWN CHICAGO

Back row: Misses Kathleen Dunne, Lillian Collins, Virginia Marks.
Second row: Misses Mary Ellen Sherrington, Irene Murphy, Mary Petrie, Dorothy Farnham, Lorette McIntyre.
Third row: Misses Irene Mack, Margaret Carrier, Rita Roache, Mildred Murphy, Mary Farley, Florence Hayes.
Front row: Misses Vivian McMahon, Lilia Heathcote, Leone Haale.

Feb. 10th. Again our Blue and Whites were victorious — this time over Visitation High School.

Feb. 11th. The program today in honour of Abraham Lincoln was a charming one and showed the excellent talent of our Seniors. They presented John Drinkwater's delightful play, "Abraham Lincoln," besides appropriate talks and poems in honour of the great emancipator.

Feb. 13th. The Sophomores were hostesses this afternoon at a Valentine party, and a most enjoyable one it was too. We all agreed that our Second Year students know how to give [illegible].

Feb. 17th. The Blue Ribbons gave a bridge and dance that will long be pleasantly remembered. It was the last social event before Exit [illegible]. The enthusiastic student took advantage of this and turned out one hundred per cent.

Feb. 20th. Our basketball players met St. Catherine's team in their gymnasium. We played against odds and lost by only a few points. It was a hard fight, but not a discouraging one.

Feb. 23rd. St. Thomas the Apostle High School team met our's to-day and again we were the victors.

Feb. 27th. Mrs. Eldridge entertained the students with a charming piano recital.

March 2nd. The Weber College, Utah, vs. Loyola University debate was held in our Assembly Hall in the presence of the community and the student body. The subject was "Resolved that we should have compulsory unemployment insurance."

March 6th. Alverna High School met our team to-day and were defeated. It was a very exciting and interesting game, particularly since Alverna defeated the champion team, Mercy High School.

Kathryn Burke

AT LORETTO ACADEMY, WOODLAWN, CHICAGO
[illegible]

Loretto Academy, Sault Ste. Marie, Mich.

Jan. 16th—Our team plays its first basketball game and is defeated by the first year of Sault Ste. Marie Public High School.

Jan. 21st—In honour of our Superior, Mother M. Agnes, members of the fourth year class entertain teachers and pupils of high school and lower grades with the play "Sing a Song of Seniors." Mother Agnes in turn favored us with a half-holiday.

Jan. 23rd—Third year girls are delightfully entertained at a bridge in aid of the library fund, at the home of Miss Georgianna Burdeno.

Jan. 30th—One venturesome team plays another game of basketball.

Feb. 10th—The cold did not prevent the twenty-one jolly Second Year girls from the enjoyment of a tobogganing party on Cody's Hill. After a delightful evening of coasting they were entertained at the home of Miss Molly Ryan, where dancing and refreshments were enjoyed.

Feb. 11th—We celebrated Lincoln's birthday by a program given by St. Theresa's Literary Association.

Feb. 12th—The Holy Father speaks! Early dismissal that all may "listen in."

Feb. 15th—Another game.

Feb. 17th—Once more Cody's Hill rings with cheer and excitement. On this occasion the Third Year girls are hostesses to all the other girls of the high school. Later refreshments are served at the Academy.

Feb. 19th-20th—Two basketball games played in succession, in which Loretto proves to be a little unsuccessful.

Feb. 20th—Patriots! Once more, under the sponsorship of the Dramatic Club, we pay tribute to the Father of our Country. The main feature of the program was the humorous little farce, "Truth for a Day." Dialogues and recitations filled out an enjoyable program.

Feb. 25th—Second Year entertains St. Theresa's Literary Association with the acting of a scene from the "Merchant of Venice."

Feb. 26th—"Hot Dog" Sale! By it the Fourth Year helps to swell the Crusade Fund.

March 6th—All students delight in a carnival sponsored by Third Year.

March 11th—Miss Mary Kobera, winner of the contest for the recitation of most poems of William Cullen Bryant, demonstrates for the St. Theresa's Literary Association. She is assisted in the program by Miss Mary Jacques.

March 13th-20th—Basketball games scheduled.

Loretto Milbauer, '31.

Loretto Academy, Guelph, Ont.

Jan. 26th—Instead of the regular Crusade program the members attended the Sodality debate. The subject, "Resolved, that for the present we should help Home rather than Foreign Missions" was one of particular interest to Crusaders.

Feb. 7th—The much-anticipated game with Hamilton Loretto. Our Senior team lost, but our Juniors won a signal victory. Our first meeting with Loretto pupils of the ambitious city is replete with joyous memories.

Feb. 10th—Basketball—Commercial Classes G.C.V.I. versus Loretto. Loretto victorious!

Feb. 12th—The annual Valentine party brought back to us several former pupils. Euchre, dancing and a dainty luncheon, together with amusing reminiscences made a very pleasant evening.

Feb. 14th—A delightful trip to Loretto Abbey College School, Brunswick Avenue, Toronto. The disappointment of a rather crush

ing defeat at basketball was entirely forgotten in the charming reception which followed the game. All proclaimed the day one of the happiest of the year.

March 2nd—A spirited debate between the Young Ladies' Sodality and the Senior Men's Sodality on the subject, "Resolved, that the Middle Ages gave more to the world than the Modern Ages." The affirmative was ably upheld by Misses Loyola Dooley and Helen Walsh, the negative by Mr. Urban Smyth and Mr. Theodore Hegg. The Young Men were the victors.

March 11th—An illustrated lecture on the Cure d'Ars by Reverend Father Monaghan, S.J., to our knowledge the first lecture on the life of the sainted priest ever given in Guelph. Father Monaghan had spent some time at Ars. He spoke with the unction and conviction of one deeply influenced by the associations of that hallowed spot. Gladys Dodds.

Loretto, Sedley, Sask.

Jan. 5th—School re-opened to-day after an enjoyable vacation. Grades XI. and XII., who for three and one-half years have been taught in the Convent, are now back in the school again. They are occupying what was formerly the Grade III. and IV. room. That class has moved into the new quarters in what has hitherto been the girls' recreation room.

Jan. 23rd—The annual Mary Ward party was held at the Convent. The boarders gave a play, "The Lily of the Mohawks," for the community. Grades VII. and VIII. were invited to the party, which they thoroughly enjoyed.

Feb. 6th, 9th—The first Retreat to be held in Sedley for young girls was preached by Reverend Jas. Carlin, S.J., of Campion College, Regina. It opened with the procession of the Blessed Sacrament, during which the "Pange Lingua" was sung by the girls' choir. Little Miss Rosie Harsche and Miss Pauline Giroux scattered flowers before Our Blessed Lord. The interesting conferences were deeply appreciated. On Monday morning the retreat closed with the Papal blessing. The remainder of the day was spent chiefly in conversation, making up for our three days' of silence.

Feb. 17th—Shrove Tuesday—and our last party before Lent. Candy looked more than usually inviting in view of forty days' abstinence, and games as usual were heartily entered into and enjoyed.

Feb. 23rd-28th—A mild form of "flu" brought to some of us that rare luxury that boarders all enjoy — a week in the infirmary. It is well worth while being ill.

March 26th—Considerable excitement was created to-day when the result of the Mid-Winter Theory Examinations arrived from the Toronto Conservatory of Music: Junior Theory, Miss Jeannette Parent, honours; Primary Theory, Miss Eileen Whelan, first class honours; Miss Jean Wheeler, honours. Heartiest congratulations to both teacher and pupils.

This afternoon a Tree-Planting car came into Sedley in order to explain the manner in which to plant and care for trees. All the school children were invited to the demonstration. Many useful hints were given relative to making the surroundings of the home beautiful. The instructive hour was brought to a close by a comedy, "Just Andy."

Alma Eberl, Grade XI.

Loretto Academy, Stratford, Ont.

Dec. 12th—Reverend Frank Brennan, S.T.L., St. Peter's Seminary, London, delighted a large audience in our auditorium to-day when

he lectured on the Passion Play in Oberammergau and on the Eucharistic Congress held in Carthage as witnessed by him last summer. Father Brennan's description of these two events of world-wide interest was much enjoyed by all present, as was also a short program including two choruses by the choral class, "Daffodils and Violets," and "Ave Verum"; a piano solo; a "Spanish Dance" by Miss Margaret Buckley; a vocal solo "The Message," by Miss Calista Heimbuch; and "Stabat Mater," by Master James McArdle.

Dec. 15th—A short play, "Jean's Xmas Gift," was the last event of the year 1930. Cast of characters: Mrs. Tomlinson—Miss Beatrice Bradley, Ruth Tomlinson—Miss Dorothy McArthy, Margaret Tomlinson—Miss Mary Cloney, Jean Tomlinson—Miss Loretto Kane, Aunt Molly—Miss Mary Spencer, Beatrice—Miss Celine O'Donoghue, Mrs. Brown—Miss Veronica Gaffney, Mrs. Ward—Miss Yvonne Mahoney, Nan and Nora (her two children)—Miss Avilla McAuley and Miss Kathleen Reinhart.

Jan. 14th-15th-16th—Forty Hours' Devotion in our little chapel! Following High Mass on the morning of the opening, Reverend Leo Kelly, our Chaplain, spoke very impressively on devotion to the Blessed Sacrament, and at the closing Reverend Father Pettypiece preached an instructive sermon, using as his text "The Sower went out to Sow his Seed." We made many visits to Our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament during these days.

Jan. 29th—Tonight we were invited to a party given in our auditorium by the Sodality for Miss Bernadette DuCharme who leaves on Monday for the Novitiate of Loretto Abbey, Armour Heights, Toronto. We shall miss her, but are proud of the fact that our more "Stratford" has answered the call to follow Our Lord more closely.

Feb. 17th—Our Shrove Tuesday Masquerade with the usual enjoyment in games, dancing, and, last but not least, refreshments. The following received prizes: Miss Avilla McAuley—for the prettiest costume, Miss Veronica Gaffney—for the most disguising costume, Miss Yvonne Mahoney—for the most original costume.

March 5th-9th—Our three days' Retreat was given this year by Reverend T. J. Lally, S.J., and we are glad to announce it a great success. Father Lally gave such instructive talks that we were sorry we were not all Sodality girls so that we might return to the eight o'clock lecture, which was given to the Sodality each evening. The large attendance both day and evening was evidence of the success of the Retreat, and we hope it will continue to bear fruit during the year. On Sunday afternoon Father Lally gave an interesting illustrated lecture on the "Jesuit Martyrs" and on the "Life of Our Lord"—a fitting close to three perfect days.

Jean Cole.

Sioux Lookout, Ontario.

Feb. 2nd—The little children received their First Holy Communion, with their parents.

March 6th—The League of the Sacred Heart was formally established in the church and school. To remind the children to say their morning offering and to get them into the habit of saying it for Lent, they made posters with "Please say your morning offering" in bold outline.

March 19th—The Feast of our loved St. Joseph was also our pastor's feast day. The children gave a little entertainment and presented Reverend Father Bellevance with a picture of St. Joseph, and a generous spiritual offering.

Bernadette George.

Closing of May at Loretto Abbey, Armour Heights, 1931, when the procession of students singing hymns and carrying flowers, wound its way through the ravine and across the rustic bridge over the stream, to Our Lady's Shrine, built on the wooded slope, where the Act of Consecration was read.

REVEREND MOTHER TERESA DEASE
1820 - 1889.
Foundress in America of the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

Main Lobby.

The Servant of God,
Mary Ward,
1585 - 1645.
Foundress of the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

A view of the front hall.

REVEREND MOTHER FRANCES TERESA BALL.
1794 - 1860.
Foundress in Ireland of the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

The front tower.

LORETTO ABBEY, ARMOUR HEIGHTS, TORONTO, CANADA.
Motherhouse of the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary in America.

Temporary Chapel
and
Reception Room

The Graduates

Following the silent tread
Of those who went before;
Passing through the closing door
Toward the open one ahead;
Spring all full of living green
Beckons us away,
To meet the dawning summer day
Of Other Things unseen.

Margaret Ash, Form IV.

Loretto Abbey College School,
Brunswick Avenue, Toronto.

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THE RAINBOW

LORETTO ABBEY
ARMOUR HEIGHTS TORONTO, CANADA

	Page
Dedicatory to His Eminence the Most Reverend [illegible] Cardinal [illegible]	4
Frontispiece—Ad Venat Regnum Tuum	5
To the Graduates—*Reverend H. [illegible]*	6
His Excellency Right Reverend B. J. Sheil, D.D.	9
The Pilgrimage of the Soul—*Mother M. Dorothea Ba[illegible], I.B.V.M., Ph.D.*	10
The Girl of Yesterday—*Miss O. [illegible]*	12
His Excellency Right Reverend John T. McNally, D.D., and His Excellency Right Reverend Joseph A. O'Sullivan, D.D.	13
An Invitation to Real Leaders—*Reverend Daniel A. Lord, S.J.*	14
His Excellency Right Reverend John T. Kidd, D.D., LL.D.	16
The Galahad of Christ—*F. J. Coleman, M.A.*	17
Right Reverend Monsignor J. F. Ryan	18
The Garden—*F. J. Coleman, M.A.*	20
Tribute to the Late Miss Jessie Cameron—*Cecilia H. Lacke, M.A., LL.D.*	21
Loretto Abbey College Graduates	23
In Memoriam—*Mary Ann Roche*	27
St. Adrian Graduates—*Mother M. [illegible], I.B.V.M.*	48

Articles by Doris Clancy, Gertrude Wilson, B.A., Frances Parnell, Madeline Cummins, Ruth Noonan, Mary Bootle, Rita Dawson, Jean Cole, Dorothy McCarthy, Eleanor Zimmerman, Shirley Harris.

Verse by Mademoiselle Ada, Annice Cleveland, Catherine Murphy, Blanche Taylor, Jane E. Rankin, Ruth Bower, Dorothy Roche, Jean McEachern.

Loretto Abbey College Branch, A.C., Toronto, MISS BERNICE VENINI, 3TL, Editor-in-Chief.

Associate Editors: *Loretto Abbey, Armour Heights, Toronto*, MISS FRANCES CLARKE; *Loretto Abbey College School Branch, A.C., Toronto*, MISS MARY WYNN SLIPPER; *St. Cecilia Convent, Toronto*, MISS KATHLEEN McQUINN; *Loretto Academy, Guelph, Ont.*, MISS GLADYS DODDS; *Loretto Convent, Niagara Falls, Ont.*, MISS MIRIAM MRACEK; *Loretto Convent, Hamilton, Ont.*, MISS MARGARET SHARKEY; *Loretto Academy, Stratford, Ont.*, MISS JEAN COLE; *Loretto High School, Lakewood, Chicago*, MISS RITA FITZPATRICK; *Loretto Academy, Sault Ste. Marie, Mich.*, MISS LORETTA MILBAUER; *Loretto Academy, Woodlawn, Chicago*, MISS KATHRYN BURKE; *Loretto Convent, Sedley, Sask.*, MISS ALMA EBERL; *St. Bride's Convent, Chicago*, MISS ROSEMARY WELSH; *Loretto Convent, Sioux Lookout, Ont.*, MISS BERNADETTE GEORGE; *St. Mary's School, Saskatoon, Sask.*, MISS PATRICIA METTEL; *[illegible] Chicago*, MISS BETTY DONOHUE.

Published at Toronto Four Times a Year. **Subscription, $1.00 per year.**

All business communications should be addressed to the Business Office, Loretto Abbey, Armour Heights, Toronto, and all literary communications to the Editorial Office, Loretto Abbey College, 387 Brunswick Ave., Toronto, 4.

To

His Eminence

The Most Reverend Lord Cardinal Enrico Gasparri

Cardinal Protector of
The Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary in America

We dedicate this issue of

The Rainbow

July, 1931

Loretto Abbey, Armour Heights, Toronto

Mother House of the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary in America

Loretto Abbey College and School, Toronto
Loretto Academy, Niagara Falls, Ontario
Loretto Academy, Hamilton, Ontario
Loretto Academy, Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan
Loretto Academy, Sedley, Saskatchewan
St. Bride Convent, Chicago, Illinois
Loretto Academy, Guelph, Ontario
Loretto Academy, Stratford, Ontario
Loretto Academy, Englewood, Chicago
Loretto Academy, Woodlawn, Chicago
St. Mary's School, Saskatoon, Saskatchewan
St. Cecilia's Convent, Toronto
Loretto Convent, Sioux Lookout, Ontario

Di tutto cuore imploro, sopra l'Abate tanto religioso, Loretto Abbey (Toronto) e sopra i singoli membri del medesimo le più elette benedizioni di Nostro Signore e l'abbondanza dei suoi celesti doni.

Roma 10 Giugno 1931

Enrico Cardinale Gasparri

With all my heart, I invoke upon the abbey of Loretto, Loretto Abbey, Toronto, and upon its individual members the choicest benedictions of Our Lord and an abundance of His Heavenly gifts.

Enrico Cardinal Gasparri.

Rome, June 10th, 1931.

We Graduates

When only memories remain
Of days that have not passed in vain,
We'll glance us back to school days dear,
To days that dearer grew each year:
That linger, lovingly caressed,
O days of peace, forever blessed!

To us on earth, O Lord, look down,
We pray Thee, from Thy mercy throne,
And bless each one as we depart
From school, and on life's journey start,
And when our feet no more shall roam,
Call us, Loretto's Children, home!

[illegible] 31
Loretto Academy, Sault Ste. Marie, Mich.

LORETTO RAINBOW

Earth's noblest thing—a woman perfected.

VOL. XXXVIII. TORONTO, JULY, 1931 No. 1

TO THE GRADUATES

By REVEREND H. S. BELLISLE, C.S.B.
St. Michael's College, Toronto

THE University buildings, growing greyer with the passing of time; the green Campus, the varied coloured robes, the slow moving procession, the Convocation, the reception within your own College, the joyful faces of your parents and friends, the Baccalaureate Mass, all these, each in its own place, enter into the picture of your graduation which you will carry with you down through the years. The note which sounds so clearly throughout the whole proceedings is a note of triumph. And you have every reason to rejoice. For you are closing in triumph four years of effort. You have achieved something of worth. You have scored a victory, and now you have every reason to rejoice in its fruit.

But there is always another side to a picture. You are closing one period of your life and are entering upon another. Your student days are over and you enter upon a new life. You have formed friendships, one with another. For your lives have been knitted together by kindred interests. You protest, one to the other, that these friendships will endure. But though these pledges of enduring friendships are sincere, they will hardly be fulfilled. For your ways divide immediately you leave for the last time the College door. New interests, new duties, will gradually sunder the bonds which now unite you so closely. It is thoughts of this kind which make us understand the meaning of the Christian word "peregrinus." We Christians are pilgrims along the way of life, and hence are always moving onward towards a land which is our own. We are constantly parting with the old and embracing the new. It is the way of life.

During four years' sojourn amongst us, you have led, to some extent, a cloistered life. You have been on intimate terms with teachers whose life has been a cloistered life, a life apart from the world, apart from the gaze of men; a life hidden with Christ in God. What impression has this life made upon you? Have you learned the lesson which the Church intends to teach when she sanctions and encourages this kind of life? What meaning has it for you?

We send you forth into the world, not without some measure of fear. The world is charged with evil. You are, to a great extent, unaware of it. It is a different world from the world in which your mother and father were reared. Its spirit, like the chilling blast of the north wind, has created an atmosphere in which it is difficult for the Christian virtues to grow

and develop and come to maturity. How well are you equipped to face it? Its spirit manifests itself in a thorough-going denial of God; a refusal to accept as authentic any kind of revelation; a loss of faith in any sort of future life; a refusal, consequently, to admit responsibility to any one beyond this life; a denial of the Christian dogmas of heaven and hell; a consequent weakening of the moral law, and a reduction of it to convenience and expediency. The spirit of Christianity which in the ages of faith permeated every phase of life, individual and social, is gradually being expelled from our midst, and its place is being taken by the spirit of Protestantism in its final stage: heresy has always made progress by a process of elimination, and has always tended towards complete denial and atheism. We are confronted in our day with a new species of devil. The Church of Christ alone has a blessing powerful enough to preserve us from its contaminating and devastating influence.

We shall follow your career always with interest and not without anxiety and concern. If Our Lady of Loretto, who has a special care of you, were to come to us and promise that she would obtain any blessing which we might ask of her for you, what would be the nature of our request? Would we ask for wealth? Christ, her Son, tells us that richness is an obstacle, not a help, in attaining His Kingdom. Would we ask for success, temporal success, that you might become and be known as the first ladies of the land? Temporal success so often means eternal disaster. No, my dear graduates, we would ask for none of these. But we would ask that you ever remain faithful children of the Church, reverencing her laws, hearkening to her advice, obeying her precepts, not only in fair weather, but when storms arise and the way of life is difficult; when obedience means the sacrifice of what you regard as necessary for your temporal interest and advancement. We would ask that your sterling piety be a constant example to all whom you meet, that you may influence all towards good, and none towards evil.

May you take as your companion in life Mary, the Sinless, Our Lady of Loretto, upon whom you have a special claim. She is the glory of Christian womanhood. May you come to know better and to love more deeply St. Agnes, St. Cecelia, and St. Theresa, lately admitted into the ranks of God's Saints. May you ever revere and imitate the virtues practised by that illustrious band of Christian women whom the Church honours as saints, and whose lives have added beauty and lustre to the already beautiful Church of Christ.

Sacré Coeur

The Sacred Heart of Jesus
On every soul looks down,
And asks us to accept the cross
That He may give the crown.

Sursum Corda

Lord, teach me to be gentle and sweet,
That I may bring to your feet
The lonely ones of God;

Lord, teach me to be generous and brave,
That I some one may save
For the loving Heart of God.

Lord, teach me how to pray,
That I may ever stay
Near Thy Sacred Heart, O God!

Catherine Murphy, Fourth Year,
Loretto Academy, Woodlawn, Chicago.

HIS EXCELLENCY RIGHT REVEREND R. J. SHEIL, D.D.,
AUXILIARY BISHOP OF CHICAGO,

Who on Thursday evening, May [illegible], 19[illegible]
Made his first official visit to

St. Adrian's Church, Chicago,

of which

Reverend Leo McNamara, Ph.D.,

is pastor

and administered the Sacrament of Confirmation to
the two hundred and [illegible] who formed the first
Confirmation Class of the new parish

and

on Wednesday evening, June [illegible], presided and
was the speaker at the

COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES
OF
LORETTO ACADEMY, WOODLAWN,
CHICAGO.

THE PILGRIMAGE OF THE SOUL

Abstract of Thesis of
MOTHER M. DOROTHEA BARRY, I.B.V.M., Ph.D.,
for Degree of
DOCTOR OF PHILOSOPHY,
Conferred by the University of Toronto at Convocation,
Thursday, June 11th, 1931.

THE PILGRIMAGE OF THE SOUL, a 15th century English prose work with interspersed lyrics, written in 1413 and extant in MSS. at the British Museum, Oxford, Cambridge, and New York, is transcribed and edited from the Petworth MS., which was purchased by the New York Public Library in 1928. This is the first complete edition since Caxton's in 1483. That of Miss Cust, transcribed from the Egerton MS. in 1859, omits a number of important passages. The lyrics were included by Furnivall in his edition of Hoccleve's works for the Early English Text Society (1897). The present edition, though not fully collated with the other five manuscripts, affords an opportunity to study the work as a whole. Notes, glossary and bibliography are appended.

An introductory essay on the allegorical pilgrimage in English literature begins with a brief history of pilgrimages, which are traced from the Old Testament and pagan times into the Christian era, with an outline of the treatment of pilgrimages in literature from Cynewulf to Chaucer. The allegorical pilgrimage is then considered chronologically from its origins in St. Paul and the Apocalypse, through the visions reported by Bede and Boniface to the 13th century French poems both entitled *La Voie de Paradis* by Rutebeuf and Raoul de Houdenc. These two exhibit the characteristic allegorical devices of the dream, the narrow way, the angelic guide, the staff and scrip, encounters with the Seven Deadly Sins, arrival at the heavenly city. Dante's *Divine Comedy* portrays allegorically the pilgrimage of a soul from earthly temptations and sins into ways of righteousness that lead to a mystical vision of the world to come. Guillaume De Guileville, a Cistercian monk of Chalis, wrote in French verse three allegorical vision poems, *Le Pèlerinage de la Vie Humaine* (1331), the second recension (1356), *Le Pèlerinage de l'Ame*, an account of the after life, and *Le Pèlerinage de Jesus Christ* (1358) relating the life of Christ from the Incarnation to the Ascension. The sources of these poems having been already traced by scholars to the Bible, the earlier allegorical visions, and the *Roman de la Rose*, the writer investigates the influence of De Guileville on English literature, mentioning Chaucer's ABC, Wycliffe's *Lantern of Light*, and the *Piers Ploughman*, which cannot unreservedly be classed among the allegorical pilgrimages, yet may well be considered as a succession of experiences that may be encountered in the pilgrimage of human life. In Langland, however, these experiences are specific rather than generic and have the colouring of the author's personality.

Lydgate's verse translation of the second recension of De Guileville's *Pèlerinage de la Vie Humaine* (1426), expanded the poem from 18,123 to 24,834 lines, interpreting and reinforcing its teaching that the Church was capable of leading men from infancy to old age along the

path which would conduct them to the Celestial City. The pilgrimage motif re-appears in the first book of Spenser's *Faery Queene* where it assumes a moral rather than a purely religious trend and is enhanced by Elizabethan splendour and gorgeous pageantry. The English prose versions of De Guileville's first pilgrimage, the earliest of which dates from 1430 and one of which is extant in a MS. of the 17th century, supply a possible link between De Guileville and Bunyan, who, however, had sufficient inspiration in the Bible, the emblem writers and his own temperament for his conception of the *Pilgrim's Progress*. The evidence presented by Hill for Bunyan's indebtedness to De Guileville is examined and found inconclusive. A comparison between Lydgate's and Bunyan's pilgrimage brings out the general similarities of the allegory and the differences in treatment, with emphasis on Lydgate's systematic presentation of church doctrine and on the charm and popular appeal of Bunyan's "prose epic of English Puritanism."

The employment of the pilgrimage motif in the 18th century for purposes of satire is illustrated by Fielding's *Journey from This World to the Next*. In the 19th century the poems treated are Tennyson's *Holy Grail* and Newman's *Dream of Gerontius*, every stage of which finds its counterpart in the *Pèlerinage de l'Ame*.

In the second part of the introduction the writer discusses the literary history of the English *Pilgrimage of the Soul*. Blades and others have stated that this work was translated from a French prose version of De Guileville's poem, *Le Pèlerinage de l'Ame*, attributed to Jean de Gallopes, chaplain to John, Duke of Bedford, regent of France from 1422 to 1435, for whom Gallopes is said to have made the translation. It is pointed out by reference to the miniature and prologue in the presentation copy, MS. 326 at Lambeth, that the prose version of the *Pèlerinage de l'Ame* presented by Gallopes to the Duke in 1427 was in Latin, not in French. The French prose version of *Le Pèlerinage de l'Ame* was the work of a man who had previously made a prose translation of *Le Pèlerinage de la Vie Humaine*. This writer, who calls himself merely a clerk of Angers and who may or may not have been Jean de Gallopes, dedicated his prose *Pèlerinage de la Vie Humaine* to Jeanne de Laval, wife of René of Anjou. She was born in 1433 and married René in 1455. It is concluded, therefore, that the English *Pilgrimage of the Soul*, which, according to the MS. and Caxton was written in 1413, was translated direct from De Guileville's poem. This conclusion is confirmed by the correspondence of the lyrics of the English translation with the lines in De Guileville and of certain English prose passages with De Guileville rather than with the French prose.

The work opens with the appearance of the soul before the judgment seat, where Satan, supported by Synderesis, the worm of conscience, accuses it of all the sins committed during life. Justice, Reason and Truth favour the soul's condemnation, but Mercy procures a charter of pardon and the soul is led by its guardian angel to Purgatory. During its purification it is shown the punishments endured in Purgatory and in Hell, holds a debate with its own body, and listens to a debate between the Green Tree and the Dry, an allegory of the Incarnation and the Redemption. A vision of Lady Doctrine teaches "what thing a soul is in its proper kynde." To this instruction the translator adds a chapter of his own, which is founded on the general teachings of Scholasticism. Then follows an allegorical treatment of the mediaeval social system based on symbolisms drawn from the image

described in Daniel ii. The second part of the soul's pilgrimage is from Purgatory to Heaven. While the angel leads it through the heavenly spheres, explanations are given of the circles and the mansions of Heaven, followed by a description of the celebration of celestial feasts. Here the translator inserts a theological discussion on the Holy Trinity. Then follows the conventional ending in which the author awakes and finds it has all been a dream — a systematized, well planned dream, however, with doctrinal and homiletic digressions showing its main purpose: to teach the essentials of Catholic doctrine and morals. The author was an adept in the manipulation of personal abstractions and had caught the spirit of mediaeval allegory.

The translator has frequently been identified with Lydgate, and the lyric entitled *The Chartre of Mercy* was said to be repeated in the 34th chapter of Lydgate's *Life of Our Lady*. No such correspondence exists, and the statement is evidently due to confusion. The lyrics were subsequently attributed to Hoccleve by Dr. Furnivall. One of them, which appears in the midst of other poems by Hoccleve in MS. Phillipps, 8151, is admittedly his. The others, on metrical grounds, are doubtful. Thus, except in the case of a single poem, the English translation cannot be definitely assigned to any author.

The Girl of Yester-year

MRS. O. HISCOTT.

I hear her, the girl of Yester-year,
  The one I knew best of all;
She is calling me from afar and near
  From the height of Loretto's hall.

She is seeking me o'er the span of time,
  Looking with questing eyes
On Learning's mount, where I failed to climb,
  And I falter and courage dies.

For must I stand abashed, uncrowned,
  With naught of fame or praise,
All empty-handed and unrenowned
  Before her wistful gaze?

Ah, no! for in memory's forest-ree!
  With youth's glow still a-light,
Faith, Hope and Love unfading dwell
  I have kept them pure and bright.

I garnered these three, in my Convent days,
  And have kept them shining fair,
Through stress of tempest and troublous ways,
  Through trial and joy and care.

Faith in the hands that marked the ways
  My stumbling feet should tread,
Hope in the hearts that cheered my days
  And Love for the souls that led.

Through wisdom, courage and sacrifice,
  My thoughts to the highest spheres
These, my treasures of richest price,
  Undimmed through changing years.

These, to the one who's seeking me
  Shall I offer and have no fear,
When I meet her, the girl that I used to be
  At the Portal of Yester-year.

His Excellency Right Reverend John T. McNally, D.D., Bishop of Hamilton, and His Excellency Right Reverend Joseph A. O'Sullivan, D.P., Bishop of Charlottetown, P.E.I., with the pupils on the lawn at Loretto Academy, Mount St. Mary, Hamilton, on May 11th, 1931.

On Monday, May 11th, 1931, Loretto, Mount St. Mary, [illegible] the honour of a visit from His Excellency Right Reverend J. T. McNally, D.D., our Bishop, accompanied by His Excellency Right Reverend J. A. O'Sullivan, newly consecrated Bishop of Charlottetown, P.E.I.

At a quarter to eight o'clock Bishop O'Sullivan [illegible] Mass [illegible] the Convent Chapel and at [illegible] o'clock came to the auditorium [illegible] the assembled students [illegible] program in his honour. After the [illegible] "Ecce Sacerdos" [illegible] address of [illegible]

BISHOP O'SULLIVAN'S COAT OF ARMS.

[illegible] of the members of the Community and students was charmingly delivered by Miss Marion Flynn in which she touched briefly upon His Excellency's life and achievements with special emphasis on the happy years during which he was chaplain at Loretto. In closing, Miss Flynn expressed Loretto's [illegible] consecration and the sincere [illegible] that his past achievements might be the index of his [illegible] and [illegible] [illegible]

Dear Clarity, Form III

Loretto Academy, Hamilton, Ont.

AN INVITATION TO REAL LEADERS.

The Summer School of Catholic Action Is For Them.

THIS Summer we want the real leaders in the Sodality or the Students' Spiritual Council. Quantity is unimportant. But quality? That's what we are looking for.

In every school there are the natural leaders. Again and again we find they are the ones who are making a success of the Spiritual Leadership program. They are setting the example and directing the religious enthusiasm of the schools.

But in many cases, while they are splendidly willing and eager, they feel themselves handicapped for lack of definite knowledge and of clear methods of organization. They want to lead; they are not sure they know how.

And the Summer School of Catholic Action is for them.

Perhaps fifty, perhaps a hundred (we don't know yet how many) of the finest young men and women in America, the cream of our colleges and high schools, meeting and working together for two full weeks. St. Louis University School of Sociology enrolls them as regular students. Fontbonne and Webster Colleges welcome them to their beautiful grounds and buildings. Faculty members from schools throughout the country will be there, the group of priests and brothers and sisters who are interested in youth and its ideals and problems.

And then in the companionship of this group of real leaders and under the direction of members of the staff of "The Queen's Work," the university and the colleges, informal classes, practical laboratory practice, informal discussions, and round tables will give them the training they feel they badly need.

And each evening social features to round off the day.

At the end of the course, qualified students will be ready for three college hours' credit in Applied Sociology or Religion from the School of Sociology.

We want the real leaders, the pioneers in our Catholic Youth Movement who are keen to know a little more clearly how to use their Catholic training, develop their own love of Christ and Mary, and become more efficient leaders. They are the ones we want, and we believe that as many as can come will be there.

The time is the last two weeks of August. Your expenses, including everything essential, will be only $48.75. This includes tuition, literature, room and board.

Perhaps someone from your school, perhaps the maximum number allowed from your school, three students, will be there. Be assured of a hearty welcome. Talk it over with your Sodality or your Students' Spiritual Council, and if you are interested, write the Central Office.

And whether you can come or not, or whether you can be represented or not, please say a little prayer for the success of the Sodality's most important enterprise.

Devotedly in Christ,

DANIEL A. LORD, S.J.

ONE OF THEM WAS DUMB.

Once upon a time there were two students. One of them sat down along side of a Catholic education and went to sleep. Little did he care that millions had been invested in buildings topped with a cross, that thousands of men and women had given their lives to the cause, that Christ was deeply interested and

Mary concerned. He needed his beauty sleep and he got it. Did he get the beauty? Oh, that's another question.

The other said: "All this vast expenditure of money and energy and man power evidently means something. Surely the Church must think me important when it plans so carefully for my education. Surely Christ must be interested when He asks men and women to give up everything in life to educate me. Watch me get all I can out of my Catholic education." So he rolled up his sleeves, trained himself to be an educated Catholic, and went through life a leader of whom Christ and the Church was proud.

Which (whether you happen to be a boy called "He" or a girl called "She")—which type of student are you?

The alert one? Then we want to see you in St. Louis this summer. We only want the alert ones there, the ones who have realized that their Sodality or S.S.C. is the wonderful chance to prove themselves Christ's own captains later on.

Beauty-sleepers are invited to stay at home. We have comfortable beds in St. Louis, but we don't have to import the drowsy, thank you. The drowsy, like the poor, we have always with us.

We do want the alert, the kind who will enjoy the companionship of keen-minded students who want to listen to inspiring talks on leadership, to sit around a table and discuss programs and methods and ideals, who will get a thrill out of seeing model Sodalities in action. Maybe the one we want is you.

For the last two weeks of August the Summer School of Catholic Action will run. Your room and board and tuition and books and all essentials will be a little under $50 for the two weeks.

Mass and communion will start the day. Talks and discussions, practical work and experience will follow. Social features will be emphasized. You may be sure of delightful companionship. And the binding thread of the two weeks will be "Christ in the life of the student."

If you are the leader we think you are, we'll be seeing you the last two weeks of August.

DANIEL A. LORD, S.J.

JESUS, MARY, JOSEPH.

When the night is wild and stormy,
And all is dark without,
And the rain is falling on the roof,
And the winds soar high about,
Thy voice is borne above the storm
To me, weak child of sin,
And when I hear Thee, Jesus,
My soul is strong again.

When the twilight shadows lengthen
And the birds have ceased to sing,
And the star of evening rises,
And the bells of evening ring,
'Tis them, sweet Mother Mary,
I come unto thy shrine,
And there, Immaculate Mother,
I make myself all thine.

When the golden sun is rising,
And the world is waking all,
And the daffodils are blooming,
And the waves and breezes call,
Then Joseph, foster father,
Be thou by my side,
Another day of life and grace,
Be near, to be my guide.

Blanche Taylor, Fourth Year,
Loretto Academy, Woodlawn, Chicago.

HIS EXCELLENCY RIGHT REV. JOHN T. KIDD, D.D., LL.D.,
Bishop of London, Ontario.

Long the shades in the general regarding on the return to Eastern Ontario of His Excellency Right Reverend John T. Kidd, D.D., LL.D., whose consecration as Bishop of Calgary on May [illegible] 1909, necessitated his resignation of the presidency of St. Augustine's Seminary, Toronto, and who now returns to us as Bishop of London.

Ad Multos Annos!

The Galahad of Christ

WRITTEN IN MEMORY OF THE LATE REVEREND MARTIN BENCH.
By P. J. COLEMAN, M.A.

His heart with holy zeal afire
To serve the cause of Truth,
To Christ with passionate desire
He pledged his knightly youth.

One purpose armed his soul like mail,
One Vision led him on
To find the Grail, the Holy Grail,
Before his eyes that shone.

The Grail wherein the Blood of Christ
From Calvary's cross was poured,
To be man's saving Eucharist,
By heaven and earth adored.

Unswervingly with purpose pure
Through dedicated days
He followed where the Vision's lure
Led on thro' tangled ways.

To win his heart's high goal he pressed
Forward with spirit glad,
All else renouncing in his quest —
Christ's virgin Galahad.

THE LATE REVEREND MARTIN BENCH.

So to God's sanctuaried shrine
The shining Vision led,
Where glowed the chaliced Blood Divine
By God for sinners shed.

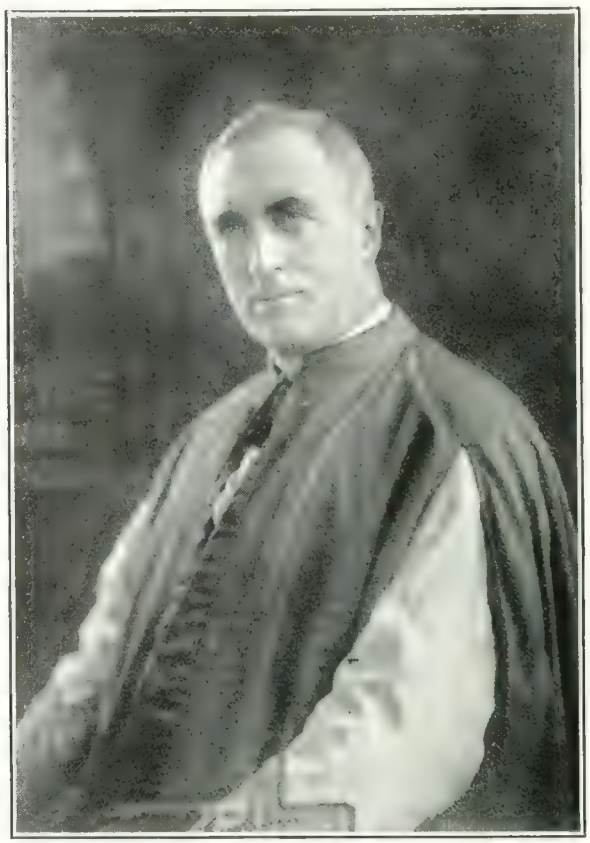
Ah, surely now the goal is won,
The Vision bright attained;
His knightly pilgrimage is done,
His heart's desire is gained.

Nay! To a farther, fairer land
Must he his quest pursue!
So Death's bright angel took his hand
And led him thereunto.

And there 'mid awful sanctities
He finds the Holy Grail,
Where Christ to his ecstatic eyes
His splendor doth unveil.

For there 'mid blaze of cherub fires
And seraph wings of flame,
In joyous chant angelic choirs
The Lamb of God acclaim.

And there his soul, of flesh unswathed
That dimmed his earthly sight,
In beatific glory bathed
Exults in God's pure light.



RIGHT REVEREND MONSIGNOR J. F. RYAN,
St. Bernard's Church, Chicago.

Loretto rejoices in the recovery of one of her staunchest friends and greatest benefactors, the Right Reverend Monsignor J. F. Ryan from his recent serious illness. During his fourteen years at St. Bernard's Church, Chicago, he has made it a most progressive and exemplary parish. The magnificent white marble church built by his predecessor, the late Reverend Father Murray, he completed and adorned, erecting in it an exquisite marble altar imported from Italy, which, with the artistic statuary and stained glass windows combine to make it one of the most beautiful and [illegible] of sacred edifices. The modern and [illegible] parochial school adjoining the [illegible] commodious rectory, are also substantial evidences of the religious zeal and [illegible] keen business acumen of an ideal administrator. During all these years Monsignor Ryan has proved himself a true spiritual father and friend of the Loretto Community, supporting every effort. He made possible the opening of the beautiful Branch Novitiate house, the use of which he generously offered, and encouraged by his approval the Community built the splendidly appointed new High School adjoining the Convent. These various buildings sheltering their several activities make St. Bernard's a unit of Catholic action, radiating spiritual energy.

May God grant to this faithful friend and [illegible] with us during long and happy years the fruits of his priestly labours and unflagging devotion, and to be to the souls under [illegible] in very truth an "alter Christus."

ST. BERNARD'S SCHOOL, CHICAGO.

The parochial school erected by Monsignor Ryan is typical of the fine buildings about St. Bernard's.

On June 13th of this year the Church Catholic throughout the world will celebrate the Seven Hundredth Anniversary of the death of the saint of whom the [illegible] by [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] the [illegible] of Padua [illegible] the [illegible]

St. Anthony of Padua.
1231 - 1931.

O thou, who thirty five score years ere now
Trod earth in humble service to the poor
Who held the Infant Christ within your arms,
Whose eyes still an enthralling clarity
Find things unto needed to our earth dimmed eyes
Grant us to see for [illegible] earth endure
Those precious gems: Faith, Hope and Charity!

Jane E. Ranney, Form II
Loretto Alley, Arranger Hearts, Toronto

The Garden

By P. J. COLEMAN, M.A.

Spring to the well-loved garden comes again,
And in its magic bowers
With soft enchantment of low wind and rain
Calls up her old-time flowers.

Sweet are the leafy places, dear and sweet
The faces of the flowers
Smiling from nooks that knew youth's truant feet
In far-off happy hours.

Its golden bells along the dusty lane
The pale nasturtium lifts,
And o'er the pathways in a petalled rain
The apple blossom drifts.

Above the wall, to woo the wandering bee,
Tower crimson hollyhocks,
And in the beds are gorgeous peony
And mignonette and phlox.

And where with rain the mossy banks are wet
And lush green grass is deep,
From crinkled leaves peeps forth the violet
And myrtle blossoms creep.

Ah, sacred haunts with fragrant memories filled
That stab with pain the heart
And from the fount of feeling, stirred and thrilled,
Bid the sharp tears to start!

Something is missing from your hallowed nooks—
The sweet enchanting spell
Of olden laughter, old beloved looks
And love's old miracle!

The rosy girls with faces like the flowers
And eyes of innocence,
The noisy lads that romped away the hours
Where have they wandered hence?

To what rude pathways have the children strayed
Here with the flowers who grew,
The little pattering feet of old that played
The long green grasses through?

They like the lilies, waxing straight and tall,
In beauty grew and grace,
Then heard life's siren voices lure and call
And left the well-loved place.

Still gracious with its witchery of shade,
The garden blossoms on;
And green as then the grass wherein they played,
But they, alas! are gone.

Yet still their voices echo where their feet
Oft trod the threshold's sill;
And them, when summer makes the garden sweet,
The flowers remember still.

TRIBUTE TO THE LATE MISS JENNIE CORCORAN

By GEORGE H. LOCKE, M.A., LL.D.,
Chief Librarian, Toronto

ONE can't be associated in business with another every day for twenty years, and in a business where the human and personal side is uppermost, a humanistic rather than a scientific business, without getting an insight into her character. That was my experience with Miss Jennie Corcoran, where she as accountant and I as chief librarian saw a system of education and business develop from a staff of less than twenty with an expenditure of less than fifty thousand dollars, to a staff of over one hundred and fifty and an expenditure exceeding half a million dollars. The necessary efficiency of the bookkeeping end of our business was never allowed to overshadow the effectiveness of our educational ideals, for the accountant as well as the chief librarian was an idealist.

THE LATE MISS JENNIE CORCORAN.

Miss Corcoran came from Loretto Abbey and she illustrated the educational ideals and practices so long associated with that institution. She had just come to the Library when I was appointed, and within the next year she took over the conduct of the accounts. Therefore we shared in the wonderful development of that institution. Her department was popular — a rather amazing thing to say about the dry, logical air that prevails in such a department. But her relationship to all the assistants in the Library with their many personal problems was particularly happy.

No Board ever had a more faithful and efficient servant and no one in such a position ever had the confidence of the staff of an institution to a greater degree than Miss Corcoran. In her life, faithfulness, justice and sympathy were singularly blended.

GRADUATES OF LORETTO ABBEY COLLEGE

IN THE

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO

1931

LORETTO ABBEY COLLEGE GRADUATION

Beautiful and Catholic was the ceremonial on Friday evening, June 12th, at Loretto Abbey College attending the graduation of the students who had received degrees at University Convocation. The traditional rose garland processional wound its way through the grounds to the auditorium to the strains of the college anthem, "Gaudeamus Nos Alumnae," bringing the graduates to the flower-embowered stage on which Our Lady of Grace looked down from an arbor of roses and bridal wreath. The college graduation song, "O Stream of Life," solo sung by Miss Josephine Coffey, B.A., and chorus by the students, was followed by a violin number, "The Juggler" Severn, by Miss Geraldine Stubensey, who also responded to an encore.

Honourable Charles McCrea in his address to the graduates, complimented Miss Gertrude Wilson, the Valedictorian, on the sound views expressed in the valedictory. Mr. McCrea referred to the breadth of the education at Toronto University, which through its special system, had found a way to "render to Caesar the things that are Caesar's and to God the things that are God's." The Honourable Speaker then gave an interesting account of the great mineral wealth of Northern Ontario and of the process of obtaining the pure gold from the mines, leaving his audience to make the application to life.

The Loretto Abbey College graduation medal was then conferred by Reverend J. Muckle, C.S.B., M.A., on the following young ladies: Miss Marion Bell, B.A., Toronto; Miss Josephine Coffey, B.A., Ottawa; Miss Irene de la Franier, B.A., Stratford; Miss Norah Duffy, B.A., Toronto; Miss Evelyn King, B.A., Stratford; Miss Kathleen McDonald, B.A., Toronto; Miss Agnes O'Dea, B.A., St. John's, Newfoundland; Miss Jean Peppiatt, B.A., Newmarket; Miss Nora Rousselle, B.A., Renfrew; Miss Bernice Venini, B.A., Calgary, Alta.; Miss Irene Way, B.A., Brighton, Miss Gertrude Wilson, B.A., Toronto.

Miss Wilson offered congratulations to Mother M. Dorothea, of the English staff of Loretto College, on attaining the degree of Doctor of Philosophy in English from the University of Toronto, being the first woman to do so in that department. Congratulations were also offered to Mother Marie Thérèse, who after a brilliant course, received the B.A. degree at Convocation that afternoon. In Chicago the degree of Bachelor of Music had been conferred on Mother M. Denise.

Father Muckle's announcement that a cable had come from Father McCorkell, stating that His Holiness Pope Pius XI had sent his blessing to the graduates of St. Michael's, men and women, was received with enthusiasm.

VALEDICTORY.

By Miss Gertrude Wilson, 3T1, Loretto Abbey College.

This evening when we must make our formal adieux to our beloved College, a line from Lamartine, the great French lyric poet, comes vividly to mind:

"Ne pourrons-nous jamais sur l'océan des âges
Jeter l'ancre un seul jour."

"Can we never on the vast sea of time
Cast anchor for a single day?"

It is not only this day of University Convocation that we would wish to stay the ceaseless flow of time in order to prolong, but this never-to-be-forgotten epoch in our youth, in which we have been students at Loretto Abbey College. It has been a period of strenuous effort in the academic field, in which there have been alternating moments of hope and fear, but now we enjoy all the more the exhilaration of success after struggle. It has been also a time of friendly rivalry with other colleges in literary and athletic activities, a time of precious intercourse with the faculty and with each other. It has been above all a time of glowing and deepening interest in that which makes life worth the living—religion.

Is, then, a bit of ermine, a square of parchment, however valuable as a symbol of academic success, the main result of our four years of college and university? If that were all, we might well question whether it could justify the gift which parents, teachers, and country have made us of these four beautiful years.

During our college course the ideals of life and conduct that every Catholic woman should have and uphold, have been deeply impressed on us by association with the faculty and by a thousand fair influences flowing in from all sides from day to day. Once having realized the truth that Christ is and remains the heart of humanity, its true and only native land wherein it shall find rest for the soul, shall we ever by our lives obscure His image and lead astray those who earnestly seek Him? Rather may there be stamped upon us and on all we do, the mark of our Christianity. Would that all might see on us "flaming without flaw" athwart the wreck of moral standards "the sign where One more than Melchizedeck is dead and never dies."

We are going out into a world of conflicting currents where the solvent forces are busy in dissipating the unity of Western civilization, but we go with the knowledge that the Church, the organ and the instrument of the Christian life that gave that civilization in the beginning its inward unity and strength of soul, is a power and the only power that can introduce the lofty purpose and the positive moral energy that shall save it in these latter days. We are grateful to have had these four years to reflect on our Christian heritage and to become better acquainted with its beauty and its strength.

The intensity of Catholic life that exists in our own college is an indication of the spirit of the University of Toronto. No wonder that her high renown evokes sentiments of pride and loyalty on our part. Nowhere in the world is there such adequate provision at a state institution for full participation in university rights and privileges combined with complete and cordial liberty to develop Christian ideals, provided one goes where one logically belongs—to the federate College of his religious affiliation. The fact that the University of Toronto could find a prominent place for the School of Mediaeval Studies recently opened at St. Michael's College, is significant of its spirit. This institution is the only one in the world wholly devoted to the discovery of the springs of thought that form the basis of western civilization. Before passing from this subject may we be permitted to offer congratulations to Mother Dorothea, of the English Staff of Loretto Abbey College, on attaining the degree of Doctor of Philosophy from the University of Toronto, being the first woman to do so in that department. The subject of her thesis, "The Pilgrimage of the Soul," edited from the mediaeval manuscripts, is another indication of the interest manifested in such studies in this University.

One of the most interesting developments our four years have witnessed at Loretto Abbey College, has been in the direction of the liturgy and Gregorian Chant, and good music generally. This is largely due to the unequalled musical gifts, the personality and the untiring devotion of Reverend Father Ronan, under whose supervision church services have been rendered in a befitting manner.

This year our College and the whole Loretto Community have reason to rejoice in the fact that the Cause for the Beatification of Mary Ward, the foundress of the Order, has rapidly advanced. Already several miracles have been performed through her intercession, and the new life of this remarkable woman, which is being written, will be at the same time a complete history of the Church in England and elsewhere during the seventeenth century. I should like to mention briefly other such outstanding events that have occurred during our four years, but the time has come to stay fare well. It is not in our case "au revoir," but farewell. The Class of 3T1, in which Western Canada meets Newfoundland, will, we might almost prophecy, considering life's vicissitudes, never meet as a body again. Before we take our several ways we wish to acknowledge our deep debt to our parents, whose sacrifices are the main cause of our being here to-night, and to the Loretto nuns who have not only been our intellectual guides, but our true and loving friends. To her who binds us in bands of affection to every member of the undergraduate body as well as to those who have gone before us—the Lady who presides over this gathering—we pray from our hearts to-night,

"O Mother dear, where'er we roam,
Call all Loretto's children home!"

COLLEGE NOTES.

The notes for the last few months are largely the account of the festivities in honour of the graduates. As early as Easter we were entertained by the College Alumnae at a banquet at the College at which the President, Mrs. Joseph O'Leary, was toast-mistress. After such a pleasant occasion, it was entertaining and gratifying, to say the least, to be admitted to their ranks, when after coffee was served in the Common Room, we attended our first of the famous business meetings.

Then the Juniors entertained us at one of the loveliest banquets the College has ever had. There was a definite thrill in being such honoured guests, and in being showered with gifts ranging from graduation pins and colourful corsages, to yo-yos and songs celebrating somewhat doubtful virtues, even though the final thrill of attainment was still a bit questionable.

But the question of graduation was still all thrill, and we settled back to the several weeks of hair raising strain of the most final of "finals." It was only after we had heard from the steps of Simcoe Hall the "sweetest story ever told" by the Registrar that the last hectic celebrations began.

There was a reception on Tuesday afternoon, June 9th, for the college graduates, given at the Abbey by the Alumnae, that gave one a definite sense of belonging to a dignified group.

On Wednesday afternoon Mrs. M. J. Poupore and her daughter, Miss Emma Poupore of Third Year, were gracious hostesses to the graduating class at a tea at their home on Ridge Drive.

At eight o'clock on Thursday morning there was a High Mass of Thanksgiving in the College Chapel, with Reverend Father Ronan officiating, and it was truly such a Mass, as we considered the four years spent there together, that we should finally graduate all together.

On Thursday evening at the Reception at Hart House we made our farewell to the University social life, at the loveliest function of the year. The quadrangle, flooded with coloured lights in the soft evening, was the last place we would meet hundreds of faces seen about the campus daily for four years.

On Friday afternoon we walked across the campus to Convocation Hall, not to a musicale or a lecture, but to our own and very official Convocation. The University garden party held later in the campus quadrangle, was a glorious affair which "the weather permitted" most graciously.

But the climax to a Loretto graduate was the College graduation on Friday night for after the rose garland procession and the singing of our own "Gaudeamus, Nos Alumnae"; after the remarkable solo by one of our own graduates of a song dedicated to the class graduating immediately before us, by one of our own professors who herself had received the day before her Ph.D.; after the class valedictory was delivered by the class president; after we had received our own graduation medals from Loretto Abbey College; after we had been addressed by the Honourable Charles McCrea, and had sung a peculiarly Loretto song, "Tota Pulchra Es," after all this we were shocked into the realization that we were indeed part of an association, and that we were saying farewell to it. This was no mere formal function.

After a short reception we were hurried away to Newman Hall where the Alumnae entertained all the St. Michael's graduates at a last and typically enjoyable dance.

At noon on Saturday we lunched with Second Year at the Granite Club.

That evening the St. Michael's Alumnae gave a dinner at the Alexander Palace, another lovely and gracious occasion to be initiated into the company of our seniors, together with the graduates of St. Joseph's College.

On Sunday morning, June 14th, there was a Mass of Thanksgiving attended by the College Alumnae, and a reception afterwards in honour of Mother M. Dorothea Barry, Ph.D., at which Reverend Mother General, Mother Mechtilda and the members of the faculty also received. Mother Dorothea's sisters, Mrs. A. Steers, Ottawa, and Mrs. Bottomley, were among the guests.

On Sunday afternoon after Benediction in the College Chapel, the faculty entertained at tea in the Common Room when the graduates and a few of their friends and relatives were present. The wish was expressed more than once that such a charming opportunity to introduce one's teachers and family had been taken in our freshman year instead of in our last days at the College.

On Monday afternoon the class were the guests of Miss Marion Beh, one of the graduates, at her home, and on Tuesday at the home of Miss Kathleen MacDonald.

And all through this round of pleasures, intermingling our private affairs, there was the most definite sense of unhappiness that some of us had ever felt. After everything was over and we had time to analize our feelings, we realized that what was behind it all was nothing more than sheer loneliness at leaving those whom we knew to be the best people, friends, and acquaintances, that we would ever know.

IN MEMORIAM — MARY LOU ROESLER

The beautiful month of May, with its promise of new life in every opening blossom and the mingling of birds' joyous chirping with the Whitsuntide alleluias, was a fitting season for the call of a chosen child of God away from this world of ephemeral joys and abiding cares into an eternity of bliss.

When the call came to Mary Lou Roesler it found her reiterating the words of our Blessed Lady — "Ecce Ancilla Domini." She had proved herself God's little handmaid during her short life, always ready to accept cheerfully whatever He sent.

After battling with ill-health in early childhood, Mary Lou eventually emerged into promising physical development. She attended Our Lady of Perpetual Help School, where she became an outstanding pupil and endeared herself to all her classmates by her winsome ways and her ever cheery smile. When in the full enjoyment of all that earth could offer, Mary Lou was suddenly stricken with a return of her former malady and was confined to bed for three months, during which time she uttered no word of complaint, but accepted the trial with her usual cheerfulness. Her illness prevented her from being confirmed with her fellow-students, but His Excellency, Archbishop McNeil, saw fit to have Right Reverend Alexander MacDonald confirm her in her own home on May 8th of this year. After a last effort on the part of physicians to effect a cure, Mary Lou passed peacefully away at midnight on the 20th of May, fortified by all the rites of Holy Church.

MARY LOU.

One of the sincerest tributes paid to the angelic child was by her classmates. Their constant devotion to her during the months preceding her death and their chain of prayers which assured her a daily remembrance, were a prelude to the heartfelt grief displayed as they, as guards of honour, followed the white coffin.

The funeral High Mass was sung in the Church of Our Lady of Perpetual Help on May 23rd, by Reverend Wm. Egan, assisted by Father Vincent Thomson, deacon, and Reverend Father Fullerton, sub-deacon. Reverend Father Keating and Reverend Father Oliver were present in the sanctuary. A guard of honour formed by the boys and girls of the Confirmation Class of 1931, lined the aisle through which the funeral cortege passed. Six fellow-students acting as honorary pall-bearers were Misses Helen Moss, Winifred Flanagan, Kathleen Sharks, Jane Murdock, Emily Day and Ethel Parker. The pall-bearers were Jack Moss, Jack McGoey, James McGrath, George H. Hunt, Norman Morrison and Carl Roesler.

Our sincere sympathy is extended to Mr. and Mrs. Harry T. Roesler, Rosedale Heights Drive, Toronto, on the loss of their only child, yet we echo the words of Scripture: "O death where is thy victory, O grave, where is thy sting."

GRADUATES OF 1931, LORETTO ABBEY, ARMOUR HEIGHTS, TORONTO.

Standing—Misses Lorraine Monahan, Dorothea McLaughlin, Frances Clarke, Caro Hamilton, Paula Tillman, Eileen Belair.
Seated—Misses Katharine Roche, Marguerite Harris, Marian Harris.

AN UNKNOWN HEROINE.

As the sun peeped over the hills one beautiful day in May, and beamed cheerily down upon the red-brick hospital nestling in the valley, it beheld the two wistful little faces that were always the first to greet it there as it rose from its bed of clouds, grey and purple, and tipped with pink and gold.

Such sad little faces they were! So prematurely aged by suffering, and yet so pitifully bright! This morning they were marked by an added despondency that told of a long night of pain and restless tossing. The sun shone merrily upon them as if trying to cheer them by its golden rays. And indeed the children were glad to see it after the weary hours of darkness that always seem to make pain less bearable. The cheerful light that now shone in through the windows of the wards upon the rows and rows of white cots of the little sufferers found only these two small girls awake. A kindly nurse always pulled their cots close together so that they might be company for each other when sleep did not come. Here they lay now, helpless upon their backs, and conversed in low whispers.

"Wouldn't you love to be the sun, Patty?" the younger child said, turning yearning eyes toward that golden ball of light as it rose higher and higher in the heavens. "Wouldn't you

"THE HEROINE OF ALEXANDRIA"
at Loretto Abbey, Armour Heights, May 22, 1931.

love to shine and make people glad, and never have to be so still and straight and . . ." the child's voice trailed off, and finally ceased in a little half-broken sob of weariness and pain that touched the very core of Patty's sympathetic heart. Her brave young soul cried out against the suffering that tortured her little friend. She did not think of her own cross. Oh no! Patty was not like that! She was as unselfish and sweet as a humble little flower being crushed out of existence to make room for a more delicate and beautiful one.

Patty suffered just as intensely as did Pauline, sometimes even more so. But Pauline was younger, and therefore in Patty's opinion, more to be pitied. And then Pauline was more given to low spirits and discouragement. Patty had been in the hospital long before little Pauline had come. She was used to the never-ending nights and only less weary days. She forgot herself, and did all she could to comfort and relieve the sufferings of her little companion.

As her eyes wandered restlessly over the room, they fell on the statue of the Blessed Virgin placed on a pedestal in the centre of the ward, and decorated, during the day time, with flowers. How calm and sweet she looked! What a serene and beautiful expression on her face! Patty thought of all the sufferings and trials that the Mother of God had endured.

"Look, Pauline," she said, "how beautiful the Blessed Virgin looks this morning. She suffered so much for her dear Son that our little crosses seem light and almost nothing compared with the pain and sorrow that filled her heart. Let us try to bear our sufferings as she did, with a smile of love for Jesus."

And so with comforting words Patty soothed little Pauline. During the day the children were very quiet, for Pauline was sleeping now after her sleepless night. Presently, however,

there was some excitement and commotion when Sister Mary entered, and, beaming with delight, hurried over to Patty's bed. She whispered that she had a lovely big surprise for Patty.

"I wonder if you have ever heard of the famous surgeon, Dr. Strachan, who can cure little people's backs — like yours?" she began, trying to suppress a smile at the effect of her words on Patty. The child's face shone with a light never seen there before, as a great wild hope surged up in her heart.

"You don't mean that — that ——" she queried breathlessly, as if her thought was too great to find expression.

"Yes, I do mean just that!" Sister said, laughing. "He is coming here at the request of the doctors. He is visiting several hospitals and has consented to perform an operation here, and you are to have the chance. He can operate only once here, and of course we decided that it would be you."

But Patty was hardly listening now. Her heart was too busy sending up silent glorious thanksgivings to God Who had been so good to her. To think that she, poor and alone, was to be helped by the famous surgeon, too busy to meet all the demands even of those who could pay fortunes for his services! And Sister, seeing her so happy, slipped quietly away, leaving her to finish her rapture alone.

For some time Patty remained almost transfixed with joy, and then a sudden terrible thought, like a dark heavy cloud obscuring the sun, broke upon her mind. Pauline! She had forgotten her in her joy. What would Pauline do after she had left the hospital? She would have no one left to comfort her in the dark hours of pain that so often occurred! Patty turned her eyes furtively to the still form across from her, and her heart, but now a palace of joy and pleasure, became again a weary dungeon of pain. Pauline lay on her back; her face, turned upward towards the ceiling, was white and drawn, and her eyes, even in sleep, were deep dark-ringed pools of misery. Her hands plucked at the covers pitifully as wave after wave of suffering shook her little frame like the mighty power of the ocean beating away the sand unmercifully.

When Pauline woke again and heard the news, Patty bitterly regretted what she called her own selfishness and tried to comfort the child. This was only another "attack" and would soon be over, she said, but the words lacked conviction and Pauline could not be cheered.

"I'll be stretched out on my back until I die," she said bitterly. 'And when you go away there will be nothing left to live for."

In that moment Patty's resolution was taken to make the supreme sacrifice that she had been fighting back ever since her first glance at Pauline after the joyous surprise.

And so it was that the next morning the great surgeon operated, not on Patty but on Pauline. It was a triumph of surgery and attracted widespread attention. One child was the same as another to the doctors, and in the general excitement and rejoicing the other child was forgotten — for the time being — forgotten by all but Sister Mary, who alone knew her secret.

And Patty is still waiting patiently, with a smile on her lips and a song in her heart, knowing that God, Who is never outdone in generosity, has accepted her holocaust.

Frances Parnell, Form 11.
Loretto Abbey, Armour Heights, Toronto.

VIOLIN RECITAL BY MISS DOROTHEA AGNES McLAUGHLIN AT LORETTO ABBEY, ARMOUR HEIGHTS.

Miss Dorothea Agnes McLaughlin.

The richly-draped stage of the beautifully-appointed auditorium of Loretto Abbey, Armour Heights, made a stately background for the charming young violinist, Miss Dorothea Agnes McLaughlin, who gave a graduation recital early in May. Miss McLaughlin, in her quaint, old-fashioned, sea-green gown, was a charming picture of grace and poise, and displayed an equally perfect command of her instrument. Her rendering of the Mozart Sonata in E Minor was worthy of one many years her senior, and the Ave Maria by Schubert Wilhelmj, full of beautiful rich tones. Stirring passages did not lose under her strong bow and excellent fingering. The Orientale by Cui, to which the young artist gave a true exotic and oriental touch was a striking contrast to the sparkling and brilliant selection Hejre Kati by Hubay with which she completed her well chosen numbers, and which with its intricate harmonic passages, was a triumph. As the programme progressed to its brilliant ending the audience felt with the poet that

"... still the wonder grew
That one small head could carry all she knew."

Miss McLaughlin was assisted by Miss Dorothy Ballard, pianist, also a student of Loretto Abbey. The programme was as follows:

1. Sonata, E Minor, No. 4 — Mozart
   Allegro.
   Tempo di Menuetto
   Aragonaise — Thomé
   Dorothy Ballard

2. (a) Ave Maria — Schubert Wilhelmj
   (b) Serenade — Drdla
   (c) Allegro Brillant — Ten Have
   Rigoletto — Verdi Liszt
   Dorothy Ballard.

3. (a) Viennese Popular Song — Kreisler
   (b) Andante Cantabile — Tschaikowsky
   (c) Orientale — Cui
   (d) Hejre Kati — Hubay

WHAT IT MEANS TO BE A LORETTO GIRL.

We talk about being a Loretto girl. Just what does this mean? The question has doubtless gone through the mind of every Loretto girl. Some perhaps have pondered long upon it, others have let it pass with scarcely more than a moment's thought. Be our conclusions what they may, the question well deserves the serious consideration of each and every one of us.

Does it mean that staid gloomy type of girl commonly known as the "goody goody"? Or does it mean the one whose whole thought is upon books, studies, and examinations? No, the ideal Loretto girl is neither of these. Perhaps the easiest summing up of the answer to the question is found in our own motto: "Ad altiora tendo." ... "I strive for higher things."

The first essential in attempting to live up to this motto is to be found in our own spiritual life, especially in devotion to the Mother of God, for our schools are more particularly dedicated to her. We must study her, and imitate her.

Then we should have a keen sense of school spirit, for it is school spirit that keeps the school alive. We should be proud of our school, its name and its teachers, and we may justly be so. If we have not school spirit we should cultivate it, for school spirit is one mark of the real Loretto girl.

We need enthusiasm. With vim and life and with the same whole-heartedness we should enter into all our school activities whether they be spiritual, temporal, social or athletic. Thus we develop a well-rounded character, and are prepared for the various and varying situations that we must meet in after life.

But in vain will be our boast of loyalty and fidelity if we do not do our duty by living up to the teaching of our School, for the old proverb says: "Actions speak louder than words." Our good example brings more glory to our school than all the trophies we could possibly win by our achievements.

First and foremost, then, we must live according to the teaching of God and of His Church. Secondly, we should be enkindled by our loyalty never to do anything that would even remotely lower by the smallest fraction that enviable reputation that has been built up by the thousands of our predecessors.

This is what it means to be a Loretto girl and we should thank God that this is our privilege. Our gratitude will make us loyal to our school; we will never speak against it or hear others do so without defending it. Our own self-respect requires this. This recalls the rule of life given us in Tennyson's lines:

"Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control,
These three alone lead life to sovereign
power."

If we live thus we shall tend towards higher things, and may justly say that we are true Loretto girls.

Madeline Cummins, Form III.
Loretto Abbey, Armour Heights, Toronto.

HOLIDAYS.

Close the book and drop the pen,
Holidays have come again:
No more studies, no more class,
No exams to try to pass;
Good-bye chums and friends so dear,
What good times we had this year!
Dear Mistress, and teachers, too,
Pranks and tricks at last are through;
Now it's over, please forgive;
Thoughtless youth must learn to live.
Now for carefree days of sport,
Picnic, golf and tennis-court.
Close the book and drop the pen,
Holidays have come again.

Jane E. Rankin, Form II.,
Loretto Abbey, Armour Heights, Toronto.

GRADUATES, 1931, LORETTO ABBEY COLLEGE SCHOOL, BRUNSWICK AVE., TORONTO.

Back row—Misses Clare Colgan and Norah Burns.
Second row—Misses Barbara Lyons, Shirley Harris, Catherine Ballard, Catherine Macklin, Lois Berryman, Rita Dwyer.
Third row—Misses Mary McConvey, Ruth McConvey, Margaret Ash, Verona Johnson, Winnifred Fletcher.
Fourth row—Misses Marion Ball, Bernadette Markle, Annie Cordone, Mary Bootle, Florence Hall.
Front row—Misses Catherine Moriarty, Eileen Harding, Kathleen Kearns, Doris March, Helen Cummins, Camilla McFarland, Margaret Harper, Mary Wynn Slipper.

THE PRIZE STORY.

Daphne Morris gnawed her pen, as she gazed out of the window. It was a beautiful day in Spring. The sun was shining and there was a glorious breeze coming straight from the sea.

At any other time Daphne would have been out on such a day, but now her mind was conjuring up visions in which a beautiful girl tramped across snow-covered plains to bring help to a wounded father, while a pack of wolves followed on her track. Many other visions Daphne had had, but still she gnawed her pen and gazed out of the window. All around her the floor was covered with sheets of paper, for Daphne had decided to enter a short-story contest.

At last she flung down her pen in disgust and for the first time noticed the beautiful day outside. The next moment she had run out,

leaving paper and pens far behind her. From the hall she merrily called to her father that she was going out. Daphne had lost her mother some fourteen years before, and her father, an artist, allowed her absolute freedom within certain set bounds. She walked for some time, thinking of her attempts at writing.

"If only I could have some adventure," she said to herself. The reflection had just reached this point when she looked up and saw that she was nearing the old, vacant house that was said to be haunted.

Daphne stopped at the rusty gates and gazed up the drive towards the deserted mansion. Then, after a moment's thought, she climbed through a gap in the wall into the grounds beyond. There was a window hanging open, and Daphne pulled herself up on the sill, and jumped down into the long, low-raftered room.

Suddenly she wished she had not come. Then the thought of her story, and the hope of an inspiration, gave her courage, and she passed through the open door into the great hall beyond. Upstairs the house had winding passages and unexpected flights of steps, going now up, now down. In one of the vast bedrooms she opened a window and looked down. She was just wondering what it would be like to have to remain in that old house all alone at night when a sudden gust of wind blew in through the window and slammed the door of the room.

Daphne cried out. The bang of the door had awakened a thousand echoes in the old empty house. With a nervous laugh she ran across the room and pulled at the door. But for all her efforts it remained firmly shut, and Daphne realized that she was a prisoner. At first she thought of escape by the window, but it was impossible. Then she shouted for help, struggled at the door again, and finally, exhausted, gave up both as hopeless. She tried to go to sleep on the floor. But sleep was long in coming. Then she fell into a troubled doze.

Suddenly she awoke and found herself shivering all over. She looked at her watch and saw that it was about eight o'clock. A door banged somewhere. Then silence reigned supreme. Then the silence was broken by footsteps, far away it was true, but still footsteps. She knew not whether she should call for help or not. Then another sound was heard. It was the sound of some soft, heavy object being dragged up the stairs, and of a low clanking as of chains. Now the thing was on the landing, and Daphne waited to hear which way it would turn. The bumping had now given place to a horrid sliding sound. Then, as the sound died away, there reached Daphne's ears a low chuckle. Daphne almost screamed aloud. Suddenly she heard something coming along the passage towards the room. Then something pushed the door, but it did not persist, for the door remained firmly shut. Then the clanking sounds went back the way they came. Somewhere a door closed. Then came the sound of footsteps, accompanied by the same plodding, clanking sounds. Daphne could bear no more, and she was opening her mouth to scream when a well-known voice broke the stillness:

"Now then, Rufus, you old rascal, what are you making all this fuss about?"

Then everything went black around Daphne and she slipped to the floor.

When she awoke she was in her father's arms while Rufus, his chain-lead still hanging from his collar, sat on the floor in front of her. She was in another room now. Daphne gazed around her in astonishment.

"Whatever are you doing here, Dad?" she asked at last.

GRADUATES, 1931, LORETTO ACADEMY, NIAGARA FALLS, ONTARIO.

Left to right—Misses Sheila Foulis, Rose Dawson, Marion Collins, Kathleen McElroy, Miriam Mracek, Jean Glaser, Dorothy Kerschner, Persis Owen, Peggy Towell, Eileen McCarney, Betty Liebers, Gertrude Brunning, Eva Rowan, Marjorie Romano, Rosalie Campagna.

For answer her father moved so that she could see an easel in one corner of the room.

"As you know, I began to paint a new picture, but I could not get the atmosphere I wanted, so I came here." Then, with a smile, "I was hoping to keep it a secret until I had finished."

Daphne nodded. Suddenly she caught sight of a small mattress.

"You brought that to-night?"

"Yes, I dragged it up here."

"I see," nodded Daphne.

"But I had no idea that you were here. I had been working and had not missed you yet. Thanks to good old Rufus . . ."

"O yes, and you," sighed Daphne in her relief. "Well, you and Rufus have given me an awful fright, but you have also given me a splendid idea for my story." And she gave him an account of her adventures.

. . . . . .

At last the day of the distribution of prizes for the story contest arrived. Daphne sat down in the assembly hall with a thumping heart. Then the head mistress stood up.

"The first prize goes to Daphne Morris," she said. Then, after the clapping had died down, "A truly remarkable story and easily the best sent in. The whole manuscript reads as if it were true."

Daphne never revealed how she had obtained the idea for her story, but she always gives the same advice to anyone who wants literary fame:

"If you want to write about being chased by wolves, go where there are wolves and be chased before you write."

Ruth Noonan, Form IIIB

Loretto Abbey College School,

Brunswick Avenue, Toronto.

GRADUATES, 1931, LORETTO ACADEMY, WOODLAWN, CHICAGO.

Top row, left to right—Misses Marie Stanton, Mary Corcoran, Margaret McMahon, Helen O'Rourke, Leone Thomas, Rita Moynihan, Helen Dunn, Mary Virginia Clemens, Barbara Fulton, Alice Hein, Veronica O'Meara, Catherine Hanrahan, Marion McClelland.

Middle row—Misses Mae McElligott, Ena Stark, Margaret Binchy, Anna Marie Gibbons, Cecilia Fleming, Muriel Chase, Marion Pence, Della Quinn, Eleanor Zimmerman, Frances Baumbach, Justine Marrs, Frances Spitzig, Beatrice Greve, Kathryn Burke, Kathleen Cooney.

Front row—Misses Dorothy Park, Rita Overmeyer, Mildred Murphy, Stella Olejniczak, Blanche Taylor, Mary Connelly, Margaret McGuan, Julia Bohling, Florence O'Keefe, Johanna Fettig.

GRADUATES, 1931, LORETTO ACADEMY, HAMILTON, ONTARIO

Standing, left to right—Misses Viola Lynch, Dorothy King, Martina Beatty and Jean Tomes.
Seated, left to right—Misses Catherine Gillen, Norma Santos, Irene Hindelang, Margaret Sharkey, Mary Burke.

SAINT ALOYSIUS GONZAGA.

"Prince Aloysius, who is she whose eyes
Force you to kneel before her and to rise
Bondsman to maiden's beauty? Who is she
For whom you keep your stateliest courtesy?
Do you recall, O threadbare courtier,
The days you fought for happiness and her?
Do you recall how anxiously she prayed
As the swift anger of your rapier blade
Slashed raiment into ribbons? She awoke
Strange fire in your soul, strengthened your stroke,
Made heaven's veteran of earth's recruit.
The night your snowy plume in proud salute
Swept the blue threshold of Our Lady's door
It had not ever touched the ground before!"

Alfred J. Barrett, S.J., in
"The White Plume of Aloysius."

What a glowing picture of knighthood and honour these words conjure up! How they should inspire and lead youth on to the highest ideals of strength and noble accomplishment! They portray manly courage and resolute powers as well as the finer and more delicate qualities of mind and heart, and beautifully and truly describe St. Aloysius, the stainless knight of purity, the fearless knight of God. What heroic fights he fought! How many battlefields of temptation he left a victor! And yet to-day, when the world needs just such an example to inspire and uplift it, how comparatively few, even among Catholic students, to whom the Church has given him as their special patron, know or laud the exploits of this matchless knight. "Patron of purity"—what a tribute to a young man who in the gaiety of the court life of his time, despite the sinful corruption and the licentious

grandeur all about him, held his white plume unsullied high above it all.

Saint Aloysius is the patron of youth; yet how few know him! Many ignore him, seeing in him nothing to inspire them; seeing not the ideal knight of the Blessed Virgin, but only an uninteresting and unnatural young man. Yet Saint Aloysius is not only one of the greatest, but one of the most loveable of the saints. He was loved in life. Those who knew him best loved him most. The great Cardinal Bellarmine, who had taught him, is quoted as saying years afterwards on his deathbed: "Bury me at the feet of Aloysius Gonzaga."

St. Aloysius was the eldest son of the Marquis of Gonzaga, ruler of Castiglione, a fief of the Empire. This prince was the descendant of a long line of nobles, many of them wild, loose living gentlemen contributing their share to corrupt the heart of Italy. In England was the so-called Reformation, while all around Aloysius at the Italian courts was an atmosphere of vice and sensuality. Even the members of his own family, with the exception of his mother, were the products of the day. His brother, Rodolpho, lived a lax and sinful life. His uncle was murdered, and his brothers died violent deaths. Even his mother, a saintly woman, was stabbed by revolting peasants.

Surrounded by the pagan shamelessness of the times, St. Aloysius kept the vow of chastity he had made in honour of the Blessed Virgin, to whom he had a tender devotion. To attain and preserve this purity of soul required as much and more strength and effort than is demanded of the modern boy and girl in their fight against the temptations around them. St. Aloysius was no unnatural boy, nor was he the prig that many of his biographers have portrayed him. He was, as very few, unfortunately, realize, gay, handsome, loveable, and a general favourite at the court where he lived for some time. His intense manliness revolted at the effeminate lives of the courtiers. In every way he strengthened his own character. It is said that because of the immoral conduct of his race, he considered himself a piece of bent iron, which he resolutely straightened out day by day. It was the same reason that in later years made him subject himself to most cruel physical penances.

When at the age of eighteen this clever and likeable boy announced his intention of entering the Jesuit Order, there was a storm of protest. St. Aloysius was heir to his father's fief, and both the Emperor and the old Marquis realized that, of the three brothers, only the firm and generous Aloysius could control the people. Already the populace flocked around him, and wherever he went, he had a charm that won hearts. There was opposition on every side, for none could help appreciating the brains and the personality of the young saint. His father, stubborn to the end, went so far as to call in Cardinals and theologians to try to prove that his son was insane. Again, it took great courage to oppose them all; the fiery protests of the members of his own family, whom he loved; the royal commands of his ruler; the ridicule of the "ladies and gentlemen" of the court. Finally he wore down all opposition, and joyfully gave over his immense lands and his titles to his brother.

As a poor, obscure Jesuit novice he was at last truly happy. This wise young man considered each simple action of the day in the light: "Quid ad aeternitatem?" — "What is this for eternity?" He subjected himself to cruel penances, and delighted in the greatest humiliations, desiring always to go out and beg

in the streets, of the rich, of whom he had so lately been one.

At this period of his life, as he joyfully performed the duties that fell to his lot as a Jesuit, a deadly pestilence swept over Rome. In those days the hospitals were little better than stables. The people, coming in from the country, overflowed these small refuges. The sick and the dying lay everywhere on the highways, delirious and reeking with infection. With his courage high and his eyes shining, St. Aloysius went everywhere among them, performing the most menial tasks, and always begging his superiors for the hardest cases. In his arms he carried the wasted bodies covered with the loathsome disease, while the dying groaned or blasphemed as he stumbled along. Lovingly he washed, dressed and fed these patients, ministered to their needs, performed every lowly task; for in every fever-flushed face and suffering body he saw the soul and image of Christ shining forth with love for him. His joy was boundless, for in each burden he carried Christ. And when at last he himself caught the deadly contagious disease, at the early age of twenty-four, his pure soul, untainted by sin, could ride straight to Christ with

"A dipping of plumes, a tear, a shake of the bridle,
A passing salute to this world and her pitiful beauty."

Truly a knightly figure; a noble and attractive character! He was canonized in 1726 by Pope Benedict XIV.—St. Aloysius, the patron of youth and of purity. In 1926, at the celebration of the bi-centenary of his canonization Our Holy Father Pius XI., wrote "Study Aloysius in his true light, which is very different from the false portrait into which the enemies of the Church, and even less judicious biographers, have distorted him."

Mary Bootle, Form IV
Loretto Abbey College School,
Brunswick Avenue, Toronto.

MISS MARIE McBETH,

Winner of Trophy for Speed and Accuracy in Typewriting,

Loretto School of Stenography, Brunswick Avenue, Toronto, 1931.

Miss McBeth graduated from Loretto Abbey College School in June, 1930, with Matriculation standing. She began the Commercial Course last September, from which she graduated with outstanding success, writing seventy two words a minute with absolute accuracy, and winning, besides the above trophy presented by the school, a prize for Shorthand Proficiency.

A MOTHER IN HER HOME

The happiness of a mother is to be at home with her children. When mother is not there the husband and children are at a loss. Mother's presence gives the right atmosphere, that sense of love in which families delight. When the children play they like to have her near. It is not really necessary, but for some reason unknown to themselves they feel more at ease and able to enjoy themselves better when she is there. It gives them a feeling of security. No one else can fill that place, no matter how gentle and kind they may be.

Rita Dawson, Form 11A,
Loretto Abbey College School, Toronto.

COMMERCIAL GRADUATES, 1931, LORETTO HIGH SCHOOL, ENGLEWOOD, CHICAGO.

Lower Row—Misses Loretto Hodges, Theodora Christopher, Florence LeBeau, Helen Scannell, Rita O'Connor, Anna Sullivan.
Upper Row—Misses Frances Fleck, Anna Xausa, Charlotte Doherty, Cecilia McHugh, Johanna Kulovitz, Lillian Mensik

THE STORM.

Those black clouds frown a terrible frown
Upon the fields, upon the town;
The thunder rumbles very loud,
The lightning brightens each dark cloud

At last the rain comes pouring down
Upon the fields, upon the town,
It freshens everything around
The grass, the trees, the plants, the ground

The meadows sparkle at daybreak,
The lovely flowers bend o'er the stream,
The sky has turned so blue and fair,
The rain has left a rainbow there

Ruth Bower, 1A
Loretto High School, Englewood, Chicago

A LORETTO GIRL.

Tall and straight, with an air of dignity;
The expression on her face, a sweet benignity.
A radiant smile, a sparkling eye
People say as they pass her by
"She's the girl from Loretto"

Dorothy Roche, 1A
Loretto High School, Englewood, Chicago.

GRADUATING CLASS OF 1931, LORETTO HIGH SCHOOL, ENGLEWOOD, CHICAGO.

Lower row, left to right—Misses Helen Dwyer, Rita Gleason, Veronica Fagan, Mary Alice Singer, Rose Budinger, Catherine Cognac, Rosalind Conley, Betty Wakefield, Isabelle Sullivan.

Second Row—Misses Agnes Redican, Marie Louise Zerega, Rita Fitzpatrick, Anna Marie Austin, Virginia Whitehead, Mary Godvin.

Third Row—Misses Marguerite Ryan, Virginia Cheevers, Rita McNamara, Edith Donegan, Clara Kulovits, Catherine Fernbach, Mary Jeffers.

Fourth Row—Misses Marybeth Herbert, Clara King, Mary Margaret Murphy, Villa Sharpe, Mary Hennessy, Kathleen Brown, Rita Meaney, Genevieve Matthes. Absent: Roberta Glotzbach.

OUR CLASS MOTTO.

Fancy has a license to be capricious in preferences that are purely fanciful, but in the selection of a class motto the choice must be a faithful index of one's taste and have that strength "for us in the dark to rise by." Then a dream that will lend enchantment at every moment to the day's actions and set them with glow, provided that dream [illegible] a name that sums up life, and that [illegible] our choice is indispensable.

"Follow [illegible]"

Loretto High School
Englewood, Chicago.

GRADUATES, 1931, LORETTO ACADEMY, STRATFORD, ONTARIO.
Misses Gertrude Hamilton, Dorothy McCarthy, Monica Gaunt, Jean Cole.

AFTER FIFTY YEARS.

Mark Whitmore sauntered along with a satisfied air, the twinkle in his eye vying with the stars above. He had been lucky that evening in having the privilege of a private interview with Admiral Kenny, who had just returned from Australia on his renowned plane, "The Eagle"; and Mark knew that the story of this illustrious man's adventures would make a fine heading for the next day's "Herald." The boss might even give him the long-looked-for increase,—and then, the little green Chevrolet would be his!

Seeing that he had still half an hour until the next trolley, he decided to go into the little church yard and rest, for he had been working steadily since early morning. Being a level-headed chap, resting in the church burying-ground held no qualms for him, and seating himself on one of the grassy mounds, he prepared to await the roar of the trolley.

Glancing around, he read the inscription on the tombstone nearest him. O yes! that was Mr. Graham's grave, and next to him, sweet old Mrs. Graham. How well he remembered hearing his parents speak of this fine old couple! Everyone had loved them. Good Night! Would that trolley never come! How sleepy he was!

* * * * * * *

"Well, sir, what are you doing here?"

Mark jumped quickly, and saw, much to his

amazement, Mr. and Mrs. Graham of whom he had just been thinking.

"Wh-why, are you real? Didn't you die fifty years ago?" stammered Mark.

"Don't we look as though we're real?" laughed Mrs. Graham. "We've just returned from China, and our old friends seem to have disappeared. Do you think you could find a lodging for us for the night?"

"Why, yes, come home with me," answered Mark. "There's plenty of room in my apartment."

"My word! what's that?" shrieked Mr. Graham, grabbing Mark excitedly. "That thing coming towards us."

"Why, that's a trolley, man. Come, we are going home on it. Hurry, or we shall have to walk."

With much timidity the old couple mounted the trolley and remained clutching each other until Mark himself hustled them off again and they were safely inside the apartment.

It was not until then that Mark really noticed his strange companions. Mrs. Graham was attired in a dress similar to the style that Mark remembered his mother wearing to Church on Sundays, but Mr. Graham's apparel was such that it would have aroused howls of mirth from one of Mark's set. However, he respected their years and said nothing, but bustled about with as much interest as a fussy old lady, in order to make his guests as comfortable as possible.

It was the beginning of an exciting evening for Mark. Everything startled the old couple, and the height of the buildings opposite left them speechless. The ringing of the telephone set them clutching each other in fear; the radio sent them to the seventh heaven of ecstacy with its wonderful music, and they were everlastingly asking questions about everything.

Finally, they did retire, but Mark knew that they were not sleeping; he knew that the roar of the street-cars, and the tearing-past of motor cars left them petrified and full of wonder at the same time.

The remainder of the night passed quietly for Mark, for he slept soundly, but from the haggard appearance of his guests, he knew they had lain awake the entire night in fear and trembling—but it all seemed so strange. After breakfast, Mark thought of taking them to the new air-port of which everyone was justly proud. Arriving there, after a repetition of the difficulties of the night before, the old couple viewed with admiration the immense plains and hangars. Mark thought of giving his guests a real thrill, so he prepared to take them for a plane-ride. All three were fastened in securely, the propeller started, and away they went. They sailed heaven-wards in graceful ascent, flying along, above trees and houses, much to the amazement of Mr. and Mrs. Graham. But suddenly the motor made a terrific bang and leaped ahead. Then clutching each other amid the roar of the engine, they went down, down, down . . . . . .

Mark awoke with a start, and looked around him dazedly. Where was he? Good night! Such a dream! but the roar of the engine still seemed to be in his ears—oh, no, it wasn't either! It was the rattle of the last trolley. How long had he slept? An hour and a half! Well, he was lucky to be able to catch the last car and not have to walk two miles home.

Gathering up his brief-case, he raced to the street, and settling in the car, he gave himself up to musing on the wonderful present-day inventions and the little green Chevrolet.

Jean Cole, Form IV.,
Loretto Academy, Stratford, Ont.

GRADUATES OF 1931, LORETTO ACADEMY, SAULT STE. MARIE, MICH.

Miss Catharine Henderson. Miss Lilian Bliss.
Miss Muriel Chartrand. Miss Constance Moran.
Miss Marjorie Lehman.
Miss Loretto Milbauer. Miss Georgia Cameron.
Miss Catherine Murphy. Miss Audrey Olmstead.

GRADUATE OF LORETTO ACADEMY, SAULT STE. MARIE, HONOURED.

Miss Lillian Morrison.

Miss Lillian Morrison, Class '27, Loretto Academy, Sault Ste. Marie, Mich., at her graduation from the Northern State Teachers' College last March, was notified that she had been elected to membership in the Phi Epsilon, a national honour organization, membership in which is chosen on the basis not only of scholarship, but of character also.

Students are selected each year by the Committee on Honours from those having reached a total of ninety-six term units of work, though the number selected does not exceed twelve per cent. of the number eligible for consideration.

Loretto Sault Ste. Marie is justly proud of Miss Morrison and of the credit thus reflected on her Alma Mater.

THE ENTHUSIASTIC GRADUATES.

It was the day before graduation! The thirty girls who were going to graduate from St. Mary's College were fluttering excitedly around the dormitory. Even the Juniors could not suppress their enthusiasm. Large boxes had been arriving all day and now the dormitory floor was a litter of wrapping-paper, tissue-paper, cardboard boxes, and the numerous other things which were impetuously cast aside as enthusiastic graduates excitedly opened their presents, or sought to have a glimpse at the graduation dress which had just come from home.

"My mother is the dearest little mother on earth," exclaimed Mary Dutton, as she drew forth a shimmering mass of white satin and tulle from a large box. "Girls! just look at the wonderful dress she sent me. Why it's like a little bit of cloud sent down, all packed in a cardboard box. I shall be afraid to move in it, it is so delicate," she cried, laying the dress in question, carefully back in the box.

"And look at mine, too!" came from another quarter. "It must have taken years to put all these tiny stitches in this creation." And the girls all flocked over to see the object of pretty Jeanette Ryan's little speech.

"Why, Jeanette, it's beautiful," cried the girls in chorus.

"Well, girls, we are spending too much of our precious time chattering over these trifles," put in the practical Doris Maxwell, who never seemed to get excited, and who, all this time, had been intent upon her packing. "Come, look at all the things we have to do between now and to-morrow morning. Why, there's packing and ... and ... well, everything!" she finished lamely.

"Oh, Doris, you always spoil everything," grumbled Catherine Martin. "Why can't you get excited for once? What would life be, anyway, without enthusiasm?"

"Doris has the right kind of enthusiasm," came a sweet voice from the door, and the girls looked up to see Sister Agnes, their mistress, entering the room.

"Oh, Sister, you weren't supposed to see us 'til to-morrow morning! But now that you are here, you may as well see your pretty girls all decked out in their graduation finery. Tell us, Sister, don't you think we'll look beautiful?"

"Yes, indeed; just lovely. I am sure this is going to be one of the prettiest graduations that St. Mary's ever had,—but I came in here to make an important announcement. Are all here?"

"Oh, everyone, Sister," was the eager reply.

"I just want to announce the results of the Scholarship Examinations, and I am sure everyone will be pleased." There was a murmur of excitement in the room while Sister Agnes unfolded the large white paper which she had carried into the room. "The K. of C. Scholarship, which entitles the winner to four years' College, goes to ... Miss Doris Maxwell! Doris, I congratulate you and wish you every success, for indeed, you deserve it."

Exclamations of surprise, not mixed with envy, filled the room. Jeanette Ryan was the first to recover herself, and crossing the room to where Doris sat, she placed her arms about her, and said, "Doris, you are a lucky girl! All year I thought you would win that scholarship. I'm glad and disappointed at the same time; glad because you won; disappointed because I lost."

Doris looked at Jeanette. Her face flushed and paled in turns; it could be easily seen that the news was a great surprise to her.

"O Sister! For a moment that report left me speechless. I have been wondering all year how I could ever go to College. Now my graduation means so much to me. Up to the present I have been dreading the day when I should have to leave dear St. Mary's forever, to face the bleak old world, and now I am still going to be under the guidance of our dear nuns," beamed Doris, radiant with happiness at this unexpected, but hoped-for news.

"I'll take back what I said about your lack of enthusiasm, Doris," said Catherine, softly. "I agree with Sister that yours is the right kind of enthusiasm."

"I say so, too, Doris, and perhaps," teased Mary Dutton, "you will be combining your intelligence and enthusiasm in the same way as Sister Agnes."

"One never knows," quietly answered Sister Agnes.

Dorothy McCarthy, Form IV.,
Loretto Academy, Stratford, Ont.

THE GRADUATE PEERS INTO THE FUTURE.

All of us want to do the best with the one life we have to live. We size up our energies and our powers, and say to ourselves, "What can I accomplish with this equipment of mine?" Some such thoughts as these intermittantly occupy our anxious minds just before, during, and immediately after graduation. We know much time must be used up in further preparation, in experiment, and in misdirected effort. We can also rightly conclude from the experience of others that the world we pictured in our minds before graduation will not be the same world we meet after graduation. Up to now our duties have been defined and our work planned for us; now we must decide and map out our own course. True enough, we have access to many charts prepared through the ages, some skillfully and based on eternal truth, others the result of wild, fantastic minds, with no relation to, or thought of truth. We must choose; we must determine what is vital? What is essential? What may we profitably let go? Let us begin by the process of elimination, which will simplify our task, and let us decide what we may do without. We have been told that we may let go all things which we cannot carry into the eternal life. Backed by the teaching of our Alma Mater, this to us is a deep and positive truth.

We may drop pretense. Nothing can give us such security and satisfaction as the consciousness that "I am what I pretend to be, and about me there is no make-believe."

We may drop worry and discontent. It has been verily stated of worry that it is a spiritual near-sightedness, a fumbling way of looking at little things, and of magnifying their value. Ruskin reassures us when he says, "God gives us always strength enough and sense enough for everything He wants us to do." Then, why worry?

Discontent will never fit into the scheme of eternity. There are two things in life that make for discontent; one is a lack of harmony with one's environment; the other discounts our present opportunities. The first of these may be overcome; the second should be eliminated. Our environment may at times be very disagreeable, it may hurt our hearts, draw our tears, and wound our pride, but remember this: "Fight is needed for the soul." Its strength is developed by overcoming antagonistic conditions. Remember always that we were placed in this particular setting of life

by an all-wise, all-knowing, and all-seeing Creator.

Opportunity is always present to the one ready to grasp it. It has been truthfully said that when one sets himself to live a grand life, man cannot interrupt it and God will not.

We may also dispense with self-seeking. Eternity knows nothing of greed. We are told that in the life eternal there will be a perfect state of "all things for all." "A constant benediction be upon the one who forgetful of self, tries to be helpful in the world and spends life in loving deeds."

We have now disposed of pretense, worry, discontent, and self-seeking, as hindrances to progress, and now we turn to a positive consideration and determine what is really worth while in life, and what makes for the nearest approach to real happiness in the world.

Every life should be planned, and in this plan there are several important factors, foremost among which is the use of time. Time lost can never be regained. The most reckless spendthrift in the world is the one who squanders time, for time can never be recalled after it has passed into the numbered ages that have gone before us. Every possible moment should be utilized to further the plan we have mapped out for ourselves. The second important factor is work. Work should be submitted to the following tests. Is it legitimate, is it individual, and is it vital? The work is legitimate if it does not conflict with the present duty; it is individual if it belongs to me alone. Each one of us is put into life with a special and particular work to do. Emerson puts it very beautifully in these words: "Nature arms each man with some faculty which enables him to do some feat impossible to any other." Work is vital if it has value in eternity. If so, the work is worth doing. Our work whatever it may be, will never pass away. We are part of the great scheme of the Creator, and our lives are indelible and imperishable. Sincere work leads to happiness. "Thou art happy when thou hast done thy duty, be the skies dark or fair, be men kind or unkind, just or base."

We must guard ourselves lest ambition draw us away from our true place in life. There are certain duties of love and friendship that we owe to others. Selfish ambition must not lead us to forget and forego these precious jewels of our life. Friendship, if it is sincere, should be treasured. It often means sacrifice and self-discipline on our part, as it must surely mean it on the part of our friends. Which of us can ever fulfill the ideal of us that exists in our friends' minds? Why should we expect more from them?

It may seem strange to say, but our sorrows are frequently more valuable to us than our joys. They serve as the refining fire in which the gold of character is purified. Sorrow helps to give us a greater sympathy and tender consideration for the woes of others.

The crowning gem in the crown of the things worth while in life is faith. It enables us to successfully overcome the difficulties of life, and look fearlessly forward toward the end of the temporal existence and the beginning of the eternal, and makes it possible to live our lives effectively and grandly.

Heed the foregoing and aim at the stars!

Eleanor Zimmermann, Senior Class,
Loretto Academy, Woodlawn, Chicago.

THE FIRST GRADUATING CLASS AT ST. ADRIAN'S SCHOOL, CHICAGO, June 14th, 1931

ST. ADRIAN GRADUATION.

By MOTHER M. ST. EDWARD, I.B.V.M.

Our new St. Adrian School at Marquette Park, Chicago, held the first commencement exercises on Sunday evening, June fourteenth. Although the school is opened only two years, forty-one graduates received diplomas which were presented by the pastor, Reverend Leo McNamara, Ph.D. The Loretto scholarship was awarded to Miss Florence Godfrey and the St. Rita Scholarship to Raymond Barto.

Reverend Daniel Cunningham, the Archdiocesan Superintendent of Schools, delivered the address. He capably reviewed the rapid strides of progress and the great work achieved in so short a time by the Pastor and Sisters. A Gothic church and twelve-room school now replace a vacant prairie of three years ago. Father Cunningham congratulated the graduates and urged them to continue their higher education in the Catholic schools.

Following the address the class presented the play, "The Land of Forgetfulness," which rendered the evening most enjoyable. The dramatic ability of the pupils reflected credit upon the teachers.

Our Rainbow readers and Loretto friends have reason to rejoice in the success of Loretto's newest school. Somehow we are all interested in new missionary fields where the harvest is ripe and the laborers are few.

THE REAR-SEAT DRIVER.

One sunny afternoon in early Spring, Mrs. Moran, sitting on her porch, talking to Mrs. King, a neighbourhood gossip, saw a man in a new five-passenger Ford car drive up before her door. She wondered, idly, who it could be at that hour of the afternoon, and decided that it must be another of those automobile salesmen come to pester her again. Mrs. Moran had always wanted a car, but, as she was not very well off, she had not dared to hope that she would ever have one. As the man jumped out of the car and came running towards her, she saw, with a rush of surprise that it was her husband. As soon as he reached her she asked:

"Where did you get it, and whose is it?"

Mr. Moran merely answered: "Do you like it?"

Mrs. Moran said it seemed she liked it, but that did not explain its presence. When Mr. Moran said that he had bought it as a surprise for her, and wanted to take her for a drive, poor Mrs. Moran, lost in wonder, excused herself and ran home to tell her sister, who told her best friend, and she, in her turn, told her mother, about the Moran's new car. And so on. Soon a fair representation of the neighbourhood had gathered in front of the Moran's house, at points of vantage on the opposite side of the street. Mrs. Moran by this time had gone inside to put on her most becoming dress and hat. When [illegible] that she did [illegible] she came out, carefully locking the door behind her. Now she came walking down the path, and, quite [illegible] the [illegible] door [illegible] the car.

Mr. Moran [illegible] standing [illegible] the [illegible] to the [illegible] [illegible] and hastily slipped [illegible] the [illegible] door. Mrs. Moran advised that [illegible] dress should be [illegible] while her friend [illegible] watching, asked her husband if they had not better be setting out. Mr. Moran slipped into the car under the driver's wheel and with an assumption of nonchalance started the car as he supposed an expert would. He was just as surprised as anyone when the car went backwards instead of forwards, but he said he did it on purpose to show them how well the car *would* go backwards. Then the new Ford went jerkily forth on its first trip to the city.

As they approached the business section Mrs. Moran became slightly nervous. She sat on the edge of her seat, the better to see what the speedometer registered, and with both hands grasped the back of the seat in front of her, much as if by it she was steering the car. When they reached the main street she said she thought she would like to turn to the left and drive slowly up the street again; this, of course, was in the hope that people seeing the new car might turn and look admiringly at it. Mr. Moran said he thought he might turn to the right, but believed that left-hand turns were forbidden by the traffic rules. But Mrs. Moran insisted, saying that her friends never shopped so far down, and that if they were in the city she wanted them to see her. So Mr. Moran turned to the left. They [illegible] sooner rounded the corner than they saw a policeman running towards them, and heard him ordering them to "pull up to the curb." Mr. Moran did as he was told and waited for the policeman to tell him what was the matter. He [illegible] forced to wait long.

"Well, well, well, what's the idea of making a left-handed turn?" cried the officer, hurrying up. "Don't you know [illegible] signs?"

"No, [illegible]," said Mrs. Moran [illegible] "I'll [illegible] [illegible] and [illegible] here. [illegible] one to her husband [illegible] here."

The officer said he would like to know why they had made a wrong turn then. Mr. Moran looked uncomfortable while his wife explained their reason. The officer smiled slightly, caught himself, and curtly advised them to buy a book of traffic directions. Mr. Moran meekly agreed with the suggestion. Mrs. Moran said that "perhaps it would be best," and smiled at the officer. He restrained a grin, for he was a kindly person, and told them to drive on and to be more careful next time.

On the homeward drive Mr. Moran was strangely quiet. His wife, however, more than made up for his lack of speech. She felt quite sure that it was she who had saved the day; and, no doubt, she had. Mrs. Moran has never found out that the officer let them go because he was sorry for Mr. Moran. For he, himself, had a wife who was a rear-seat driver too.

Shirley Harris, Form IV.,
Loretto Abbey College School, Brunswick Ave.,
Toronto.

SAINT MARY'S RIVER.

Beautiful River, gently flow,
Troubles nor sorrows do you know,
Flow by light of the noonday sun,
Lightly ripple and dart and run;
Caressed by softest moonlight blue,
Gentle River, pride of the Sault!

Your white-capped waves, all bright and pure,
They fascinate, and they mock and lure,
The sea gulls crying in the sky
Dip in the river dashing by,
Carefree and pleasant all the time,
Glorious river — gorgeous — sublime!

Now it's night and the waves roll in,
Dashing — breaking, what merry din!
Gold-fleck'd stars in the sapphire sky,
When fleecy clouds go drifting by,
All reflect in your mirror, blue;
Good [illegible] alone [illegible] Sault, and you!

Jean McEachern, '32
Loretto Academy, Sault Ste. Marie, Mich.

ALUMNAE NOTES

LORETTO ALUMNAE ASSOCIATION
LORETTO ABBEY, TORONTO.

Patroness	MOTHER GENERAL PULCHERIA
Honorary President	MOTHER M. AGATHA
Honorary Vice-President	MRS. FRANK CASSIDY
President	MRS. DAVID O'MEARA. [illegible]
First Vice-President	MISS HELENE ST. CHARLES.
Second Vice-President	MRS. FRANK CLANCY.
Treasurer	MISS MAY O'CALLAHAN.
Recording Secretary	MRS. J. DEVINE.
Corresponding Secretary	MRS. WILLIAM LYONS.
Convener of House Committee	MRS. A. COPP.
Convener of Entertainment	MRS. FRED WOODS. [illegible]
Convener of Membership	MRS. JOHN LEE.
Convener of Press	MRS. WILLIAM FOX

Presidents of Loretto Associations.

Loretto Abbey College, Toronto	MISS KATHLEEN HICKEY. [illegible]
Niagara Falls	MISS FLORENCE MULLIN. [illegible]
Hamilton, Ont.	MISS GEORGE ANNE DELL. [illegible]
Stratford, Ont.	MISS JANE MEGAN. [illegible]
Englewood, Chicago	MISS MARY COLLINS. [illegible]
Sault Ste. Marie, Mich.	MISS IDA RANSOM.
Joliet, Ill. (St. Mary's High School)	
Joliet, Ill. (St. Mary's Academy)	MISS WINIFRED BANNON
Woodlawn, Chicago	MISS OLIVE SMITH. 1539 East 63rd St., Chicago.
New York, N.Y.	MISS FORDE.
Detroit, Mich.	MISS VERA REAUME
Buffalo, N.Y.	MISS MARY MAXWELL
Graduates' Club, Loretto Abbey College School, Toronto	MISS NORAH LATCHFORD. [illegible]

The Loretto Alumnae Association held an enjoyable tea on Tuesday, June 9th, in honour of the graduates of Loretto Abbey on the Heights, Loretto Abbey College and Loretto Abbey College High School. The guests of honour, who numbered forty-four, made a pretty picture in their white graduation frocks. Miss Irene Finn was in charge of the tea room, and the tea-hostesses were Mrs. Frank Clancy and Mrs. Stafford Higgins, and assisting in serving the guests were Mrs. John Hawkins, Mrs. Jack Flanagan, Mrs. G. Glover, Miss Margaret Corbett, Mrs. Wallace Clancy, Mrs. G. M. Marshall, Mrs. C. E. Gage, Miss Eileen Kelly, Miss Kathleen Corbett, Miss Marie and Miss Anne O'Connell, Miss Peggy Convey.

Before the tea, a business meeting had been held, with Mrs. Frank Cassidy presiding. Reports were read from various departments, and the election of officers resulted as given in the foregoing list.

The past executive of the Loretto Alumnae entertained at luncheon, on June 17th, at the Granite Club, in honour of the new executive. Mrs. Frank Cassidy, Past President and Honorary President of the new executive, presided, and the guests included: Mrs. David O'Meara (new President), Miss Helene St. Charles, Mrs. Frank Clancy, Miss May O'Callahan, Mrs. J. Devine, Mrs. A. Cox, Mrs. Fred. Woods, Mrs. William Lee, Mrs. William Fox, Mrs. Williams Lyons, Mrs. Thomas Kilgour, Miss Alice Gormaly and Miss Kathleen Corbett.

Loretto Alumnae and Auxiliary, Woodlawn, Chicago.

The Alumnae yearly "Prom" at which the graduates of 1931 were the guests of honour, was held on Saturday evening, June 6th, at Edgewater Beach. Miss Norma Jeria was chairman of the dance committee.

The final event of the year will be the luncheon in honour of the Class of 1931, on the Roof Garden of the Beachview Club, 53rd Street, at the lake. The election of officers for the next two years will be held at this luncheon. The retiring officers are: President, Miss Olive Smith, Vice-Pres., Miss Marie Houle; Corresponding Secretary, Miss Helen Fleming; Treasurer, Miss Grace Hanrahan; Recording Secretary, Miss Mary Anne Haggerty.

Detroit Chapter, Loretto Alumnae.

A successful card party held by the Alumnae in the Activities Building of the League of Catholic Women, realized over $300, used for purchasing shoes for poor children in Detroit, drew the praise of many of Detroit's leading citizens, including the Mayor. It was the first time the Association worked for a civic interest.

On March 24th, 1931, the annual meeting of the Detroit Chapter of Loretto Alumnae was held at the Women's City Club. Following the luncheon Miss Vera Reaume was re-elected President, and the following were elected to office for the ensuing year pending the ratification of the By-laws: Mrs. Harry Graffius, Vice-President; Loretto Alumnae of Sault Ste. Marie, Miss Lucy Culliton, Recording Secretary, and Miss Margaret Moriarty, Corresponding Secretary, both of Loretto Alumnae, Stratford; and Miss Loretto A. Dupuis, Treasurer, Loretto Alumnae, Sault Ste. Marie.

Loretto Abbey College School Graduates' Club.

After the annual banquet in honour of the Class of 1931, held on Graduation Day, May 28th, at which Reverend Father Denis O'Connor, the speaker of the afternoon, was the guest of honour, and at which Miss Loretto Garry was toast-mistress, the election of officers for the coming year was held as follows. President, Miss Norah Latchford; Vice-President, Miss Margaret Lyons; Secretary, Miss Catherine Macklin; Treasurer, Miss Dorothy Marks; Representative for the "Rainbow," Miss Dorothea Cain. Class Presidents were elected as follows: Miss Pauline Thomson, '24; Miss Dorothy Kew, '25; Miss Margaret Sheehan, '26; Miss Evelyn Brigden, '27; Miss Bessie Gilhan, '28; Miss

Retiring Executive of Loretto Abbey College School Graduates' Club, which every year gives a scholarship for the School. Left to right: Miss Katherine McDonald, Miss Mary Barrett, Miss Veronica Stockwell (President), Miss Loretto Garry.

Agnes Cain, '29, Miss Marie Markle, '30, Miss Winnifred Fletcher, '31. Miss Veronica Stockwell was in the chair.

Loretto Alumnae, Niagara Falls.

On Saturday, June 6th, a very successful luncheon was held in New York City of Loretto Niagara alumnae. Miss Florence Mullin, President of the Niagara Alumnae, and thirty-two alumnae were present.

Loretto Alumnae, Joliet, Illinois.

The annual reunion and reception of Loretto Alumnae on June 14th, at the Country Club, brought together nearly a hundred daughters of Loretto, including fifteen nuns, who had guided the education of many Joliet girls before the removal of the School, or were the daughters of Joliet families

LORETTO ALUMNAE, JOLIET, ILLINOIS.

Photograph taken at the annual reception and dinner which was held at the Country Club, shows the executive now retiring from office: Mrs. Phillip Scherer, Mrs. Sylvester Harrigan, Mrs. George T. Gray, Mrs. Dennis Murphy, and Mrs. Charles Graham.

Mrs. Sylvester Harrigan, President, presided at the luncheon. Mrs. Philip Sherer, First Vice-President; Mrs. George T. Gray, Second Vice-President; Mrs. Dennis Murphy, Treasurer, and Mrs. Charles J. Graham, Secretary, were members of the committee of arrangements.

Mrs. Maude Kelly, Miss Regina Ulm, Miss Theresa Lennon, Mrs. S. F. Wilhelmi and Miss Ruth Hayward were on the reception committee.

Miss Leona Johnson, favorite soprano, sang "Ava Maria Loretto," dedicated to the Ladies of Loretto.

Mrs. Harrigan presented Miss Regina Ulm who acted as toastmistress and welcomed the nuns and guests. The song, "Loretto Forever," was sung by the gathering with Miss Bessie Lennon as accompanist.

Mrs. Jerome M. O'Leary, past governor of the Illinois chapter of International Federated Catholic Alumnae, the speaker of the afternoon, praised the organization for its loyalty in keeping the memory of Loretto alive in so many hearts.

Mrs. Wilhelmi spoke on "Loyalty," and others who spoke briefly were Mrs. Mary Louise Kennedy and Miss May Martin.

The treasurer, Mrs. Murphy, read a report and the nominating committee presented its list of officers for the coming year, which was endorsed.

Miss Winifred Bannon was named President; Mrs. Bessie Kelly Sonntag, First Vice-President; Miss Genevieve Feeley, Second Vice-President; Mrs. Helen Riley Frisch, Secretary, and Miss Anna Jones, Treasurer.

Congratulations to the Reverend Redemptorist Fathers, Toronto, on the celebration of the Golden Jubilee of St. Patrick's Parish. As His Excellency, Archbishop McNeil, remarked upon the occasion, St. Patrick's has been indeed a spiritual power house in Toronto during these fifty years.

Marriages.

Miss Naomi Anglin, daughter of Mr. Arthur W. Anglin, K.C., and the late Mrs. Anglin, to Mr. Bertrand Le Vey, on April 4th, 1931.

Miss Vivian Mahoney, graduate of Loretto, Sault Ste. Marie, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. Mahoney, to Mr. A. Louis Schulte, on April 26th, 1931.

Miss Madeleine Payment, graduate of Loretto, Sault Ste. Marie, daughter of Mrs. C. Payment, to Mr. Gordon McMaster, on April 13th.

Miss Monica Goodrow, B.A., graduate of Loretto Abbey College, daughter of Mr. George L. Goodrow, Hamilton, to Mr. George Hillmer, on April 4th, 1931.

Miss Laura McManus, graduate of St. Mary's Academy, Joliet, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank McManus, to Mr. Charles Gatens, on June 24th.

Miss Marie Louise Ruf, graduate of Loretto Academy, Woodlawn, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Ruf, to Mr. Arthur Lloyd Morgan, on April 18th, 1931.

Miss Irma Stafford, alumna of Loretto, Niagara, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Stafford, Renfrew, Ont., to Dr. John F. Lynch, New York, on June 1st, 1931.

Miss Lucille Jacques, graduate of Loretto, Englewood, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Jacques, to Mr. Thomas Mulvihill, on June 3rd, 1931.

Miss Elizabeth Newhouse, graduate of Loretto, Sault Ste. Marie, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Newhouse, to Mr. Henry Hansen, on April 8th, 1931.

Congratulations to:

Mr. and Mrs. Russell Coles Ball (Catherine Gormaly), on the birth of a son.

Mr. and Mrs. Hayes Kennedy (Marie Louise Lennon, graduate of St. Mary's Academy, Joliet) on the birth of a son, on Jan. 27th, 1931. (This item reached us too late for our last issue).

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Norton (Margaret McPartlin, graduate of St. Mary's Academy, Joliet) on the birth of a daughter, on May 27th.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Hunter (Rose Malouf, graduate of Loretto, Niagara), Niagara Falls, Ont., on the birth of a daughter.

Dr. and Mrs. Archibald F. Macaulay (Laura McFadden), Ottawa, Ont., on the birth of a daughter.

Mr. and Mrs. Raymond J. Sheridan (Odile Meagher, alumna of Loretto, Niagara), Brooklyn, N.Y., on the birth of a son, on Feb. 1st.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Southon (Alice Keating, alumna of Loretto, Hamilton), on the birth of a son.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter E. Tomenson (Ena Rogers), Toronto, on the birth of a son.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Devereux (Margaret Burdeno, graduate of Loretto, Sault Ste. Marie), on the birth of a son.

Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Doyle (Madelyn Herbert, alumna of Loretto Abbey College School) on the birth of a son on June 2nd.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Pringle (Margaret Butsch, alumna of Loretto, Sault Ste. Marie), on the birth of a son on March 17th.

Loretto Offers Deepest Sympathy to:

Mr. O'Connor, his daughter, Mother M. Caroline, I.B.V.M., and other members of the family, on the death of Mrs. O'Connor.

Mr. P. J. Bench, St. Catharines, Ont., and family, on the death of his son, Reverend Martin Bench.

Sister M. St. Anthony, I.B.V.M., and other members of the family, on the death of their mother.

Sister M. Fidelis, I.B.V.M., and other members of the family, on the death of their mother.

Mother M. Emerentia, I.B.V.M., on the death of her brother, Mr. McKeown.

Mother M. Matilda, I.B.V.M., on the death of her grandmother.

Mother M. Gerard, I.B.V.M., on the death of her sister, Miss Mary Mahony.

Mrs. Harry Lee Nerlich, Toronto, on the death of her husband, and to his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Nerlick.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry T. Roesler, Toronto, and relatives, on the death of their only child, Miss Mary Lou Roesler.

Miss Casserly, Toronto, on the death of her brother, Dr. Casserly.

Mrs. A. M. Roesler, on the death of her brother.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Walpole (Mary Pickett), on the death of their infant son.

Mr. Ferdinand J. Schreiner, and family, on the death of his wife, and to her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Kelly, and relatives.

Mr. German, Welland, Ont., and his daughter, Mrs. John Hamilton Rolph, on the death of his wife.

Mr. Joseph G. Carroll, on the death of his brother, Mr. Thomas Carroll.

Very Reverend Dean Stenglein, Mr. J. C. Stenglein, Mrs. John Cordoni, and Mrs. Leo Tonpin, on the death of their mother, Mrs. Mary Stenglein.

Mrs. J. J. Gallagher, Sault Ste. Marie, and her daughter, Mrs. Harry Graffius, on the death of Mr. Gallagher.

Mrs. Gravelle, Sault Ste. Marie, and family, on the death of her husband.

Mrs. Charles Healy, Toronto, and family, on the death of her husband.

Mr. Raymond L. Walsh, New Lenox, Ill., and family, on the death of his wife (Mary Agnes Elwood, a graduate of St. Mary's Academy, Joliet, Ill.).

Dr. Charles Daly, and Mrs. Daly, Toronto, and family, on the death of their son.

Mrs. M. Ryan, Toronto, on the death of her father, Mr. John Patterson.

Mrs. Schumacher (Genevieve Rosa), alumna of Loretto, Niagara, on the death of her husband.

Mrs. Haynes, St. Catharines, Ont., and family, on the death of her daughter.

Mrs. Muench and Misses Mary and Teresa Kearney, Toronto, on the death of their mother.

Mr. and Mrs. Hobberlin, Toronto, on the death of Mr. Hobberlin's sister, Mrs. Knight.

Mr. George Prance, Toronto, on the death of his wife, and to their son, Reverend George Prance, and other members of the family.

Mr. and Mrs. John Reardon, Joliet, Ill., on the death of their daughter, Miss Marie Reardon.

Mrs. John Hayes, and family, Chicago, on the death of her husband.

Mr. McLoughlin, on the death of his wife, and to his daughter, Miss Rose McLoughlin, a graduate of St. Mary's Academy, Joliet, Ill.

Mrs. Clarke (Mary Connor, graduate of St. Mary's Academy, Joliet), and her brothers, on the death of their father, Mr. Thomas Connor.

Mrs. McAndrew, Miss Teresa O'Reilly, Miss Frances O'Reilly, alumnae of Loretto, Niagara, on the death of their brother, Mr. Joseph O'Reilly.

Mrs. H. Louden and Mrs. Boyes, alumnae of Loretto, Hamilton, and Mr. H. Lovering, on the death of their mother, Mrs. [illegible] Lovering.

Mr. B. Aussem, Mr. A. Aussem and Mr. Alphonse Aussem, Hamilton, on the death of their sister, Miss Mary Aussem, a member of the Alumnae.

The Misses Marjory and Grace Flynn, Alumnae of Loretto, Hamilton, on the death of their father.

Mr and Mrs. Orders, and family, Hamilton, on the death of their daughter, Miss Dorothy Orders, alumna of Loretto, Hamilton.

Miss Mary Formoso, alumna of Loretto, Niagara, on the death of her nephew, Mr. Charles J. Formoso, N.Y.

Mrs. Jean Munro, on the death of her daughter, Miss Doris Ann Munro, graduate of Loretto, Niagara, class of 1926.

Miss Vera Reaume, alumna of Loretto Abbey, on the death of her father, Mr. Richard Reaume.

Mrs. Earl Kelly (Bridget O'Brien), alumna of Loretto, Stratford, on the death of her father, Mr. W. J. O'Brien.

Misses Katherine and Cynthia O'Donnell, alumnae of Loretto, Sault Ste. Marie, on the death of their mother.

Miss Iris Sullivan, alumna of Loretto, Sault Ste. Marie, on the death of her brother, Mr. Merlin Sullivan.

Mr. John J. Barry and family on the death of his wife.

SCHOOL CHRONICLES

Loretto Abbey, Armour Heights, Toronto.

April 20th. The days to which sport enthusiasts have been looking so eagerly forward have at last returned. With racket in hand we wave farewell to basketball. Picnics, badminton, swimming, hikes, and picnics are keenly welcomed. Under Miss Barker's excellent instructions a large number of girls have received bronze medals for life-saving, and an equally large group obtained the silver medal. A gold medal and a teacher's diploma were awarded to Miss Katharine Roche.

April 22nd. The Seniors presented a humorous play, "The Ghost of an Idea." It was directed by Miss Eileen Belair, and following it afternoon tea was served by the players.

May 6th. We were greatly pleased to receive a visit from Reverend Father Lord, S.J., director of sodalities in America. He left behind after his inspiring talk, an enthusiastic group of sodality workers. His visit was a fitting climax to a very active year of work and gave us inspiration for greater efforts in the coming year.

May 22nd. One of the high lights of the Spring term was the play, "The Heroine of Alexandria," presented by the School. No more successful play has been produced for some years. Miss Marguerite Harris as Catherine, and Miss Katharine Roche as the Emperor were worthy of great commendation. The entire cast was warmly congratulated.

May 28th. A pleasing display of gymnastics was given by the girls. This event reflected great credit upon the able and cheerful work of our popular instructress, Miss Barker.

May 29th. The month of May closed with loving tributes to the Blessed Mother. A procession of girls in white went from the building, down the ravine, across the picturesque bridge to a natural shrine, formed of two trees which grew into an archway. Here, Miss Eileen Belair, leader of our winning May band, crowned the Blessed Virgin, and each girl presented her tribute of flowers. An act of consecration was read and we sang several hymns in Our Lady's honour.

June 3rd. Nine sweet girl graduates presented a charming picture. The girls under the direction of Miss Marguerite Harris, rendered several choral numbers. Miss Dorothea McLaughlin gave us two violin selections. Very Reverend Father Hingston, S.J., was the speaker. Prizes were awarded as follows: Papal Medal for Church History to Miss Marguerite Harris, Gold Medal for Christian Doctrine in Senior Department, graciously presented by His Excellency Most Rev. Neil McNeil, D.D., Archbishop of Toronto, to Miss Madeleine Cummins, Silver Medal for Christian

Doctrine in Junior High School Department, to Miss Barbara Knox; Bronze Medal for English Literature in Matriculation Class, graciously presented by His Excellency the Governor General of Canada, to Miss Madeleine Cummins; the Gertrude Foy Gold Medal for English Essay to Miss Ruth Hobberlin; the Eugene O'Keefe Gold Medal for Higher Mathematics, to Miss Marjorie Mosbough; Gold Medal for Proficiency in Form III., term ending June, 1930, to Miss Frances Clarke; Silver Medal for Proficiency in Form II., term ending June, 1930, to Miss Madeleine Cummins; Silver Medal for Proficiency in Form I., term ending June, 1930, to Miss Isabel Hannon.

June 12th. We are grateful to Reverend Father Ronan, for bringing his Junior Choir of boys to entertain us at the Abbey. We had heard great praise of his choir and know now that it is well deserved. Such a harmony of young voices under the skilled baton of a real musician!

June 14th. We had a delightful visit from Miss Jameson, who was good enough to give us an impromptu concert, singing all our old favorites on request.

June 18th. Our official closing. Reverend Mother General graciously presented the prizes and promotion slips. Fond farewells . . . and holidays!

Jane E. Rankin.

Loretto Academy, Niagara Falls.

March 10th.—Reverend Father Stauble, C.M., who has recently returned from China, delights the Mission Unit with the tale of his travels. Reverend Father O'Connor, C.M., also addresses the Crusaders with words of encouragement and inspiration.

March 14th. We enjoy a lovely day with the Abbey girls. Their Seniors and our Juniors come out victorious.

March 15th. Everyone joins in celebrating Sister Marianna's golden jubilee.

March 17th. In honour of St. Patrick, student government is put into force. By way of thanking the nuns for this privilege, the students present an impromptu entertainment in the evening. A huge success, and lots of fun!

March 18th. Competition Day! Reverend Father Ronan is the judge and our girls sing splendidly. The prize cup is a donation from a member of our music club.

March 21st. Spring is ushered in by the beautiful devotions of the "Forty Hours." In the afternoon, Mr. Paul Hahn, celebrated cellist, presents an entertaining program.

March 23. The "Forty Hours" is closed with a procession and Benediction.

March 29th. Miss Kathleen McElroy comes from Buffalo, winning second prize in the Oratorical Contest sponsored by the Western New York S.S.C.

April 13th. Refreshed by the Easter holiday, we start in on the Year Book with redoubled vigour.

April 16th. A splendid Springtime S.S.C. meeting, with bouquets flying through the air!

April 17th. Four college students of the Western New York S.S.C. come to present a symposium on "Catholic Education and Culture." We derive much from the speeches and enjoy the "heckling" immensely.

April 19th. We Sodalists receive new inspiration from Reverend Father Garcia's stirring address at our April meeting. Again a sincere "Thank you" to Father.

April 21st.—Farewell to the Year Book; it leaves our weary hands and goes to the printer.

April 24th. Reverend Father McGillicuddy, C.M., recently returned from mission work in

China, pays a delightful visit to Loretto. In the evening we attend a play given by the parishioners of St. Patrick's church, Niagara Falls, Ont.

April 29th. Another enjoyable recital under the direction of St. Cecilia's Music Club.

April 30th. May Bands are chosen and strong resolutions made to make our Queen happy. Miss Miriam Mracek is leader of Our Lady of the Blessed Sacrament Band, and Miss Kathleen McElroy is leader of Our Lady of Victory Band.

May 1st.—Reverend Father McGuire, C.M., and Reverend Father Gehring, C.M., pay us a visit which is greatly enjoyed.

May 7th. Our last S.S.C. meeting of the year is most successful. We will take our lessons from the Past and improve in the Future.

May 8th. Miss Edwine Whitney comes out victorious in the Badminton tournament.

May 14th. Our school is given the signal honour of crowning Our Lady, Queen of Western New York. This great privilege was awarded because of coming out ahead in the November Rosary Drive. Miss Kathleen McElroy, president of our Sodality, crowns Our Lady.

May 17th. The Spring elections begin and Miss Betty Cappellino is chosen President of the Sodality.

May 25th.—We all enjoy a visit from His Excellency Most Reverend Neil McNeil, and on the following day one from His Excellency Most Reverend Andrea Cassulo, D.D., Apostolic Delegate to Canada.

May 27th.—The annual recital for Music Graduates is held and this time a recitation given by the Diction Class.

May 28th.—Miss Margaret Fallon is elected President of the Mission Unit for next year.

May 29th. The pretty May procession winds its way about the grounds and Miss Kathleen McElroy is the honoured one who crowns the statue of Our Queen. The weather is ideal and our first May-crowning held out-of-doors is a glorious success.

May 30th. The Year Book arrives and all corners of the house are filled with students pouring over its worthy pages.

June 3rd.—In keeping with our "most" successful year, the Juniors present the Seniors with a "most" wonderful banquet. The Class of '31 sends their heartiest thank you to their worthy successors.

June 5th. Graduation! Relatives! tears! —diplomas! flower girls! medals and departure. We admit that parting is a sweet "sorrow."

June 7th,—We are privileged to have Reverend Father McClimont come to say Mass for us, and stay the day with us.

Miriam Mracek

Loretto Academy, Stratford.

March 22nd.—Third and Fourth Forms presented a little play for the "Crusades." Miss Dorothy McCarthy surpassed herself as "Bachelor Brother," while Misses Jean Cole, Eunice Le Souder and Dorothy McLaughlin performed equally well in their respective parts.

March 27th. Great excitement! Our Senior basketball team plays in Toronto with Loretto Abbey College School today, and at Armour Heights to-morrow. Cause of excitement? The trip.

March 30th. At school earlier today. Much talk! The results of games at Toronto? Rather hard to find out—but all announce such an enjoyable time that to offer sympathy to our defeated team does not seem

necessary. Our girls are grateful to the Toronto girls for the happy week end.

April 14th.—Second Year entertained the school to-day with an impromptu performance for the "Crusades." Congratulations to our Sophomores for a pleasant diversion.

May 25th.—Despite the inclemency of the weather, Form II. celebrated the holiday by a "hike." By evening, tired girls, but memories of lots of fun!

May 29th.—To-day our Closing of May with usual procession around the grounds took place. Miss Josephine Pigeon, the Captain of the winning side in the May Bands crowned Our Blessed Mother, while Miss Dorothy McCarthy read the Act of Consecration, and Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament followed.

May 31st.—We offer congratulations to the following who were received into the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin:—Misses Helen Abraham, Blanche Dixon, Dorothy Goettler, Veronica Gaffney, Sadie Held, Lorraine Leonard, Dorothy McLaughlin, Dorothy McCarthy, Yvonne Mahoney, Celine O'Donoghue, Catherine Twamley, Mary Williams.

June 3rd.—Graduation Day! The ceremony consisted of Salutatory by Miss Gertrude Hamilton; Conferring of Graduation Honours and Awarding of Medals; Piano Ensemble by Misses Doris Chiera, Jean Gossman, Yvonne Mahoney, Josephine Pigeon; the Valedictory by Miss Monica Gaunt, and choral numbers by the students. The Very Reverend Dean D. J. Egan then addressed the students, explaining to them the value of Catholic Education and impressing on the graduates and students "that to whom much is given, much will be expected."

Medals awarded were as follows:

Gold Medal for Highest Standing for Christian Doctrine, gift of Very Reverend Dean D. J. Egan, obtained by Miss Monica Gaunt; Gold Medal for Highest Standing in Junior Matriculation, gift of Loretto Alumnae, obtained by Miss Mary Kane; Gold Medal for Highest Standing Lower School, gift of Reverend W. J. Kelly, obtained by Miss Eunice Le Sonder; Gold Medal for Highest Standing in Junior Matriculation, Mathematics, gift of Miss Rose Kennedy, obtained by Miss Corrine Lamphier; Gold Medal for Highest Standing in Junior Matriculation Composition, gift of Very Reverend Dean D. J. Egan, obtained by Miss Dorothy McCarthy; Gold Medal for Fidelity donated by Miss Rose Kennedy, equally merited by Misses Gertrude Hamilton and Monica Gaunt, obtained by Miss Monica Gaunt; Scholarship donated by W. E. Goodwin, LL.B., for Highest Standing in Senior Music, obtained by Miss Hene Seigner; Gold Medal for Highest Standing in Senior Music, gift by Loretto Community, obtained by Miss Hene Seigner; Gold Medal for Highest Standing in Junior Music, gift of Miss Mamie Kappelle, obtained by Miss Mabel Levy; Prize for Highest Standing in Commercial, Miss Rita Benninger; Prize for Highest Standing in Primary Piano, Miss Yvonne Mahoney; Prize for Highest Standing in Elementary Piano—Miss Helen Atcheson; Prize for Highest Standing in Introductory Piano, Miss Margaret Hammar.

Jean Cole.

Loretto High School, Englewood, Chicago.

April 8th.—A recital in our assembly hall by Mr. Scanlon of the Conservatory of Music.

April 9th.—At last the big thrill of the basketball season—our game with Woodlawn, Loretto. What a game and what a night! We scarcely know which was worse, the rain or the defeat, but I think it was the latter, seeing that the score was 22-21.

April 16th. "Surprise!" This exclamation from about thirty eager juniors greeted three girls as they casually opened the Senior Club Room door as they were told to. The reason for the outburst was the surprise banquet the juniors gave in honour of the Debating team.

May 13th. The Play! The really big production of the year. This year we had not only a play, but a Spring festival containing songs by the Glee Club and dances by the Physical Education Classes. Of course, in the minds of the seniors the play, "Jephthah's Daughter," was the best, but the audience enjoyed one section as well as the other.

May 13th. Election of new Sodality officers.

May 15th. Reverend Father Fitzgibbons of St. Louis University, one of the heads of our Sodality, visited our school to talk about Sodality work for next year.

May 20th. The last meeting of the Sodality and the formal installation of the new officers. The new prefect gave a short, clever address, expressing her pleasure on being elected to the office of prefect. She then presented the former prefect with an exquisite blue pendant bearing the image of the Immaculate Conception. The former secretary and treasurer received beautiful rosaries

The summer school for sodality workers at St. Louis University in the last two weeks of August will be attended by Misses Eileen McKugo, Betty Lewis, and Virginia Garrity.

The delegates who will attend the Mission Crusade Convention at Niagara are Misses Jane Charlson, Leonardine Charlson, Lois Eswin, Bernice Cunningham, Helen Griffin, Edith Diedrichsen.

May 19th.—On this afternoon a Recital was given in our assembly hall by a young boy of twelve, Joseph King, who astonished by his talent and mastery of difficult selections by the most classical of composers, including Liszt, Bach and many others

Honour Roll 1930 - 1931.

Third Year: Misses Colomba Zerega, Eileen McKugo, Virginia Geraghty, May Kenny, Catherine Rick, Bernice Falsey.

Second Year: Misses Margaret Nims, Regina Lannon, Claire Smith, June Lyons, June Mary Hoffman, Mary Kenny, Lois Eswin, Loretto Maleski, Florence O'Brien, Berenice Cunningham, Helen Sheehan, Mary O'Donnell.

First Year: Misses Elizabeth Healy, Jane Herbert, Rita Wark, Marion Wagner, Mary Ann Krull, Evelyn Bickler Helen Deutsch, Dorothy Roche, Ida Mae Flood, Eileen McGuire, Ruth Bower, Leonardine Charlson, Margaret Jeffers, Cyrilla Healy, Margaret Loftus, Veronica Purpura.

Rita Fitzpatrick

Loretto Academy, Sault Ste. Marie, Mich.

March 25th. Miss Helen Kent, the basketball coach, delightfully entertains the girls of the team with a party in the Public High-School Gymnasium

April 7th.—The Children of Mary entertain the entire student body at an Easter party in the beautifully adorned recreation hall. A perfect evening.

April 9th. The basketball team entertains Miss Kent at bridge in the Recreation Hall.

April 28th.—First Year girls try out their dramatic ability as they entertain the St. Theresa's Literary Organization with the humorous little farce, "Just Women."

May 1st. We listen to a most impressive lecture on the subject, "Youth Looks at His World," by the famous orator Mr Thomas Skelhill of New York

May 8th.—Hail Loretto! We win highest

honours in the annual May Music Festival at the Sault Ste. Marie High School. Special mention is made of our splendid appearance, excellent behavior, and of course, our singing. This is the first time Loretto has been represented in the affair and we are proud of the wonderful achievement.

May 15th.—We play our first game of basket ball and are defeated by the Second Year of Sault Ste. Marie High School.

May 18th. The venturesome team once more accepts a challenge for a game and comes off with a glorious victory. The score was 21-40.

May 19th - 21st. Retreat! At last the most anticipated season of the year has come, and Reverend Father Augustine Scarrell, Detroit, lifts us into the higher realms of thought, aspiration and resolution.

May 28th. A most impressive ceremony was the reception of eleven girls into the Sodality of the Children of Mary. The reception took place in the Convent Chapel following the annual May procession and Crowning of the Blessed Virgin.

June 2nd. The Second Year have a dance boat party on St. Mary's River.

June 5th. The operetta "Snow White," pleasingly presented by the primary and grammar grades of the school in the high school auditorium, received much applause.

June 10th. Third Year girls, following an annual custom, entertain the Fourth Year girls at a farewell banquet. Guests of honour include the Reverend Father John J. Stoughton and the Reverend Joseph Duquette.

June 14th. Reverend William Gagnear, S.J., gives the Baccalaureate sermon in the Chapel at half-past four this afternoon.

June 15th.—Annual School Picnic is held at the Shallows.

June 15th. Graduates are guests of the Alumnae at the Hotel Ojibway.

June 17th. High Mass for Graduates in the Convent Chapel.

Graduation! At last that long-waited for event is realized, and nine promising graduates receive diplomas during an impressive ceremony.

Loretta Milbauer.

Loretto Academy, Guelph.

The auditorium was transferred into a bower of beauty for the annual closing exercises and distribution of prizes. The occasion was graced with the presence of the clergy, and a large number of parents and friends of the pupils.

The student body, in their uniforms of blue, formed a picture of attractive girlish beauty, against a background of lovely summer blooms and ferns. The choral selections, Tota Pulchra Es, Summer Winds Blow, and an Invocation to the Sacred Heart, were sung with much charm and appeal, Miss Christina Reid being the efficient accompanist. A vocal solo, "Irish Lullaby," by Miss Margaret Cheevers, and an instrumental, "Romance," by Miss Alice Hohenadel, added a delightful touch.

The inspiring and forceful address was delivered by Reverend Father Monaghan, S.J., of St. Stanislaus' Novitiate. He paid tribute to the magnificent work that is being done by the Loretto nuns in building up the moral, intellectual and physical welfare of our youth. He congratulated the students upon their success during the past year and urged them to further endeavour.

The following are the prize list and results of promotion examinations.

Ten dollar gold piece, presented by Reverend Father Bradley, for Christian Doctrine, Miss Rita Bedford; honorable mention, Miss Margaret Cheevers. Prize for highest standing in Form III.: Miss Agnes Driscoll; honorable mention, Miss Veronica Murray. Prize for highest standing in Form II.: Miss Helen Frank; honorable mention, Miss Rita Schuett. Prize for highest standing in Form I.: Miss Rita Bedford; honorable mention, Miss Grace Frank. Prize for attendance and punctuality equally merited by Miss Mary LaMonte, Miss Rita Bedford, Miss Helen Conroy, Miss Gladys Drummond, Miss Pearl Jackson, Miss Gertrude Reinhart, obtained by Miss Mary LaMonte.

Five dollar gold piece, donated by Reverend Father Bradley, for highest standing in boys' class. Francis Lynch; honorable mention, Michael Conroy. Five dollar gold piece, donated by Reverend Father Bradley, for good conduct, boys' class, Frederick Frank. Six dollars presented by the Catholic Women's League for music will be awarded at the end of the music term. Gladys Dodds.

Loretto Abbey College School, Brunswick Avenue.

April 1st.—The Easter Crusade meeting was held to-day, and after the business was transacted, Form 1B conducted a symposium. Mother Mechtilda, our Superior, presented the long-coveted Inter-Loretto Basketball Championship Cup, which now graces the upper hall, where our admiring eyes rest fondly upon it as we pass.

May 20th-22nd. Retreat for First Forms under the able direction of Reverend H. Fleming, C.SS.R.

May 28th. Graduation Day. The auditorium filled to capacity with proud parents, relatives and friends, the entire school in their trim white frocks, and the flower-banked stage, all combined to make a perfect setting for the conferring of medals and the crowning of the twenty-seven graduates. Reverend D. J. O'Connor was the speaker of the afternoon and Miss Ruth McConvey the Valedictorian.

May 29th.—The May Procession has now become a tradition for the day after graduation, and was more lovely than ever. The graduates walked first, carrying their bouquets, and every other pupil carried a rose to present to Our Lady in the Chapel, where Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament closed the ceremony. Reverend Father Murray, C.S.P., gave a beautiful talk on devotion to Our Lady. Miss Catherine Macklin carried the banner, the gift of a former graduating class, and Miss Camilla McFarland crowned the statue.

June 9th.—The final Crusade meeting of the year when Reverend Father Fraser was the guest of honour and speaker, and was presented with a cheque for the China Missions.

June 11th.—The Junior Musicale, at which the youthful performers won well deserved praise. Miss Marion Ball and Miss Beryl Black of the advanced music class also played.

Pupils who distinguished themselves in the Toronto Conservatory of Music Examinations are:—

Intermediate Piano, Honours, Miss Beryl Black; Junior Piano, Honours, Miss Marion Ball; Primary Piano, Honours, Miss Rita Byrnes; Elementary Piano, Miss Pauline Preller; Elementary School Piano, Honours, Miss Margaret Lorsch; Introductory School Piano, Honours, Miss Betty Waddell and Miss Ruth Hass; Primary Theory, First in First Class Honours, Miss Marion Ball; First Class Honours, Miss Theresa Byrne; Honours, Miss Marion Hood.

June 13th. At the Closing Exercises for Junior Pupils and First and Second Forms High School, the following received prizes: For Highest Standing in First Form, Miss Margaret Vahey; for Highest Standing in Second Form, Miss Evelyn Murphy; for Christian Doctrine in Form IIA, Miss Agnes Fleming; for Christian Doctrine in Form IIB, Miss Marie Ficemmini; for Regularity and Punctuality, Miss Marie Whibbs; for Class Work in Elocution, Miss Beryl Black and Miss Grace Plunkett; for Christian Doctrine in the Entrance Class, Miss Joan Brohman; for Christian Doctrine in Junior Fourth Class, Miss Mary Dawson; for Highest Standing in the Entrance Class, Miss Betty Boland; for Highest Standing in Junior Fourth Class, Miss Kathleen Barry; Proficiency Prize in Senior Third Class, Miss Joan O'Sullivan, and in Junior Third Class, Miss Lucy Laurin; Proficiency Prize in Senior Second Class, Miss Margaret Cahley; Proficiency Prize in Junior Second Class, Miss Margaret Wilson; Proficiency Prize in First Class, Master Alan McConvey. There was also an exhibition of Fine Art in oil and water colours, and of Physical Culture and Choral Singing.

The speaker of the occasion, Reverend Father Carvil, C.S.P., congratulated the pupils and stressed the advantages they were receiving in the school. The pupils who took part in the elocution, violin and piano numbers were: Misses Helen Regan, Helen McKee, Rita Stitt, Patricia Kielly, Marguerite Johnston, Pauline Preller, Joan O'Sullivan, Rita Byrnes, Marion Ball, Vinetta Burke, Beryl Black and Clare Colgan.

Mary Wynn Slipper.

Loretto Academy, Hamilton.

March 20th.—Reverend Father J. M. Fraser gave a splendid illustrated lecture on Mission work in China.

April 23rd. The final debate of the Interform series was held. The subject was: Resolved that complete disarmament, except for police forces, should be undertaken by all nations. The affirmative was upheld by the Misses Doris Clancy and Margaret Goodrow, of Form Three, and the negative by the Misses Dorothy King and Irene Hindelang, of Form Four. The decision of the judges was in favour of the negative.

The debate was followed by a rehearsal from Macbeth after the manner presented by Shakespeare himself in the Globe Theatre.

April 29th.—One of our graduates, Miss Mary Townsend, gave an interesting programme of pianoforte music. She was accompanied by Professor W. H. Hewlett, Mus.Bac., at the second piano.

May 29th. The campus was the scene of a most beautiful May Procession in honour of the Blessed Virgin Mary. The procession was followed by Benediction and a sermon delivered by the Reverend Father Curtis.

June 2nd. Graduation Day. The Right Reverend Monsignor Gehl, V.G., conferred the honours on the graduates. Miss Dorothy King welcomed the assembled guests in a few heartfelt words, and Miss Mary Burke delivered the valedictory. Reverend P. L. O'Brien, Ph.D., was the speaker of the occasion.

June 3rd.—The undergraduates entertained the graduates at a tea, together with the Class of 1926, who donated the debating shield. Miss Aileen Hayes, a member of this class, presented the shield.

June 6th.—The Hamilton Branch of the Loretto Alumnae held a banquet in honour of the new graduates.

Three recitals, which gave much pleasure

to the pupils and their friends, were presented during the last weeks of the term. In the first, which took place on May 21st, several piano solos, duets, and two semi-choruses made up the major part of the programme. Miss Marguerite Nash, one of Hamilton's most brilliant young vocalists, delighted every one with her rendering of Bach's Air for the G string, and Monte's Czardes. Those taking part in the piano numbers were: Misses Betty Pyper, Joan Smith, Betty Thorpe, Elizabeth Hall, Helen Goodrow, Germaine Piche, Viola Lynch, Phoebe Beaton, Martina Batty, Ruth Goldberg, Margaret Goodrow, Frances Giddens, Sylvia Winteridge and Jessie Stewart. Misses Mary Helen Burns, Edna Hayes and Muriel Hayes recited.

The second, a piano and violin recital, was given on May 27th. The smallest pupils, Misses Mary Elizabeth Brick and Eileen Naida Douglas, proved very promising young pianists. Solos, duets and duos were played by Misses Bernice Brohman, Isabel McDermott, Jane BeSaw, Janet BeSaw, Jean Kollas, Doris Pukalski, Margaret Shields, Marion Good, Margaret Nelligan, Catherine Smith and Beverly Barnes. Previous to the group of Chopin's prelude, a very interesting paper concerning them was read by Miss Marion Flynn. The following juvenile violinists, Misses Kathleen Radigan, and Lillian Digney, Anthony Cherenzie, Stanley Giera and Miss Nancy Douglas also took part, Miss Nancy Douglas being accompanied in her solo by her sister, Miss Eileen Douglas. The instructor, Mr. Frank Filgiano, closed the evening with "Reverie," by Vieuxtemps, and the National Anthem.

At the last recital on June 11th, all the little folk from First Grade to Senior Second took part in four groups of folk dances, and several pupils from First Form also gave a Danish Folk Dance. These numbers, and a recitation, "Lucy Grey," by Miss Mary Helen Burns, gave a very pleasing variety to the programme. The opening choruses were two songs from Mozart, "Jesus, Tender Shepherd," and "The Elfin Invitation." Piano solos, duets and trios were played by Misses Veronica Ellis, Joan Langston, Mary Louise Tegler, Edmon Hodson, Margaret Hughes, Jean McLachlan, Peggy Allen, Alpha Janice Zimmerer, Margaret Filmore, Molka Minden, Margaret Paxton, Marjorie Cochrane, Ellaine Ellis, Betty McCowell, Bernice McCowell, Lorraine Flynn, Teresa Rutherford, Eva Wooden, Phoebe Beeton, Marguerite White, Mae Murray, Shirley Lockett, Roberta Slater, Olive Orme and Jane Donald.

Prize List.

1. The Bishop's Scholarship, value $40, gift of Right Reverend J. T. McNally, D.D., open to pupils of the Entrance Class, awarded to Miss Josephine Reynolds; 2. the McIntyre Scholarship, value $40, gift of Mrs. W. H. McIntyre, open to pupils of the entrance class of St. Joseph's Separate School, awarded for the year 1929-1930 to Miss Jean Chisholm; 3. the Sullivan Scholarship, value $40, gift of Dr. Herbert J. Sullivan, open to pupils of the First Year High School, awarded to Miss Joan Smith; 4. the Whitton Scholarship, value $40, gift of Mrs. Eva Whitton, open to students of the Second Year High School, awarded to Miss Jean Whittaker; 5. Loretto (Hamilton) Alumnae Scholarship, value $50, open to Matriculant of Loretto Academy, Hamilton, who take the Upper School Course, awarded for the year 1929-1930 to Miss Christine Lo Presti; 6. Gold Cross for Senior Christian Doctrine Class, gift of Right Reverend J. T. McNally, D.D., awarded to Miss Stella St. Arnaud; 7. Silver Cross

to, Junior Christian Doctrine Class, gift of Very Reverend Dean Cassidy, awarded to Miss Mae Murray; 8, Silver Medal for Christian Doctrine in Entrance Class, gift of Reverend A. J. Leyes, awarded to Miss Muriel Slaught; 9, Bronze Medal for English Literature, gift of His Excellency the Governor-General of Canada, awarded to Miss Norma Santos; Honourable Mention for English Literature, Miss Margaret Sharkey; 10, The Downes Scholarship for Intermediate Piano, value $25, gift of Dr. Wm. F. Downes, awarded for year 1930 to Miss Nora Nelligan; 11, Prize of $10, donated by Lady Gibson for general excellence in deportment, application and school spirit, determined by the vote of the Faculty, awarded to Miss Viola Lynch; 12, Commercial graduating diplomas and speed certificates for Typewriting obtained with Honours by Miss Margaret Wilson, Miss Louise Gravelle, Miss Freda Garner, Miss Stella St. Arnaud, Miss Margaret Nicholson, Miss Margaret Barton; Pass, Miss Doris Easterbrooks, Miss Nora Nelligan, Miss Barbara O'Kelly.

Results of Toronto Conservatory of Music Examinations, June 1930. Piano. Associateship A.T.C.M. Solo Performers. Honour, Miss Marjorie Hart; Intermediate, Miss Nora E. Nelligan; Elementary, Miss Bernice Brodmier; Introductory Honours, Misses Mary Elizabeth Brick, Jane BeSaw, Janet BeSaw, Shirley Lockett, Violin. Primary Honours, Wilfred Cook, Doris Davies, Miss Lily Kopp, Miss Rose Mikol. Elementary Honours, Miss Anne Marie Douglas. Theory. Intermediate Grade. Counterpoint, History. First Class Honours, Miss Irene Dietrich; History, Form Honours, Miss Marjorie Hart; Junior Grade: Harmony, Misses Margaret Nelligan and Dorothy Smith; Counterpoint, First Class Honours, Miss Genevieve Malleck. History, First Class Honours, Miss Dorothy Smith. Honours, Misses Muriel Schoenberg and Mary E. Leyes. Primary Grade. First Class Honours, Misses Dorothy Smith, Mary E. Leyes, Isabel McDermott.

Margaret Sharkey.

Loretto Convent, Sedley, Saskatchewan.

At the very moment of going to press we learn that the Sedley contributions sent some weeks ago for this issue of the "Rainbow," have been definitely lost on the way. Loretto, Sedley, has always been one of our best and most faithful correspondents and supporters, and we regret that through no fault of theirs or of ours this issue of the magazine should be deprived of their interesting articles and chronicles, and we hope to make up for this in our October number.

LORETTO CONVENT, CHURCH AND RECTORY.

SEDLEY, SASKATCHEWAN.

"Loretto," Sioux Lookout, Ont.

May 1st. To open the month of May, a shrine was built in honour of Our Immaculate Mother. We had May bands, of course, for would we be children of Loretto without them? We broke the record this year in daily attendance at Mass, and many received Holy Communion.

There were so many faithful ones that it was necessary to draw for the crowning. The lot fell to Miss Josephine Prior. The crowning took place in Sacred Heart Church on the last Friday in May. The children took part in the procession in honour of Our Lady, singing hymns as they walked. Miss Tranquilla Favot read the Act of Consecration.

May 19th,—We were privileged in having Reverend Mother Pulcheria, Superior-General, and Mother Blandina visit us from Toronto. On rather short notice, the children gave a little entertainment and displayed their talent.

Mother-General awarded prizes for punctuality and fidelity since September.

June 9th,—"Ecclesiastical Row" was in danger for a while when a serious fire broke out very close to the Convent, but no damage was done to it.

June 10th. Miss Frances Rafalant, aged 10, one of our pupils, died in Winnipeg after a lingering illness. We offer heartfelt sympathy to her bereaved parents and relatives.

June 12th,—The members of the Little Flower Guild met in the Convent on Friday evening. The meeting opened with Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament sung by the members.. Reverend Father Bellevance remained to inspect the articles the children were making for the bazaar. Lunch was served and enjoyed by all, and our revered pastor was our guest, and added greatly to the merriment of the little gathering. Bernadette George.

Loretto Academy, Woodlawn, Chicago.

March 17th,—Contrary to all tradition, the Freshmen proved themselves most capable when they entertained the school at a St. Patrick's Day party.

March 19th.—To-day the annual gymnasium demonstration won great praise. We thank Miss Badt, our instructress, for making the performance the great success it was.

March 24th-25th. Three days of great spiritual significance for the Woodlawn girls. Reverend Edward Holton, S.J., conducted the Retreat, which we felt so worth while that we are looking for equally great results.

March 29th,—Palm Sunday. St. Philip's Surplice Choir gave a sacred concert in the school gymnasium and later sang Benediction, after which tea was served. The choir met with enthusiastic appreciation.

April 9th. An exciting basketball game with Loretto Englewood. They gave us a bad scare, but we finally pulled through with a point or so to the good. The Englewood team then entertained our girls at a delightful banquet. Englewood always does the nicest thing in the nicest way.

May 1st.—The Women's Club of St. Cyril's School planted a tree in front of Our Lady's grotto. The ceremony was very impressive. The girls marched in procession carrying the banner of Our Blessed Mother and the American flag. After Reverend Father Basil, O.Carm., blessed the tree, the group sang the National Anthem.

May 5th,—The Senior Class presented the Biblical production, "The Slave Maid of Israel." Dramatically and financially it was a complete success.

May 12th.—We attended the delightful matinee performance of Loretto Englewood's Spring Festival.

May 30th.—The greatest event of the school year—the Crowning of Our Blessed Mother. Rev. Father Basil officiated at the beautiful ceremony on the campus, and Miss Beatrice Greve, the President of the Sodality, crowned Our Lady. The maids of honour were Misses Veronica O'Meara, Rita Overmeyer, Kathleen Cooney, Blanche Taylor, and Marion McClelland. A reception of new members into the Sodality followed.

June 2nd.—The team held a rally to which the entire school came, and enthusiasm ran high. Miss Mildred Murphy was presented with a blue and white sweater bearing the letters she had won on the basketball field. The following also received letters won by their valiant efforts in sports: Miss Margaret Carter, Mary Petree, Mary Ellen Sherrington, Rita Rourke, Loretto McIntyre, Kathleen Dunn, Vivian McMahon, Irene Macy, Florence Hayes. The business manager was presented with a white kid purse and gloves as a token of appreciation for the efficient work she had done. The cheer leaders, Misses Alice Hein, Veronica O'Meara and Frances Spitzig, as well as the timekeeper, Miss Helen Dunn, and the scorekeeper, Miss Helen O'Rourke, were also given tokens of appreciation. Reverend Martin O'Donnell, O.Carm., did not appear at the rally, although his presence was earnestly requested. Nothing we could ever say or do could make any return to Father Martin for all that he has done for us. We feel that the fine team we have is due to his untiring efforts and spirited backing. God bless Father Martin!

June 8th.—At assembly to-day, the following received prizes for their year's work. Prize for Church History, Senior Class, Miss Beatrice Greve; prize for Church History, Junior Class, Miss Mary Petree; prize for Religion, Sophomore Class, Miss Florence Hayes; prize for religion, Freshman Class, Miss Doris McPartlin; prize for highest average in the Junior Class, Miss Martha Smet; prize for highest average in the Sophomore Class, Miss Mary O'Brien; prize for highest average in the Freshman class tied for by Miss Mary Thomas and Miss Jean McAuley; prize for French in the Senior Class, Miss Marion McClelland.

The following received awards for perfect attendance: Fourth year, Misses Alice Hein, Stella Olejniczak, Marie Stanton, Blanche Taylor, Eleanor Zimmerman; Third year, Misses Margaret Bodner, Mary Petree, Rita Rourke, Inez Rowning, Bernice Stanford; Second year, Misses Catherine Golden, Florence Hayes, Mary O'Brien, Mary White; First year, Misses Marguerite Baird, Patricia Haran, Mary Hogan, Elsie Felix, Martha De Vany, Laura Koch, Veronica Manning, Rita McIsaac, Jean Maloney, Margaret O'Connor, Leonore Purpura, Wilma Roberts, Edna Seida, Winifred Webb.

June 10th.—From the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass and the Baccalaureate sermon in the morning, to the exercises in the evening, presided over by His Excellency Right Reverend B. J. Sheil, D.D., V.G., graduation day was in reality the crowning point of our school life. The following scholarships were awarded: For Mundelein College, Miss Marie Stanton; for St. Xavier's College, Miss Kathleen Cooney; for St. Xavier's College, Miss Helen O'Rourke; for De Paul University, Miss Marion McClelland; for the Sherwood School of Music, Miss Marie Stanton. The Proficiency Medal was awarded to Miss Marion Stanton, who was also valedictorian. Miss Kathryn Burke gave the address of welcome. His Excellency spoke of the splendid school spirit that manifested itself even during our short performance.

Kathryn Burke, '31.

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45

AUTUMN.

The summer months here passed away,
The autumn days are here,
The leaves, on trees, fall to decay:
We know that winter's near.
So passes every earthly thing
Now here, and then it's gone
Except the Word of Christ the King:
"My Kingdom lieth on."

Barbara Knox, Form II.,
Loretto Abbey, Armour Heights, Toronto.

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THE RAINBOW

LORETTO ABBEY
ARMOUR HEIGHTS TORONTO, CANADA

Frontispiece—Christ the King
To the Crusaders of Loretto—Reverend W. C. McGrath
Ave Maria—F. J. Coleman, M.A.
In the Cause of Christ the King.
Alumnae of Loretto Distinguished in Catholic Women's League.
The Mystic—Verna Sauer
The Art of Stevenson—Mother M. Dympna, I.B.V.M.
Dante's Appeal to Human Hearts—Mother M. Borgia, I.B.V.M.

ARTICLES by Margaret Glintz, 3T2, Mollie Hopkins, 3T2, Frances Clarke, Lois Berryman, Marywinn Slipper, Aileen O'Brien, Dorothy McGregor, Adele Brunet, Miriam Wolf, Avilla McAuley, Rosemary Welsh, Elise Felix, Ruth Snider, Jean Sullivan, Joanne McLaughlin, Adrian Kildea, Margaret White, Anna Jean Ripley, Mary O'Connor, Margaret Ash.

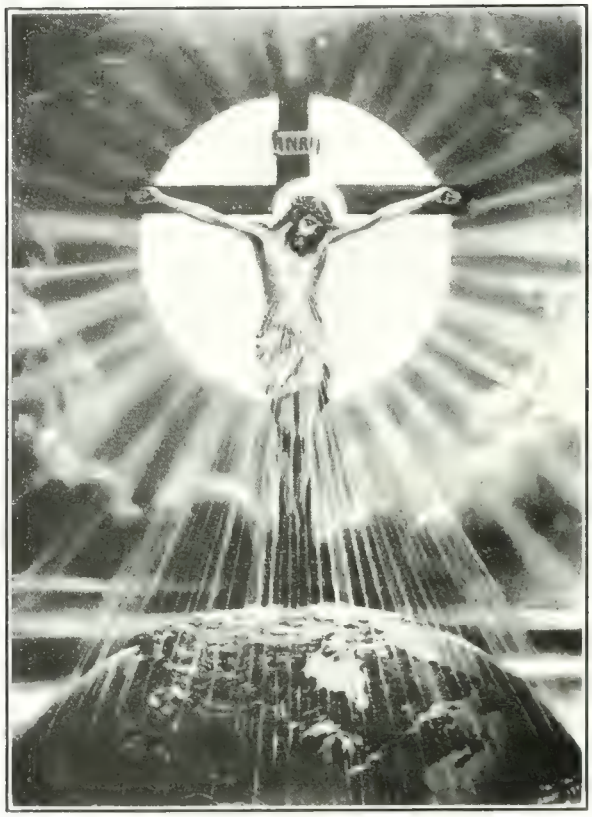
VERSE by Barbara Knox, May Kennedy, Millicent Pentound, Catherine Rick, Loretta Roche, Rita Huntley, Dorothy Shultz, Cecilia Forrest, Elizabeth Healy.

CATHERINE MACE, 3T2, Loretto Abbey College, Brunswick Avenue, Toronto, *Editor-in-Chief*

Associate Editors: ISABEL KERWIN, Loretto Abbey, Armour Heights, Toronto; MARY McCONVEY, Loretto Abbey College School, Brunswick Avenue, Toronto; RITA DOYLE, St. Cecilia's Convent, Toronto; JULIA GEIGER, Loretto Academy, Niagara Falls, Ont.; DORIS CLANCY, Loretto Academy, Hamilton, Ont.; PAULINE PIGEON, Loretto Academy, Stratford, Ont.; MAY KENNY, Loretto High School, Englewood, Chicago; MARY O'CONNOR, Loretto Academy, Sault Ste. Marie, Mich.; FRANCES DUNN, Loretto Academy, Woodlawn, Chicago; SYDNEY ISRAELS, Sedley, Sask.; MARGARET BRANAGAN, St. Bride Convent, Chicago; BERNADETTE GEORGE, Loretto Convent, Sioux Lookout, Ont.; IRENE PASS, St. Mary's School, Saskatoon, Sask.; BETTY O'DONOHUE, St. Adrian's School, Chicago; MARGARET HAYES, St. Cyril's School, Chicago; GRACE O'BRIEN, Loretto Academy, Guelph, Ont.

Published at Toronto Four Times a Year. **Subscription, $1.00 per year.**

All business communications should be addressed to the Business Office, Loretto Abbey, Armour Heights, Toronto, and all literary communications to the Editorial Office, Loretto Abbey College, 287 Brunswick Ave., Toronto, 4.



CHRIST THE KING.

[illegible]

Barbara Knox, Form II.,

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LORETTO RAINBOW

Earth's noblest thing—a woman perfected.

VOL. XXXVIII. TORONTO, OCTOBER, 1931 No. 2

St. Francis Xavier Seminary
Scarboro Bluffs, Ont.

Dear Loretto Crusaders:

I can assure you it is a pleasure to accede to your request to "say a word" to the students before my departure for China. My first thought cannot but be one of gratitude to the Crusaders of Loretto. Since our "pioneer days" you have been staunch friends of our work for China, and it would be impossible in this brief message adequately to convey our feelings of deep appreciation.

They tell me that during a missionary's first year in China his chief duty consists in looking wise (no mean task for some of us), saying nothing, and attempting to learn the language. This should leave a little time on one's hands for correspondence, and I hope to be able to tell you through the pages of The Rainbow something of the real work over there.

Meanwhile, dear friends, let me assure you of a daily remembrance in the Holy Sacrifice, and accept my best wishes for the continued success of your Alma Mater.

Very sincerely yours,

W. C. McGRATH.

October, 1931.

Ave Maria

By P. J. COLEMAN, M.A.

I.

Home to his elm the black crow wings,
Dusk brings the close of day.
Hark! 'tis the Angelus that rings
From yonder convent gray!
A thrill of joy the toiler feels,
The children cease from play,
The weary housewife humbly kneels,
And mands to Mary pray
Ave Maria! Mother mild!
For help to thee we plead,
Sweet Mother of the Holy Child,
Assist us in our need!

II.

Three times a day with triple note
Peals out Our Lady's bell,
And faint and far its echoes float
O'er listening hill and dell.
Three several times the silvery chimes
To earth and heaven tell
The mystic word that Mary heard
From lips of Gabriel.
Hail, Mary, hail! With thee the Lord
Hath found a dwelling place!
In life, in death, at every breath
Bestow on us thy grace!

III.

It is the hushed and holy hour
That brings from toil release;
Men feel a breath of heavenly pow'r
Steal o'er their hearts in peace.
The dusk seems filled with wing and plume
Of angels hovering near,
And thro' the dim empurpling gloom
The bells ring sweet and clear.
Hail, full of grace! The Lord's with thee!
'Mong women blest art thou!
O, shield us in adversity
At thy dear feet who bow!

IV.

The convent darkens on the hill,
The fields are dark below;
The bells are mute, their music still
And fades the sunset's glow.
To Mary turn fond hearts, and yearn
In tender, trusting love
As thro' the dusk the candles burn
And stars beam out above.
Ave Maria! Mother Maid!
Of thy maternal pow'r,
Protect us by thy love and aid
In life and at death's hour!

Loretto Abbey, Armour Heights, Toronto.

In the Cause of Christ The King

AN INTERESTING GROUP AT THE CRUSADE CONVENTION.

Left to right — Right Reverend Monsignor J. J. Blair, President of Catholic Church extension Society of Canada; Right Reverend A. MacDonald, D.D., His Excellency Most Reverend Neil McNeil, D.D., Archbishop of Toronto; Reverend C. F. Curran, D.D., Halifax. (Photograph by courtesy of the "Mail and Empire," Toronto).

Of particular interest to all Loretto students and graduates was the departure ceremony at St. Michael's Cathedral, Toronto, on the evening of Sunday, October 4th, for Reverend Fathers William McGrath, Joseph Kang, Arthur Venadam, and John MacDonald, all of St. Francis Xavier China Mission Seminary.

For years a love of missionary work has been growing in the hearts of all Loretto students, a love that has inspired us with a true missionary zeal, and gives us a personal interest in the work of these four priests who are going to a mission field upon which some of our best effort has been centered.

All "Rainbow" readers may feel an added interest in Reverend Father McGrath, who is a brother of Miss Helen McGrath, a graduate of 2T9, and a former editor-in-chief of the "Rainbow." The enthusiasm with which he breaks all ties near and dear to him, and leaves for a foreign land in obedience to Christ's charge — "Go ye into the whole world, and preach the gospel to every creature," makes us pause and consider that the responsibility of carrying out the command rests not upon this one and that one, but upon each and every one of us — that Christ's word was addressed to us all. And in the mind of each Crusader rises the resolution to redouble her prayers and material aid to further the work of these and many other young men and women who are carrying on the great campaign in which a place in the first ranks is not at present granted to us.

In his address to the departing missioners Reverend J. J. O'Connor, well known priest orator, pointed out that there are different vocations in the priesthood, some having pastoral

REV. JOSEPH P. KING, Newburg, Ont.

REVEREND WM. C. McGRATH, St. John's, Newfoundland.

REVEREND JOHN J. MacDONALD, Windsor, N.S.

REVEREND L. ARTHUR VENADAM, Pomquet, N.S.

offices, others being evangelists. A priest he defined as an intermediary between God and man. Even in pagan times priests existed, but they were incapable of encouraging spiritual growth and dispelling ignorance. Our Lord was the greatest priest. He is the master craftsman; priests are His instruments. As a priest He lived, and as a priest He died—to rise again and live throughout the ages in these "other Christs," the Christian priesthood descended from Him.

When at the conclusion of this address the four young missioners made acts of faith, and of fealty to the Holy Father, and received the blessing of His Excellency, Most Reverend Neil McNeil, D.D., Archbishop of Toronto, they did so with all the courage and ardent zeal of soldiers about to advance into the front ranks; so to these daring soldiers of the great army of Christ we say, together with their fellow seminarians, Godspeed!

VERY REVEREND FRANCIS CARROLL,
President of St. Augustine's Seminary, Toronto.

Congratulations are offered Father Carroll on his new dignity. Father Carroll has many times provided the inspiration for our Mission Crusade Unit, and written for our magazine, and has long been a valued friend of Loretto.

REVEREND GERALD DOYLE,
Ordained for Chinese Missions.

Later in the week Father McGrath came to say good-bye to his friends at Loretto Abbey College. The light-heartedness that he displayed was suggestive rather of one about to set out on a long vacation. This former editor of "China" has drawn from the accounts of his fellow priests who reaped the mission field before him, a love of the work of Christ that laughs at sacrifice—a love that he now proves by leaving all to follow his Master.

As we knelt to receive his parting blessing, a prayer was offered from our hearts that we might emulate this courage and love, and in our small way here at home share in this harvesting of souls for God.

Another happy link between Loretto and the China Mission Seminary, and one that identifies us most [illegible] with this glorious

work, comes with the ordination of Reverend Gerald Doyle, himself a former Loretto pupil, whose early schooldays were spent at Wellesley Place. Father Doyle is the son of Mr. and Mrs. B. J. Doyle, 73 Huntley Street, Toronto, and has two brothers priests: Rev. Bernard Doyle, parish priest of Welland, Ontario, and Reverend Basil Doyle, C.S.P., St. Peter's Church, Toronto. Reverend Gerald Doyle was ordained for the Chinese Missions, on Sunday, Sept. 6th, in the Church of the Sacred Heart, Peterborough, Ontario, by His Excellency Right Reverend Denis O'Connor, D.D., Bishop of Peterborough, and in the presence of his parents and family, said his first Mass the following day in the chapel of Loretto Abbey College, Brunswick Avenue, Toronto, where his sister is a member of the Community. On the following Sunday at his first Solemn Mass, sung at his parish church, Our Lady of Lourdes, Toronto, his parents had the joy of seeing their three sons together at the altar. Reverend Basil Doyle, C.S.P., acted as deacon, and Reverend Bernard Doyle as sub-deacon. Reverend Gerald Doyle is now being sent by his parents to continue his studies in Rome, before beginning his life-work in China.

Margaret Glintz, 3T2

The Kingdom of the World for Its King and Lord

Loretto Abbey College School, Brunswick Avenue, Unit, in the procession at the Crusade Convention.

(Photograph by courtesy of the Mail and Empire.)

EDITORIAL

The recent Canadian Catholic Students' Mission Crusade Convention cannot have failed to produce in us something more than a newer sympathy with the Missions. True, it accomplished a great deal in that respect, for the various exercises, especially the departure ceremony, held for this year's "little band," brought before us the vital need of priests and nuns, not for China alone, but everywhere. The Mass at the Cathedral where the youthful delegates congregated in such numbers—making one think of the "Children's Crusade"—was a potent demonstration of the zeal of modern girls and boys for the spreading of the Gospel.

The most glorious aspect of the whole thing was, however, the challenge such an adolescent army, strong in the faith, flings to a materialistic world. This concrete expression of a living ideal that has achieved such a splendid sense of proportion, robs the pessimists of their predictions that high-thinking is no more.

What we need to-day is idealism—not the sort that is prone to fall by the wayside, worn out with futile aspirations, but rather the kind that is typified by loyalty to a cause or an ideal. Some will say that the youth of to-day is satisfied with mediocrity, and that consequently lowered standards are accepted along with everything else. While it may be true of a certain percentage of young people, we cannot feel that Catholic youth may be numbered in that category. Hearts that are warmed with petty fires could, or rather would never respond to an ideal such as that for which the Crusade movement stands. Its quintessence is sacrifice, bearing with it, as it does, the story of the greatest Sacrifice. Hearts untuned to loyalty could never accept this as an entirely new idea.

It is well for us oftentimes to examine carefully the criterion we have raised for ourselves. Devotion is a very beautiful thing, even though the object may be unworthy, but a lifetime spent in blind loyalty to a petty cause, is, in the last analysis, rather an empty one. If we can definitely espouse the ideal of the Crusade—if we but put away the smaller things, and stand apart from them,—we are in reality beginning to prepare ourselves for a newer and deeper appreciation of the souls about us, and a more satisfying personal life of our own.

C.M., 3T2.

LORETTO ALUMNAE SCHOLARSHIP.

The annual scholarship for Loretto Abbey College in the University of Toronto, given by the Loretto Alumnae Association, Loretto Abbey, Armour Heights, to the Loretto matriculant ranking highest in the June examinations of the Department of Education, was won this year by Miss Viola Lynch, of Loretto Academy, Hamilton. Honourable mention is given also to Miss Norma Santos, of Loretto Academy, Hamilton, and to Miss Lois Berryman, of Loretto Abbey College School, Brunswick Avenue, Toronto.

ALUMNAE OF LORETTO DISTINGUISHED IN CATHOLIC WOMEN'S LEAGUE

MRS. J. COFFEY,
Honorary Secretary, C.W.L.

In the Executive of the Catholic Women's League of Canada, as elected in June of this year at the annual meeting, in Charlottetown, P.E.I., are two members of special interest to readers of our magazine, since they are alumnae of Loretto—the Honorary Secretary, Mrs. J. Coffey of Montreal, and one of the Vice-Presidents, Miss Rose McElderry of Guelph. Both have been earnest and active daughters of their Alma Mater of whom she is justly proud.

Mrs. Coffey is a [illegible] member of the Catholic Women's League of Canada, which she founded at its inception. She was [illegible] Convener of Education for two years, during which term she founded the C.W.L. National Scholarship. She was National Honorary Treasurer for two years, and was elected National Honorary Secretary at the Convention in Charlottetown in June of this year. Mrs. Coffey is always a most cordial and bountiful hostess to the nuns who travel to or through Montreal at any season of the year.

Miss Rose McElderry of Guelph has been an outstanding member of the C.W.L. for eleven years. She was Honorary Secretary for the last two years and is now one of the Vice-Presidents of the National Executive. Miss McElderry attended the Archdiocesan convention in Toronto in the first week of October as

MISS ROSE McELDERRY,
Vice-President, C.W.L.

a representative and speaker from the National Executive.

To both we offer our sincere congratulations on the recognition of their ability and zeal thus made by the largest national organization of Catholic women in Canada.

We also offer congratulations to Mrs. W. J. MacIntyre, the President of the C.W.L., with whom we have already had such pleasant relations. Her sympathy and humble zeal should augur well for the continuance of the noble work accomplished by the C.W.L. under previous executives.

Loretto has had the honour of enrolling in its lists one of the recipients of the generous scholarship given by the C.W.L. This scholarship is the most munificent given in any college or university in Canada, being of the annual value of $500, and total value of $200 for each student who maintains the required academic standing. The Scholarship Convener for the present executive is Mrs. J. C. Keenan, of Toronto, and the student at present in her third year, who holds the Scholarship, is Miss Carolyn Hamel, of Wilcox, Saskatchewan.

THE MYSTIC.

By Verna Sauer

(Miss Sauer is a former pupil of Loretto Academy, Guelph)

He treads the crackling leaves beneath bare trees
To watch the stars grow bright in darkening sky,
And talks of fellowship with vagrant breeze
Or sings of One on high.

He stands a wind-blown lad, rain on his face
To see a murky moon behind deep cloud,
And thrills at lightning's dash, or thunder's mace,
And talks to God aloud.

He builds a brushwood fire when night is keen
And looks until the flames have died in sod
With eyes all bright and face a glorious sheen,
He communes with his God.

THE ART OF STEVENSON

By MOTHER M. DYMPNA, I.B.V.M.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON was born in Edinburgh, November 13, 1850. He inherited from his mother a wonderful brightness of disposition; he was passionately devoted to her, but a stronger influence than that of his gentle mother was wielded by his nurse Alison: he never forgot her; he dedicated to her one of his works, "The Child's Garden."

Stevenson came from a very religious family; he says he spent "a convenanting childhood." He was blessed in his home surroundings. His mother and nurse read to him until he was eight years old; then he read to himself.

Stevenson's life was from the outset consecrated to his art. He wrote thus to a friend:

"I sleep upon my art for a pillow, I waken in my art, I am unready for death because I hate to leave it, I am not but in my art; I am the body of it merely." The supreme passion of his life was his art. From his viewpoint of art, as well as of morality, his aims were the highest and best.

Stevenson began to write early; his first effort was made when he was six years old. His uncle offered a prize for the best history of Moses. Louis won the prize for his effort, and from that time the desire of his heart was to be a writer.

Robert Louis belonged to a family of lighthouse architects of Sweaton in that department of engineering; and he was to have been an engineer himself. But he was incurably literary; and after school and college at Edinburgh was called to the Bar, with no more practical results in that profession, than in the other. There is more than one way of bringing light into the world, and Robert Louis' way is perhaps better than that of his father or grandfather.

Learning to write was a business with Stevenson. "All through life," he says, "I was pointed out as an idler. Yet I was always busy. I always kept two books in my pocket, one to read and one to write in." When he read a passage that particularly pleased him, he made up his mind to copy that; when out walking he always wrote a description of the scenes that appealed to him. Description was the principal field of his exercise. But he worked in other ways also, often accompanied his walks with dramatic dialogues, in which he played many parts, and often exercised himself in writing down conversations from memory. What he thus wrote was for no ulterior use, but for practice. He says, "It is not so much that I want to be an author, but I was determined to know how to write; that was a proficiency that tempted me."

He travelled much on account of his health, in Scotland, France, Belgium, and in 1887 he came to America and shortly afterwards cruised along the Pacific Islands, where he found after an extraordinary, adventurous quest, the Treasure Island—the climatic paradise—that enchanced his possibilities and with this discovery was ushered in his completely full and rich period, the time in which his genius and his character most overflowed.

Stevenson's literary achievement was extensive. He wrote among other things, "An Inland Voyage," "Travels With a Donkey,"

"Across the Plains," "Amateur Emigrant." These are delightful sketches of his travels. "Prince Otto" is, perhaps, the best-written book, but is by no means his best book.

He wrote a large number of Essays, the best of which are "Virginibus Puerisque," "Memoirs and Portraits," "Familiar Studies of Men and Books." As an essayist Stevenson does not belong to the same class as Newman or Macauley; he belongs with Steele, Addison and Swift. He had not the extensive education necessary for criticism; he reaches the highest plane of the greatest essayists when he limits his criticism to life. He has the unfailing power of suggesting to every reader new thoughts on the subject considered. His aim is to interest his readers; he has no dogmatism; he readily perceives that others may differ from him; he regrets that others will differ from him, yet he realizes that they have a right to differ. Sincerity is one of the characteristics of Stevenson's writings. His charm as an essayist is to be ascribed to his spirit, his way of looking at things; his chief charm is not in how he says a thing, but in the thing he says.

It was as a story-teller that he won his greatest triumphs; it was as a story-teller that he revealed his greatest variety; it is as a story-teller that he is most likely to linger on the shelves of our libraries; he was not only a born story-teller, as Scott was, but he was a master of the craft, a loving, devoted, untiring student of the art, which Scott was not. Stevenson tells his story with more art and with a firmer grip on the reader; each book has a finish and glamour of the true literary artist.

No one but a Scotchman could have written the "Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." Other stories are "Kidnapped," "David Balfour," "The Master of Ballantrae," but it was not until he published his highly romantic "Treasure Island" that he leaped into prominence. "Treasure Island" is an absorbing story of pirates and of a hunt for buried gold; it is a splendid boys' story and one of literary excellence.

Reading the "Child's Garden of Verses," we live our childhood over again. It gives us a view of life from the level of the nursery fender. This book has the enormous advantage of being unique in English literature. There are enough verses written for children, and about children, but none that represent childhood so accurately, as seen from an adult standpoint, and yet, still perfectly remembered and understood. Stevenson retained much of the child in his nature; his recollections of his childhood seem miraculously lucid and sharp, and he positively never lapses from childish naïveté. He is always, in the best sense of the word, an impressionist; that is he draws things not as he knows them to be on reflection, but as they appear to him, and that is the method of a child. He has given to the world the romance of boyhood. He loved children passionately, and was loved and trusted by them in return. "Those whom children love are really lovable; children with unerring instinct know whom to love." His charity was Christ-like and most so when its object was a little child.

With regard to Stevenson's two unfinished works perhaps there is little to be said. The one, "St. Ives," maintains his reputation as a brilliant and ever interesting raconteur. "Weir of Hermiston," an admirable, unfinished thing, does something more. It shows an imposing style of creative work above anything he had yet attempted; it is generally regarded as his masterpiece.

Stevenson is one of the most cheerful writers in English literature, and to this spirit of

cheerfulness he owes his popularity. Chesterton says, "The supreme and splendid characteristic of Stevenson's work was his levity, and his levity was the flower of a hundred grave philosophies." *Esperance* was his watchword. The writer's own pathetic life was, as the world knows, a consistent practising of what he preached.

"*The world is so full of a number of things,*
I'm sure we should all be as happy as kings."

He had a style all his own. We can find no examples of the masters he so sedulously aped. His style is that of a man who has learned to make words bend to his bidding. He had a picked vocabulary at his command. His is a faultless style; he recast and polished his sentences until the most critical eye could scarcely discern a single flaw. For ease there is nothing like Stevenson's, since the time of Addison; no more subtle instrument has been wielded outside the shores of France; his style is natural, seldom artificial. Saintsbury says, "He was the most brilliant, by far, of the English writers of the last part of the nineteenth century."

Where deep erudition was necessary Stevenson was lacking, because he did not spend his student days in deep study, but in the acquiring of style. He had an absurd felicity of expression. Each work of his is an independent effort.

Stevenson spent the last years of his life in Samoa. The native Samoans were people after his own heart. They are beautiful, proud, poetic children. He was revered by them. Fusitala (their favourite name for him) helped to make life brighter for them, with his wonderful gift of story-telling.

The message that Robert Louis Stevenson had passed away, brought grief to many hearts all over the wide world; but nowhere was the sorrow more keenly felt than among these half-savage Samoans, to whom he had been as light in the darkness. There was at the top of Mount Vaia, that over hung Stevenson's house, a rocky ledge of which he had always been fond; on that spot after having wrapped him in his country's flag, the Samoans buried him. From his grave stretching on all sides can be seen the waters of the Pacific; at the top of the mountain a lighthouse has been erected in his honour. So that his death as well as his life brought light into the world.

The following requiem is not what we would engrave on the tomb of the glad apostle of the joy of life, yet these are the lines that he would have:

"Under the wide and starry sky,
Dig me a grave and let me die;
Glad did I live, and gladly die,
And lay me down with a will.
This be the verse you grave for me:
'Here he lies where he longed to be;
Home is the sailor, home from the sea,
And the hunter home from the hill.'"

FRIENDSHIP.

In all you have let others share,
No selfish aims pursue;
Say not that you have nought to spare,
When friends ask help of you.
Be cheerful, willing, strong and brave,
Alert to give a hand,
And then, when you are out of luck,
True friends will by you stand.

Elizabeth Healy, 4B.
Loretto High School, Englewood, Chicago.

CRASHAW

CRASHAW is one of the most interesting of English poets, because of his position in the history of English literature, the lasting, though too often unacknowledged influence he has exerted on those poets who come after him, and, above all, because of the intrinsic worth of his poems.

Richard Crashaw was born either in 1612 or 1613—probably in 1612. The father of the poet who was to become so fervent a Catholic, was a bigoted Protestant divine, the Reverend William Crashaw, who published a work called "The Bespotted Jesuite." But there would seem to have been a hereditary source of Crashaw's devotion, after all, for his father also wrote what he called "A Manual for True Catholickes" and translated a Jesuit's hymn to the Blessed Virgin.

Educated at Pembroke Hall Cambridge, and made a Fellow of Peterhouse in 1637, Crashaw was one of the sixty-five fellows ejected during the Great Rebellion in 1644. It was sometime after this through what direct influence is unknown that he became a Catholic This was the age of the great metaphysical poets Traherne, Vaughn, and Herbert; but Crashaw was the only one to enter the Church. He had been intensely attracted to the life practised by Nicholas Ferrar and his little band of followers at Little Gidding. With a like fervour he practised their austerities and shared their nightly vigils. At Cambridge he was known as the "chaplaine of the Virgine Myld." There are interesting accounts of his life at this time—his continual visits to the chapel of Little St. Mary's; how, when the chapel of Peterhouse was built, he spent long nights there "Like a primitive saint, he offered more prayers in the night than others usually offer in the day"; and there he was actually found by the soldiers when they sacked it. Crashaw's motives for later changing his religion were impugned: he was accused of seeking preferment. He certainly was vindicated of that charge when, in 1646, he was found in Paris by Crowley, destitute. To enter the Church in those times of religious rancour was to court disaster, not prosperity. By virtue of an appeal to influential persons on his behalf, Crashaw was given a minor post as secretary to Cardinal Palotta, Governor of Rome. Thence, in 1649, he was removed, supposedly on account of his zeal in censuring the laxity of the Cardinal's followers, to become a Canon of the Church of Our Lady of Loretto, where he was to be kept from the enemies he had made. Here he died, only a few months later.

Crashaw's poems were published as "Steps to the Temple, Sacred Poems, With Other Delights of the Muses." The title, "Steps to the Temple," commonly believed to be intended as a tribute to Herbert's volume, "The Temple,' was later claimed to refer to "the 'Temple,' or the Church of the Living God." The sacred poems exhibit poetic beauty in all its splendour; although at the same time the unevenness of Crashaw's genius is more apparent here than anywhere. In two or three poems and in parts of others, he rises to the height of poetic expression, dominated by a warmth of passionate devotion unsurpassed by other English poets. A notable example of this is the following part of "A Hymn to the Name and Honour of the admirable Saint Teresa," who is further designated with glowing enthusiasm as "a woman for angelical height of speculation,

for masculine courage of performance, more than a woman; who, yet a child, outran maturity, and durst plot martyrdom":

"Thou art love's victim, and must die
A death more mystical and high!
Into love's arms thou shalt let fall
A still surviving funeral.
His is the dart must take the death
Whose stroke will taste thy hallowed breath;
A dart thrice dipped in that red flame
Which writes thy Spouse's radiant Name
Upon the roof of heaven, where aye
It shines, and with a sovereign ray
Beats bright upon the burning faces
Of souls which in that Name's sweet graces
Find everlasting smiles. So rare,
So spiritual, pure and fair
Must be the immortal instrument
Upon whose choice point should be spent
A life so loved; and that there be
Fit executioners for thee,
The fairest first-born sons of fire,
Blest seraphim, shall leave their quire
And turn love's soldiers, upon thee
To exercise their archery."

There follows an "Apology" for this hymn, "as having been written when the author was yet a Protestant." And again in the "Flaming Heart" he apostrophises the Saint:

"Let all the scattered shafts of light that play
Among the leaves of thy large books of day
Combined against this breast, at once break in
And take away from me myself and sin;
This gracious robbery shall thy bounty be,
And my best fortunes such fair spoils of me
O, thou undaunted daughter of desires
By all thy dower of lights and fires,
By all the eagle in thee, all the dove,
By all thy lives and deaths of love,
By thy large draughts of intellectual day
And by thy thirsts of love more large than they;
By all thy brim-filled bowls of fierce desire,
By thy last morning's draught of liquid fire,
By the full kingdom of that final kiss
That seiz'd thy parting soul, and seal'd thee His;
By all the heav'ns thou hast in Him,
Fair sister of the seraphim!
By all of Him we have in thee,
Leave nothing of myself in me;
Let me so read thy life that I
Unto all life of my own may die."

In Crashaw's hymn on the name of Jesus, "The Name Above Every Name," there is a spirit much akin to this; as also in his ardent poems to the Blessed Virgin.

The breathless rapture of these poems gives place to a more human sympathy in the hymn: "In the Holy Nativity of our Lord God; a hymn sung as by the Shepherds"; its self-effacing tenderness merits a more than favourable comparison with Milton's great ode:

"The Babe looked up and showed His face;
In spite of darkness it was day.
It was Thy day, Sweet, and did rise
Not from the East, but from Thine eyes.
I saw the curl'd drops, soft and slow,
Come hovering o'er the place's head;
Off'ring their whitest sheets of snow
To furnish the fair Infant's bed;
Forbear, said I, be not too bold,
Your fleece is white, but 'tis too cold."

But with Crashaw's ever-present consciousness of sublimity, the chorus of the shepherds rings out

"Wellcome, all wonders in one sight
Aeternity shutt in a span.
Sommer in Winter, Day in Night.
Heaven in Earth, and God in man

Great, little One! Whose all-embracing birth
Lifts Earth to Heaven, stoopes Heav'n to
Earth."

Crashaw's secular poetry, by himself deemed far inferior to the rest, holds as high a place as far as rythmic and melodic beauty is concerned. His "Wishes to His (supposed) Mistresse" show him possessed of a dainty wit, and is his most charming poem.

"Who'er she be,
That not impossible she
That shall command my heart and me;

He wishes her beauty:

"Something more than
Taffata or tissew can,
Or rampant feather, or rich fan."

His songs from the Italian have a lilting charm, especially "To Thy Lover, Deere, Discover." All the opulence of Nature's beauty was never so apparent as in "To the Morning, in satisfaction for sleep," and "On a foule Morning, being then to take a journey," the first of which is reminiscent of Shakespeare. Some of his religious Latin poems are beautiful. One of the secular poems, "Bulla" (Bubble), is truly wonderful, even in translation:

"I am a Spirit of the Wind,
For a flitting breath designed,
I am Blossom born of air;
Painted, gemmed, of golden dye,
Nothing—after all, am I."

Crashaw has the warmth and colour of Keats and in vividness and flight of imagination vies with Shelley. This is seen in a stanza from the "Sweeper"—a much abused poem, that does indeed display all Crashaw's faults; but at least it describes the effect of Mary Magdeline's penitent tears:

"The dew no more will weep
The primrose's pale cheek to deck;
The dew no more will sleep
Nuzzled in the lily's neck,
Much rather would it be thy tear,
And loose them both to tremble there."

In the height of sensuous expression, Crashaw never loses sight of the subtle significance of a subject of this sort.

Crashaw's debtors among the poets are: Milton, Coleridge, Keats, Shelley, and even Pope, who professed to think very little of him. Analogies are traceable between Crashaw's translation of Marino's "Sospetto d'Herode" and stanzas of "Paradise Lost"; Coleridge declared that "Cristabel" owed its inspiration in part to the lines on St. Teresa; Pope's "Abelard and Eloisa," also acknowledgibly owes "felicities of expression" to Crashaw.

Crashaw's greatest fault is an exaggeration of expression that invades nearly all his longer poems; conceits that are exquisite in themselves, are rendered ridiculous by their application. Moreover, he piles glowing image upon glowing image, till the imagination is almost surfeited. But this fault is conspicuous at length only in "The Weeper," and for which, as shown above, there are ample compensations.

We cannot overestimate Crashaw's contribution to English prosody. His poems evince a perfect fitting of rythm and sound to thought and emotion; the one "clings like gold-leaf" to the other. "Musick's Duell" is usually cited as the magnificent culmination of this art, but examples could be multiplied. His is "a glittering felicity in English prosody."

Crashaw's genius was all-compassing. He had a comprehensive appreciation of the beauties of physical things; sound and colour are

intensified in his poetry. His imagination leaps over nature's panoply on earth and in the heavens and invests it with glorious splendour. The rapturous ecstasy of his hymn to Saint Teresa contrasts with the delicate charm of other verses, the awesome majesty of his translation of the "Dies Irae" and the grandeur of his poem "On Easter Day." He was called "one of the loveliest of our angel-birds." He is pre-eminent even among his contemporaries, the three great mystic poets of that century; Vaughn is the only one that can compare with him in the sphere of religious mysticism and he is cold and frigid beside Crashaw. The words of Abraham Cowley who befriended him in Paris, are a fitting praise, and testify to the affection that the poet inspired in his friends:

"Poet and Saint! to thee alone are giv'n
The two most sacred names of Earth and Heav'n,
The hardest, rarest union which can be
Next that of Godhead with humanity.
And I, myself, a Catholick will be;
So far at least, great saint! to pray to thee."

Mollie Hopkins, 3T2.

AUTUMN LEAVES.

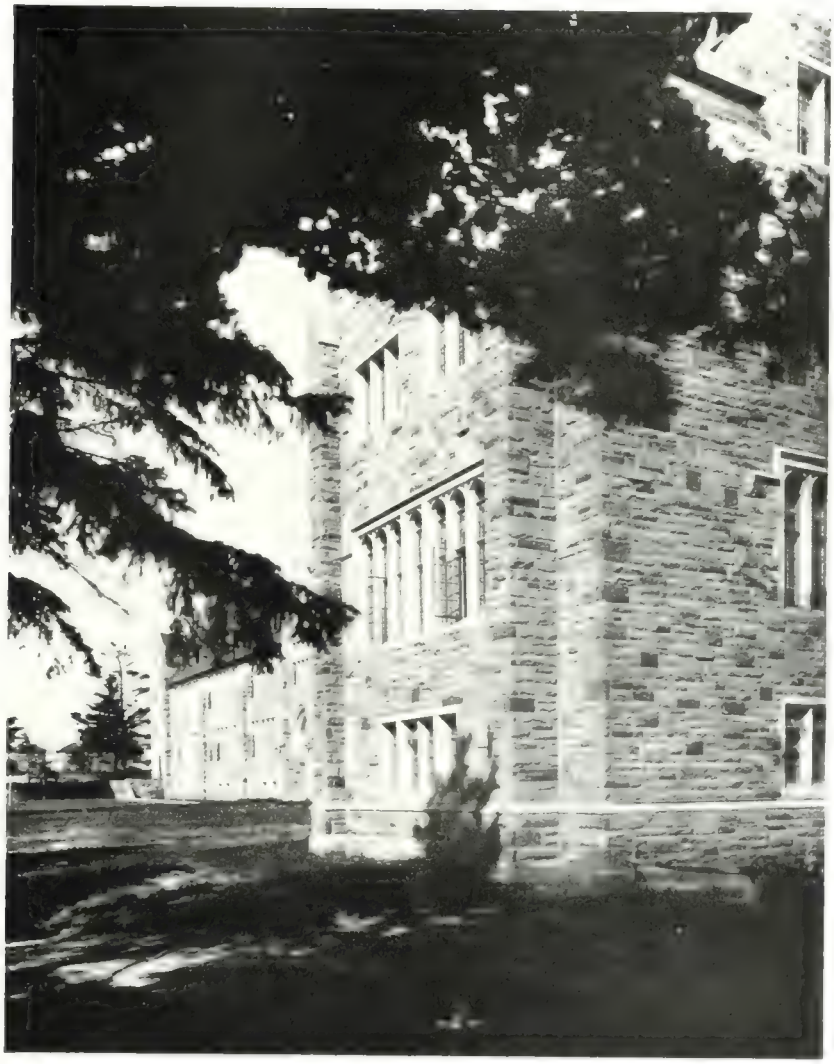
Lovely leaves:
Flurrying,
Scurrying,
Crimson, brown, and yellow!

Mad leaves:
Swirling,
Curling,
Maple, birch and willow!

Busy leaves:
Rustling,
Bustling,
Saying, "Summer's Past"

Sad leaves:
Fluttering,
Muttering,
"Winter's come at last!"

Millicent Penfound, Form II.,
Loretto Abbey, Armour Heights, Toronto.



SOUTH-EAST VIEW, MUSIC WING
LORETTO ABBEY ARMOUR HEIGHTS, TORONTO, ONT

DANTE'S APPEAL TO HUMAN HEARTS

By MOTHER M. BORGIA, I.B.V.M.

"He had for guerdon what the base world's spite
Oft gives to souls that noblest grace display.
Full ill was Dante's life-work understood
His high purpose, by that ungrateful state
That welcomed all with kindness but the good.
Would I were such; to bear like evil fate
To taste his exile, to have his lofty mood,
For this I'd gladly give all earth calls great."
— Michelangelo.

This is the heart-cry of one great soul to another, and Dante was nothing if not great. In his lifetime he was misunderstood, but now, after six hundred years, we find his message still ringing through the ages, for all who may pause to heed. If we cannot understand we may at least lose ourselves in the beauty of the song.

Florence learned too late the value of what she had lost; thus the resting-place for the most home-sick man is close by the waving forest of the famous Pinetum, near the cloistered walls of St. Francis. A great man was laid to rest with no pomp and very little ceremony. The heritage of Dante was bequeathed in the lyrical treasury of the simple language of the people. Nations and ages proclaim him the supreme interpreter of the significance of man's history, for he conveys, through the mighty music of his utterance, precision of thought that sets us wondering, although a homely naturalness clothes his words; but then, greatness is always simple.

Giotto's portrait of Dante shows him of noble features, strong but pensive, and Boccaccio tells us that Dante's manners "were composed and gentle and whether at home or in public, he was, in all ways, more courteous and civil than any one else."

Yet, years later, on seeing a bust of Dante in Naples, Parsons exclaims:

"How stern of lineament, how grim the father was of Tuscan song."

Yes, the ingratitude of men, especially that of his own countrymen had caused the lines of sorrow in that noble face and dug deep wells of sadness in the kindly eyes. Greatness always has its price, and Dante's heart's blood paid the toll while his weary feet trod the path of strangers and his tired hands reached for the bread of charity. Great minds trace the pathway of their lofty thoughts across the human face and leave the lines to guide kindred souls in the search for higher things. If the aim be high and mighty, why grieve if sometimes the shaft may fail the mark. Where is there another, be he poet or scholar, artist or sage, who has received such tribute, such veneration from the great ones of the world, and which of these could mould such words in answer to the wistful yearnings of the young, of the poor. Dante is the poet of kings and popes; of peasants and priests.

Dante's gentleness never forsook him and his intensive personality may have been an offshoot of this tenderness along with a deep sense of humour which springs up here and there throughout his work, especially in the Inferno, where the grotesqueness of the punishment displays a kind of playfulness; and in "Vita Nuova," where he exclaims:

"Guido, I would that you and Lapo and me
Some powerful enchantment soon would seize
And place upon a boat, then at each breeze
To suit your wills and mine would skim the sea."

How can we harmonize his deep seriousness with such simplicity? The only solution is to understand the man. Dante's mind was so keen and his soul so big that he could estimate the proper value of things. It was this that made him so companionable and human, so helpful and engaging. Artists and poets may draw for us the features of Dante, but to know the fibre of his manhood will help in appreciation of his genius. Our knowledge of him will depend upon an intimacy with the spirit of his age and the history of his time, and both these are revealed by the poet, in his work. The thirteenth century was an age of thought, and Dante was gifted with a great capacity for deep thinking. When history would not join with truth he knew history was false. Poetry of the ancient bards, and feats of the chivalrous knights, lent a thrill to the age. Dante was not its only genius, for that was the age of scholars; and yet he over-topped them all. He was a great man sent by God to tell us the way of truth in the language of a bard.

He indirectly records in his work his own life, his struggles, his successes and his failures, his thoughts and his judgments, his loves and hates. "What is man," says St. Augustine, "but his thoughts and his loves?" So through his work we find the true Dante.

Simplicity is a conspicuous element in most great characters, and our poet displays nearly childlike simplicity in Canto II., of the Inferno.

"Bard! thou who are my guide, consider well if virtue be in me sufficient, ere to this high enterprise thou trust me.'

His trust in Virgil's judgment of his virtue is almost pathetic. Usually ones virtue is the last thing left to the decision of others, or cast into the scale of balance for another to weigh, but Dante's trust is so sincere and so appealing. In Canto VIII we read

"Desert me not, I cried, in this extreme
And if our onward going be denied
Together trace we back our steps with speed."

Honest fear chilled the poet's heart at the thought of his guide leaving him even for the ronce. Candor at his plight is in his next few words:

"Hesitating I remain. At war
'Twixt will and will not; in my thought."

That same frankness is shown when he speaks in "Vita Nuova" of the effect on him of Beatrice's salutation:

"That there was no man mine enemy; and such a warmth of charity came upon me that most certainly in that moment I would have pardoned whomsoever had done me an injury."

This revelation of himself needs no labored phrase of mine to set it off, any more than does the delicacy of his sorrow when a greeting was denied and he took himself to his chamber where he could lament unheard. "And having prayed to the Lady of Mercies and having said also, 'O Love, aid Thou thy servant,' I went suddenly asleep, like a beaten, sobbing child."

This is the great Dante who reveals his fineness of soul and brings to tired and disappointed hearts a mesage of sympathy, of faith and truth. Throughout his love-lit, stormy, indignant life he kept a great qualification for the kingdom of heaven: he was always splendidly sincere. In Purgatorio when Beatrice probes his "sad memories," he is shame-faced and tearful.

From the knowledge of his own defects and out of the bitterness of failure, out of his love and pain, his sensitiveness and heart-ache, sprang the inspiration for that supreme work of art, The Divine Comedy, an outpouring of the poetic splendor of his genius; a ladder of the whole life of man by which the soul, though still in the body, mounts from the knowledge

of sensible things up to the contemplation of the supernatural. And by exquisite imagery the poet brings us to an understanding of himself, his reasonings as a philosopher, his speculations as a theologian, his dreams as a poet, the places that he saw, the people that he knew—all these furnish material for his symbolism. The fire of a great love blended them all into a sacred poem. His life-story is one of the saddest ever told, but it is well that it has been told. Outwardly his life was complete disaster, but without his miseries the Dante we know and love would never have been possible, and the music of the loveliest and the loftiest literary expressions that fell from the lips of man, would never have gladdened our ears.

"Ah! he who follows, fearlessly,
The beckonings of a poet-heart
Shall wander, and without the world's decree
A banished man, in field and mart."
—J. Frances Lowell.

Dante presents the experience of a fully rounded life. We misunderstand him when we try to fix him with a picturesquqe epithet, in a single attitude. "The Sombre Alighieri." What does it mean? Only those will be satisfied with the description who have confined themselves to reading the Inferno. Hell is sombre, certainly, and so is Dante in his journey through that world of misguided passion. But only superficially has one looked, who has seen nothing of the grace, the elegance of the master-poet and ardent lover. Dante has in him always the culture of his time.

"In every nation, he that feareth Him and worketh justice, is acceptable to Him."—Acts X.

A great balancing force in Dante's later life was his sense of justice. It was a reconstructive force which kept him tending toward righteousness, even when, for him, human justice proved a failure.

In the Paradiso Canto XX, the poet places an unassuming old Trojan warrior, Rhipeus, one he rescued from the Aeneid and on whom he bestowed redemption as a reward for justice. Rhipeus had no deeds of valor to recommend him, but "all his love on earth he set upon righteousness."

In the Inferno, Dante relegates great men, geniuses and princes whom he knew and admired in life, to their proper circle, as evidence of his justice and his regard for the moral law. Those who failed through weakness, or through inordinate love of things good in themselves, are not degraded as those who were false and treacherous. How grieved he is at meting his old master: "Sir? Brunetto! and thou art here?" Some may rage against the poet for placing political enemies in the Inferno. It was inevitable that he, with his burning sense of righteousness, flaying friend and foe alike with unsparing hand, should be, sometimes, hurried toward rashness, but never towards injustice. Dante never let his political prejudice over-master his passion for fairness. He penetrated the heart of each character and made of it a living, throbbing being with passions and griefs. He weighed the motives for their enmity and fixed them in their proper setting. Dante's power for picturing character is not surpassed by Shakespeare himself, and so sure is his touch on the unchanging sources of human passion that his men and women stand out as actual beings. From the first one in the era of "Vita Nuova" down to the last mighty soldier or groveling politician in the Vision, not one can become, for the reader, again, a mere name. The poet has invested each with the glow of personality; he has brought them all near, as though they had

lived yesterday. We learn to love in them what he loved and to condemn what he despised. The secret of his appeal to our allegiance is the sincerity of the man behind the verse.

The common inspiration of life in the thirteenth century is found by Christian students to be the Catholic Faith. Indeed it is the age of Faith. All men seemed to breathe a common religious atmosphere whose influence permeated the whole social fabric, inspiring men's work and directing their wills. They believed in a world beyond the grave; Hell, Purgatory, and Heaven were realities to them. Dante is not the exception to this belief, but the embodiment. He is the voice of the age; he begins with faith and continues until he leads us to the vision of God. In his Cantos we read the history of ages in the light of divine revelation. Mystical heights are reached by the soul through the inspiring songs of the troubadours. The chivalrous spirit of the Crusades is woven into the poetical texture of fancy by the imagery of St. Francis as an ardent wooer of Lady Poverty. A religious revival had occurred to dispel the gloom of the dark ages, and Dante's voice was raised to herald it abroad. Not only could the goal of vision be seen now, "but the way that leadeth." Dante took the drooping spirit of faith and set it to the music of his lyre, sending sweet strains breathing through the world down to our time. His songs are heard to the uttermost bounds of the earth, matchless and unapproachable, in spiritual interpretation; in imagery, unsurpassed.

"Thy fame is blown abroad from all the heights
Through all the nations, and a sound is heard
As of a mighty wind, and men devout,
Strangers of Rome, and the new proselytes
In their own language, hear the wondrous word."

To Catholics, Dante has a special appeal as the singer of their faith; he is a theologian among poets and a poet among theologians. His son, Pietro, says that if the true faith were extinguished he knew his father would rebuild it, so intense was his love of truth. In ballad and poem he unites dogma and devotion with such ardent appeal that one cannot escape feeling the overflow of divine mercy and tenderness. Never has human language so nearly attained an adequate utterance as in the closing Canto of the Paradiso,

"That with the song my spirit
Reeled, so passing sweet the strain."

In Raphael's famous picture, "The Disputa," Heaven and Earth are represented as united by the bond of the sacrament of love, and below "in the midst of popes and bishops and doctors stands a man who wears no halo, no crown, no mitre, or scholar's gown,—a man whose face was the saddest ever painted from reality." There is no mistaking those features of austere grandeur with the laurel-wreathed brow—it is Dante Alighieri. Why has the greatest of painters placed Dante in that picture among the glorious company? Because the warp and woof of the Divine Comedy is taken from the threads of Christianity, and its story brings their beauty within our grasp by showing forth that "love called all things into being."

"Into new loves Eternal Love unfolds."

Dante seemed to understand somewhat the working of Divine Providence in his regard and must have felt that some great things were expected of him. A bigness of soul raised him above the thoughts of ordinary men and opened for him a broader vision—a higher plane on which to move. The words of his beloved

teacher, Brunetto, reveal somewhat of Dante's destiny:

"Follow thy star and thou canst not miss the glorious port."—Inf. xvc.

And Dante seems to feel, through his belief in the justice of God, that posterity will confer immortality upon his work; so he does not hesitate to join the group of bards and walk with them when they greet him on his journey in the Inferno. Perhaps Dante's glow of Christianity has overshadowed for us the merits of his great company of that day, and dimmed the lustre of their memory; for certain it is that they have retreated farther than he into the dimness of the past. Time has outdone herself in amends for past ingratitude, and praise for the poet is hushed when these words, "The Summa in Verse," are fixed to his masterpiece: "that fountain forever overflowing with the waters of wisdom and delight." Dante is, naturally, so sincere a man that he is eager to be just to every one. Can he, then, under-estimate his own worth? This quality is just another evidence in him of his sense of values, and if pride did darken his ken momentarily, the mist was soon dispelled by the clear light of truth. He despised the world with its goods —"the threshing floor which makes men so fierce"—and yet he used "the earth as a temple, an interpreter's room where things invisible are understood by means of things created." He was a man big with splendid sincerity, and blessed with deep passion, yet, withal, gracious, and of a grateful spirit. His virtues and genius inspire us, and his traits attract us.

We love the work of Dante as we love beautiful landscape and grand music; we study it for the culture it brings. While reading one seems to walk with a friend, with one who takes our hand to guide us, with one who instructs us in the way of endurance, in consistency of purpose and unwavering rectitude, in bearing and not breaking under the strain of adversity—all these noble aspirations fill the soul, and seem to murmur that love and a gentle heart are both the same.

Love was his principle of action, one that never failed him from the time when he, a boy of nine years, fell in love with the sweet little girl, Beatrice. From that time he tells us that love lorded it over his soul.

"Beatrice, down many a century
This radiant dream of you has sped,
Earth held no fairer rose than she
The little maiden clothed in red!"

Among the poet's descriptions of his "most gracious lady" we find allusions sufficient to tell us that Beatrice had a quick spiritual perception and a deep appreciation of virtue.

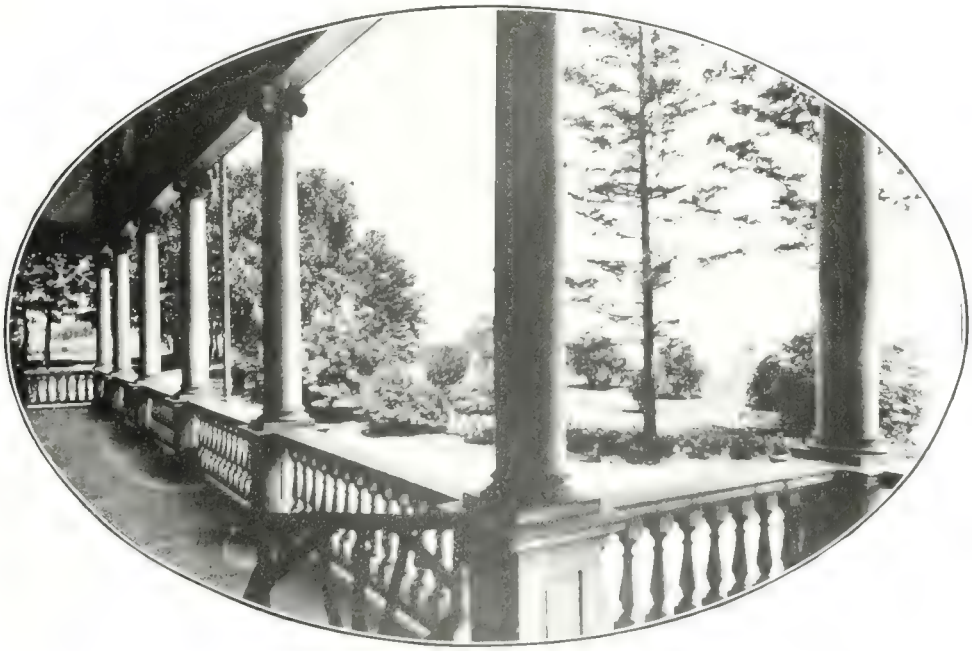
"Crowned and clothed with humility she went her way, showing no pride in what she saw or heard."

This indifference to worldly things would undoubtedly appeal to the poet's heart, for Beatrice was very beautiful, and attracted deep admiration from all who beheld her. The gentleness and candour of her countenance, the dignity of her bearing, are just outward signs of rarer qualities within. In the Purgatorio she is gravely smiling, and finally in the Paradiso, the stern and stately Beatrice is radiant with heavenly mirth. Dante knew that Beatrice expressed virtue and beauty resplendent from her grace of soul; beauty but an image of the Eternal Beauty; and grace, reflected from the Godhead. To a symbolic value of Beatrice in the Divine Comedy, nothing could be added by altering a word of description given to the gracious lady of Florence—beauty, candor, strength and grace are all attri

butes of Christian truth, whether reflected in a creature or taught by the Church.

The Church gives a meaning to pain and is ever a triumph in defeat, and Beatrice in the mind of Dante brought solace in his long exile; she was his strength in weakness and his beatitude in sorrow. The way of love is to explain everything but itself; so will it ever remain a mystery, here below. In a great soul, everything is great, and the passions strong. Can we, then, marvel at the depth of devotion and the power of love in the story which Dante celebrated in such matchless verse? He "would write of his loved one such words as had never been written of woman before." It is Dante, the lover "par excellence" that holds the heart of the ages and as long as the world lasts and hearts love, his story will be told. poet, soldier, artist, philosopher, theologian, Tuscan wanderer, the weariest man in all the weary world, who at last crossed the brink of day to enter the glorious haven open to welcome him, having passed from martyrdom unto peace.

"Hush, hush, O heart! The other side of sky
There is believe it, love, a wondrous Hand
Forever wiping eyes forever dry;
There are no willows growing in that land,
And never shall the lips of love be mute,
God making of our hearts a faultless lute."



ST LORETTO ACADEMY, NIAGARA FALLS, ONTARIO.

OCTOBER.

October Month, all hail to thee,
Made sacred to the Rosary!
Devotion hallowed and sublime
Through many centuries of time;
Month to inspire and elevate
Our sojourn here on earth: we wait
With faith and hope our Father's call
Thy mysteries inspiring all.

May Kennedy, Fourth Year
Loretto High School, Englewood, Chicago.

In Memoriam

Catherine Burns

"Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord."

How truly may these words be applied to our dear departed Catherine, whose sudden death on July 8th caused such intense grief not only to her loved parents, but to all to whom she had endeared herself by her sweet gentleness and charity.

Her sufferings were intense, the result of an accident, yet, when asked by Reverend Father Steinglem if she were suffering a great deal, she replied, "Yes, Father, but I am offering all my sufferings for the souls in purgatory."

What a glorious evidence this is of the charity of this twelve-year-old, concealing her own intense pain of five days, to afford relief to the poor souls.

The funeral was most impressive. The student body of Loretto Academy, wearing white veils, marched to the church, where the Requiem High Mass was offered for her soul. Departing from the usual custom, Reverend Father Steinlem spoke, taking this opportunity of showing the benefit of Catholic training in the home, which fosters piety and makes the child a glory to religion and a model for imitation.

Our deep sympathy is offered to her parents, Mr. and Mrs. James Alfred Burns (Doris McGovern, a graduate of Loretto Academy, Sault Ste. Marie).

Mary O'Connor, '32,
Loretto Academy,
Sault Ste. Marie, Mich.

A STORY—WHICH TELLS OF NOTHING IN PARTICULAR

THE PRIZE STORY.

Five o'clock — and the sun streaming in through the open window lighted up the interior of the grey-looking room, pitilessly exposing the numerous patches in the carpet flung carelessly on the rough boards that served for a floor. In one corner of the room stood a narrow cot, which together with a rickety table on which reposed a pitcher of water and a basin, made up the entire stock of furniture. From this bed presently issued grunts and groans. Then one thread-bare blanket and sheet were thrown helter-skelter, and a head appeared.

A very ordinary sort of head, one would say, reddish-brown hair, in tousled disarray, surmounted a face unusual only for the large grey eyes, whose lids blinked, opened, and closed, only to be quickly opened again. A short, turned-up nose, liberally plastered with freckles, and a large, laughing mouth completed the face, which an artist would have labelled, "Typically Canadian."

Jimmie, however, was not thinking of artists. His dream of a luscious feast had been rudely interrupted by the crowing of a cock, and he was vainly endeavouring to recall the principal items of the repast when "Say, Jimmie, you up yet?" a shrill voice called from somewhere in the farmhouse.

Jimmie took a flying leap and landed in the middle of the floor, incontinently pulling on whatever came first to hand.

"You bet, Maw," he called in answer to the query, "I'm 'bout all dressed. Be down in a minit."

He was true to his word, and soon reappeared in the kitchen, clothed in corduroy knickerbockers, and a shirt indifferently white, and open at the throat. His face shone as from soap well, if hastily, applied.

He slipped into his place at the table — at which were already seated his father, and mother, and the farm-hands. He murmured grace, with his eye fixed on the huge bowl of porridge, and emitted a deep sigh of satisfaction.

"Looks like we're not gonna have rain, after all," he observed, between mouthfuls of the cereal. His father shook his head. "No," he agreed, "and what's more, if it don't rain soon, there won't be any wheat left. Why, the whole country is parched and cracked for lack o' rain. Your maw and I'll have to sell the place if we don't make some money on the crops this season, and what we'll do then, God only knows, and may He help us."

Noting, however, that his words had cast a shadow across Jimmie's suddenly serious face, he laughed and said kindly, "Don't you worry, lad, your old paw'll pull through somehow, won't he, maw?" he asked his wife.

The good woman nodded. "Of course, Bill," she agreed, "and now you'd best be all goin' to the fields. You, Jim, wait a minute. "Here," after pushing a note into his hand, after scurrying through drawers for pencil and paper, "ride down with this to Mrs. Webb's and tell her I'm doin' the apricot preservin' and haven't enough rings for the jars. Goodness knows, she's borrowed enough of mine to start a hardware store, still here, Jim. You could've been down to the gate by now. Hurry up, lad, hurry up." She pushed the boy out of the door and called a warning to him as he disappeared laughing. "And mind you take care

et the cars, on that wheel of your'n. I've got enough on my hands, without carin' for bodies with broken legs and arms."

And with this parting shot, she hurried back to her kitchen, mumbling over to herself "ten jars, boil, let me see, how long did she say—"

Jimmie mounted his bicycle and whistling gaily, sped along the white, dusty road. To the farmers working in their fields, he called a cheery "Hullo," and they in turn, waved him "good mornin'." He was still trying to recall that lost feast to mind, when the farmhouse of George M. Webb, Esquire, hove into view. A moment later, he had flung down his bike, and now rapping smartly on the back door of the low, rambling house, he waited for response.

He procured the rings, delved into Mrs. Webb's cookie-jar, and listened to a long tirade from that good woman, on the habit her Betsy had acquired of walkin' out with that 'er good-fer-nothin' scallywag of a Bert Jones—who didn't ought to be allowed—" and so on.

After standing it for some time Jimmie, with his rings in a basket, tip-toed silently to the door, and having gained it, made a dash for freedom.

Only after Mrs. Webb had quite finished her lecture did she notice his absence. That young gentleman, meanwhile, was taking a roundabout route home. It was a lovely morning—much too nice to waste in churning butter or chopping wood, or performing any of the numberless chores that would fall to his lot when he reached the farm, and so he must needs drag out the ride as long as possible. With this end in view, he turned down at the cross-roads instead of continuing straight along. After cycling a mile or so, he jumped down from his bicycle, and leaving it and the basket by the roadside, vaulted a ditch and climbed to the top of a five-barred gate.

There cupping his hands, he gave a "Hallloo." A figure silhouetted in the distance straightened up and glanced in the direction of the call. Spying the boy on the gate, he gave a sudden whoop of joy, dropped his spade and cut across the intervening space as quickly as his long legs could carry him.

Greetings were exchanged. Jimmie dutifully enquired about the health of a tiny fox his chum had found dying under some bushes, and then the all-important subject of the weather cropped up.

"Paw says there's been more forest fires this 'ere month than fur years," Tom announced importantly to Jimmie.

The latter looked serious for a moment and then remarked that he had almost put a prairie fire out single-handed.

"Only just as I was gittin' it out, paw and the others cummed along and so of course I didn't bother."

"Speakin' of fires," he said, "they think there's one way over there. Paw had the glasses out this mornin' lookin' at it, and he's gone over to S——— to find out about it. It's almost in a line with your house," he added cheerfully.

"Is that a fact?" Jimmie was excited. "Then I better be gettin' on home. See ya soon." He waved his hand and was gone.

He burst into the kitchen where his mother was peeling potatoes for the noon-day meal.

"Hey, Maw, have you heard the news?" he asked as he handed over the rings. "There's a huge prairie fire headin' straight fer here, only a few miles away too."

His mother laughed.

"Your father saw that early this morning," she informed him. "He telephoned over to

Rayford and they said that it had practically been put out, no need for worry. I'm sorry, though," she added laughingly, "that I have to spoil yer news. Never mind, Jimmie, I've got a heap more exciting story than yours. Some—er—surveyors, I think they called them, came over this mornin' and asked to hold a stick over the field that we don't use. 'Member the one where the crop failed? Anyhow, they stuck the stick over it. There they were, passing up and down all morning. Finally somethin' happened to the stick and they come racin' over to your Paw. There's a well of water in the field and his company is gonna buy the field. They're payin' a pretty price for it too, I just guess. For some irrigation plant or other, I think they said. We sure won't be worried about the wheat crop this year," she ended with satisfaction.

Jimmie nodded brightly.

"That's great, Maw," he said, "but about those prairie fires. D'you remember the time I put one out—almost only that—his voice trailed off, as he saw his mother's look of surprise. "Well, anyhow, I almost did."

Frances Clarke,
Loretto Abbey, Armour Heights, Toronto.

(The foregoing story won Second Prize in the Essay contest sponsored last Spring by the Ontario Chapter of the International Federation of Catholic Alumnae. Miss Clarke is a graduate of last June at Loretto Abbey, and will be awarded her prize at the Convention of the Ontario Chapter, I.F.C.A., held in Hamilton in October).

THOUGHTS OF AUTUMN.

The autumn winds are sighing,
The nights are growing long;
It seems the earth is dying
Without the birds' sweet song.

Afar off in the forest
A plaintive cry I heard;
It seemed to me a protest
From the heart of every bird

Their voices low were sinking
To mellow, pleading tunes,
As if to keep from thinking
Of summer's golden runes.

Then southward they all vanish
To build in sunnier clime;
For someone else to cherish,
Until a new springtime.

Catherine Rick, Fourth Year.
Loretto High School, Englewood, Chicago

A SUNRISE.

This subject is an age-old one, but one of which many writers of both poetry and prose have written some of their most beautiful thoughts. Perhaps we have never really given these writers full due for their realistic description of one of nature's most outstanding phenomena — a sunrise — why even the words suggest to us the varied beauties we have so often seen. It may be we have never paused to think that no two sunrises have ever been alike since time began—therefore my composition will be just another attempt to bring to your mind as vividly as possible the most impressive sunrise I have seen.

When I rose there was a soft grey mist floating over the whole earth, and obscuring the tops of the mountains that ordinarily could be seen from my window. At the foot of these mountains was a glassy lake which usually mirrored the snow-capped peaks in its placid bosom, but now the mist was wrapped around all, like a filmy veil giving the impression that it was about to be withdrawn. Suddenly I

"Saw the Sun.
God's crest upon the azure shield
of the Heavens."

Slowly, almost imperceptibly, the mist began to rise, taking on a delicate glow, and reaching the crest of the mountains, exposing to view the billowy clouds, and then disappeared. In this downy whiteness were pictured castle-turrets, cities, and dragons, on the aquamarine of the sky.

Soon the gleaming white mountain-tops were tinged with rose that flushed the whole horizon and stole caressingly around the clouds, bathing them in its glow. To all this the green of the foliage on the mountains and around the lake was a striking but pleasing contrast, and in the lake, as clearly as above, the reflection of all this beauty.

The heavenly-harnessed team began its golden progress, and

"The whole east was flecked
With flashing streaks and shafts of amethyst,
While a light crimson mist
Went up before the mounting luminary;
And all the strips of cloud began to vary
Their hues, and all the zenith seemed to ope,
As if to show a cape beyond the cape."

Now could be seen plainly the trees, the rocks, and the birds flying about. The day was really here. Yes, God again had uttered His fiat, "Let there be light," and all earth's beauties were once more exposed for the happiness of His creatures.

Ruth Snider, Form II.
Loretto Abbey, Armour Heights, Toronto
June, 1931.

GOD'S GIFT.

O precious gift bestowed on man,
A talent all should prize,
And you who have it use it well
You will if you are wise,
For music must be heaven-born:
We dimly sense its worth,
When some sweet notes a message waft,
To cheer us here on earth.

Dorothy Shultz, 2A
Loretto High School, Englewood, Chicago.

SYLVIA AND THE KNIGHT

A Ballad.

(Ballads, our text-book tells us, are "marked by a certain childlike quality, by frequent awkwardness in expression, in rhyme, and in metre, and gain in power and charm by their very simplicity, directness and naïveté; education moreover is fatal to the ballad." Encouraged by these reflections and inspired by the study of the best models, we submit the following Twentieth-Century ballad).

It was a gloomy twilight,
The street was wet with rain,
A lonely man came down the street,
Lord Percival, by name.

On t'other side was a maiden fair,
With eyes of lustrous blue;
She wore a lovely silken gown
Of every rainbow hue.

Behind the maid was anither man,
A dagger in his hand,
Had come to stab her in the heart
And all her jewels demand.

Lord Percival was struck with fear,
For the maiden had not seen;
He dashed across the street to her,
But was too late, I ween.

The evil one, his dagger poised
All ready for the blow;
The knight was bent on saving her,
Her whom he did not know.

Lord Percival beside her came,
But just a moment late;
The evil one, with haughty laugh,
Sair struck her to her fate.

Then turned he to Lord Percival:
"I have thee now," he said;
He aimed a blow at that brave Knight.
Lord Percival fell dead.

So ended the fair Sylvia,
And Lord Percival, what's mair;
They placed the bodies side by side,
And mourned the loss full sair.

Rita Huntley, Form III.A.,
Loretto Abbey College School
Brunswick Ave., Toronto.

THE EXPULSION

In the large sunny classroom of the Senior Second Class of the Academy of the Holy Angels, Sister Mary Clare was patiently listening to the painfully laboured reading of the lively little girls who were her charges. Now and then Sister would stop a child and correct her. It was the sixth time that she had taken this lesson, and some of her fond pupils, who would do anything in the world for her but learn their lessons, continued to make the same mistakes they had made in the beginning. It was trying, especially for such an earnest teacher as Sister Mary Clare. The child who was reading at the minute dragged off the lines in a slow monotone, hesitating over a word here, slurring syllables there. They were bored. The interest of this reading lesson was exhausted, if not its vocabulary. Then there was a knock at the door. A child opened it to admit Mother Superior!

The children leaped to their feet and stood stiffly, heels close together, hands glued to their sides, backs straight as boards, respectful smiles replacing their more accustomed grins. They had been well trained for the infrequent advent of visitors.

"Good afternoon. I'm sorry to disturb your class, Sister, but it won't take long. Be seated, children. I would like to see you, Sister, and Helen Milton, if you please."

They left the room, Mother Superior in the lead, then Sister, bestowing a warning glance upon the children to remind them of work and silence during her absence; and then Helen, very much awed, and even frightened.

Scarcely had they departed when a subdued buzz of excitement passed around the room. Mother Superior was a very busy woman, and the children saw her only when something of vital importance was afoot, an expulsion, for instance. Expulsion was for them the culmination of all misfortunes; a bugbear that rose before them as a terrible possibility, and set their fluttery little hearts a-tremble when their offenses came to light. Mary Delmar, who occupied the first seat in the front row (for reasons best known to Sister Mary Clare) suggested to Joan Milnes, who sat behind her, that perhaps Helen was going to be expelled. Joan passed the suggestion on to the girl behind her, who in her turn passed it on again, and so on up and down the rows, each child along the way becoming more sure that it was true, until, when it reached the last one in the last row, it had become a certainty. Helen was being expelled.

Then it occurred to Joan that Helen would not be expelled without good reason, and she inquired of Mary if she had any idea of what it might be. Mary thought for a moment, and then a brilliant idea struck her.

"Joan, do you remember last Thursday night when Helen came to our room just after the lights were out, and said that she thought she heard something in her clothes closet, and we got laughing a little? Sister must have found that out! That's why Helen's being expelled. Oh! Joan, what if they expelled us too!"

Immediately Mary's explanation was circulated through the room. Each child had a theory of her own to add to it. It seemed that the unfortunate Helen had been breaking school rules recklessly. Twice late in taking

her line in one week, talking at study, not singing at choral, practising one piece on the piano because she liked it, and neglecting her scales . . . . . But, then, there was not a child in the room who had not as much upon her little conscience. Poor Helen! She would be sent home and they would never see her again. They pictured the sad parting, and many were planning to sacrifice their most prized possessions as farewell gifts. Poor Helen! Dear Helen!

The door opened. Silence descended upon the children once more as they rose to their feet. Everyone looked at Helen, expecting to see her face bathed in tears; instead she was smiling happily, and actually Mother Superior held her by the hand!

Somehow the class managed to live through the rest of the lesson, although curiosity made of the time an agony. During the recreation period that came at last the entire class gathered around Helen for an explanation. Helen was surprised to hear that they thought she was to be expelled.

"Whatever for?" she demanded. "Mother was passing through, and she stopped off to see me. She's a friend of Mother Superior. They went to school together ever so long ago. Sister Mary Clare is my cousin, but Mother did not want you to know, because she thought you'd think I was Sister's pet. But if you think I'm going to be expelled . . . . But, girls, wait till you see what Mother brought me! . . . . . ."

A bell rang summoning the children to study. The Senior Second Class formed in line. Although they all proclaimed themselves "awfully glad," each nursed a secret sense of disappointment. Poor dears! After all, nothing unusual had happened for a long time, and an expulsion would have been so exciting!

Lois Berryman, Form V.

Loretto Abbey College School,
Brunswick Avenue, Toronto.

MOTHER DEAR.

Oh Mother-heart and Mother-hands,
And Mother-love that understands,
And Mother-care that always longs
To share our burdens and our songs,
These are your praises that I sing
And this the tribute that I bring
A heart more grateful every year
To Him who gave you, Mother dear.

Loretta Rocco, 2B.
Loretto High School, Englewood, Chicago.

THE PRESIDENT'S SPEECH.

At the October Meeting of the C.C.S.M.C. at Loretto Abbey College School, Brunswick Avenue, Toronto.

While the inspiration of the recent National Crusade Convention is fresh in our minds, it is well to link this enthusiasm with definite knowledge of the Crusade movement in Canada, and the vital part Loretto has played in both its foundation and its history, and I think that possibly this first meeting of our Senior unit of 1931-32 is a most opportune moment to tell briefly its origin and growth in Canada, and the astonishing influence it has on the Catholic students of today.

Patriotic zeal was the back in 1918 just after the war, when two young students of the Society of the Divine Word at Techny, Illinois, originated the idea of a Mission Army — a Crusade to win souls as the knights of the Middle Ages had done. They planned to organize the Catholic Schools of the U.S. under a central executive body, each separate unit choosing its own particular field of endeavour, and helping these missions to the best of its ability, both spiritually and temporally. In this way it was hoped that the youth of the country would be brought in closer contact with religion, and that the result would be a more strong and living faith. Wide prospects opened before them, and after some little difficulty, the two students succeeded in persuading some ten or eleven educational institutions to assemble with a view towards uniting, and it was by mere accident that a young and zealous seminarian of St. Augustine's Seminary here at Toronto read a chance account of this Convention. Fired with the enthusiasm that is attributed to youth, he soon assembled his fellow-students into a Mission band — the first unit in Canada. This seminarian is now Reverend Father H. Gallagher, of St. Anthony's parish — a priest who has won the deep respect and love of the people.

Enthusiasm spread, and with the approbation of the Archbishop, a meeting of the Senior Schools of this city was called for December 3rd, 1921, the Feast of St. Francis Xavier, Patron Saint of the Missions. It was the first Crusade Convention in Canada. Here it was the constitution was drawn up, and the motto chosen — "The Kingdom of the World for its King and Lord." For the Crusade colours — royal purple signifying the Kingship of Christ, gold for the harvest of souls, and white for the faith—for the motto itself, and the crest of the Crusade we are indebted to our own Nuns, for it was by members of the Community of Loretto that all these were designed and supplied, and the priests in charge chose them of all those submitted. The official hymn, also, which was sung at the first Crusade Mass at St. Anthony's Church, Toronto, just nine years ago, was composed and set to music by our own Nuns. Nor is this the Crusade's whole debt to the Religious of the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary in Canada, whose pupils we are proud to be. Under the guidance of our Nuns we have supported students, aided priests in China, India and the Canadian West, built and furnished Mission Chapels, made a chalice of our jewelry, made altar-linen and vestments, in fact, aided the missions in every way within our means; and this

throughout our Loretto schools, and constantly, year in, year out.

The movement expanded; new schools joined the little group of founders. Three priests, Reverend Father Callaghan, Reverend Father J. Fullerton, and Reverend Father Martin Johnson were granted permission to devote their spare time to the furtherance of the cause, with the result that "The Crusader," the official organ of the Crusade, made its first appearance soon afterwards. So great was the development of the Crusade movement, that soon Reverend Father Martin Johnson was appointed by our Archbishop, His Excellency Most Reverend Neil McNeil, D.D., to give his full time to the work. As a seminarian he had displayed remarkable zeal and energy in organizing local units, and now the C.C.S.M.C. grew apace under his expert guidance. This October Reverend W. A. Kennedy, who has succeeded Father Johnson, called the first National Convention here in Toronto, at which delegates representing units in all parts of Eastern Canada came together to discuss and renovate the temporary constitution drawn up in 1921, since the growth and increasing activities of the Crusade necessitated amendments.

Since this is a trial year under the revised constitution, it is a most important one in the history of the Crusade, and since Loretto has from the first taken such an active part in the movement, it rests with each one of us to make this year an outstanding success, and to do our part faithfully towards the realization of our ambition "THE KINGDOM OF THE WORLD FOR ITS KING AND LORD."

Marywarn Slipper, Form V.

Loretto Abbey College School
Brunswick Avenue, Toronto

CHRIST THE KING.

"Christ the King *our* King." As we repeat these words it brings to our minds Christ's love, His power and justice, His mercy and goodness, His sufferings and death for us.

On the cross, the crown of thorns and the Jews' mocking words, "Hail! King of the Jews," have rightfully named Him; but now we picture Our Lord and King seated among His courtiers, the angels; a halo illuminates His brow, and His eyes are full of love. If we were to see Jesus as He is, we would not refuse Him the title of "Christ the King."

"Hail Christ the King!" was the cry of the Mexican martyrs, of Father Pro, S.J., who was shot for the faith.

Jean Sullivan, aged 11 years,
St. Helen's School, Toronto

AN AUTUMN LANDSCAPE.

September! Is there ever a more delightful month? Golden September ushering in Autumn with her coloured leaves and smoldering bonfires; with the blue haze of a sleepy countryside hovering over the Guelph hills. How delightful to stroll through the quiet lanes and feel the wind swirling the leaves about your feet in a riot of reds and browns. Even to sit upon a grassy mound and pile the crisp leaves sky-high about you, is in itself a delight.

Have you ever sat upon a knoll and watched the sun sink below the horizon? I have. It was an evening in late September. I was taking my after-dinner walk, not concerned particularly about where I went, when suddenly I found that I had wandered to the top of a hill. The sun, a great ball of golden fire, was slowly setting. As it reached the horizon, gold and amethyst appeared as it from no

where, and surrounded the blazing disc. Away in the distance one could hear the occasional murmur of voices and the delicious smell of burning leaves. Oh! it was exhilarating.

I sat there dreaming, aroused only by the quickly falling darkness. As I walked home the stars appeared one by one and the air grew chilly. Truly it had been a glorious autumn day, worthy of our Indian Summer.

Jeanne McLaughlin.

Loretto Academy, Guelph, Ont.

ALL IS NOT GOLD THAT GLITTERS.

The wind was cold. Jimmy standing dejectedly on the street-corner, tried hard to keep from shivering.

"Only your imagination!" he said to himself. "The wind cannot be as cold as you think it is. Why! it's really only November. Wait till winter comes; that's when you'll be good 'n cold."

"Paper, Sir? Wan'na buy a paper?" he asked hopefully, as a man hurried into sight.

He tucked his bundle of papers lightly under his arm and hurried down the street. The papers must be sold somehow. Otherwise how could Mother buy the bread and milk for their meagre supper, and the medicine for sick little Sister? But people were not anxious to buy papers to-day. They were all in too much of a hurry to reach their comfortable homes or warm offices. In vain did Jimmy try to clench his chattering teeth; in vain did he try not to notice how blue his little bare hands were becoming. But it was beginning to snow now and the wind that blew through his thin jacket seemed to chill him to the bone.

He tried to watch the passing cars in order to forget the cold. How comfortable the people in them looked. Jimmy imagined himself riding smoothly along in one of them.

Suddenly, there passed a car that almost made Jimmy drop his papers with surprise. Such a beautiful car! Poor Jimmy could scarcely believe his eyes that such a luxurious car could exist outside of a story-book. But what next caught his eye was a little boy of about his own age, sitting in the back seat. He was warmly dressed in a cozy fur coat and mittens. Poor Jimmy gazed at his own blue hands and thread-bare clothes, and could not help thinking that he was being cheated out of his just share of comfort and warmth. Why should other people have such pleasures, while he stood shivering on the corner? Very discontented indeed, Jimmy went home that evening, wishing that he had not seen the grand car.

Every day the same car passed, and every day Jimmy became more and more envious of the fur-clad boy within. At last one day the boy noticed Jimmy and smiled in the most friendly manner. Each day, after that, as he passed, he nodded and smiled. To poor Jimmy, so all alone, this little recognition was more than welcome. Finally he forgot how he had envied the boy, and found himself waiting each day for the car to pass.

One day, however, the car stopped at Jimmy's corner. He sprang forward when his friend asked for a paper.

"My, what a sad looking boy he is! How pale and thin he looks! I wonder why! Surely he cannot be unhappy; he has everything he can want. O boy, if I had all those furs I sure would be the happiest boy in the world" thought Jimmy.

From that time Jimmy was certain of one sale a day. But one day as he handed his friend his paper, he saw something strange lying in the bottom of the car.

"O, it can't be that" thought Jimmy. But

yes, it really was just that: a pair of little crutches. Now he realized why the boy was so sad. Those few seconds explained everything to him. He tried hard not to show how surprised he was, but the little boy had seen.

"Yes," he replied, as if he had read Jimmy's mind. "I must always use them. See my poor legs," and he drew back the furs that Jimmy might see his unshapely legs. Never had he seen such a pitiful sight. A chill, colder than any November chill, ran through his very bones.

"If only I had legs like yours!" sighed the invalid, "I would be the happiest boy in the world."

That night Jimmy was very thoughtful; his mind seemed far, far away. It was quite evident as he ate his bread-and-milk, that something unusual had happened. Before he went to bed, however, he told his mother the whole story, how he had envied the boy, and then about the crutches.

"But, mother," he concluded, "you can't always tell just by looks."

Adrian Kildea, Grade XII.
Sedley, Sask.

ELEANOR'S TEST.

The Fifth Grade of Filmore School was having an Arithmetic test. A hush was over the whole room. Miss McDonald, the teacher, sat at her desk correcting a previous test.

Eleanor Moore sat gazing out the window; then after a careful glance around the room, she raised the top of her desk just a little and put in her hand, drawing out an open Arithmetic book. This she placed between the top and edge of the desk, hurriedly copied the answers on a scrap of paper, and with another sweeping look around the room to see that no one was watching, she slipped the book back into her desk. Just as she copied the last answer the bell rang for dismissal.

Miss McDonald put her papers in order and stood up.

"All papers to the front, please," she said. "Whether they're finished or not."

The papers were handed in, and the children filed out. Miss McDonald tapped Eleanor on the shoulder as the line passed, and motioned for her to go back to her seat. Eleanor's heart skipped a beat.

A few moments later Miss McDonald came back. She went over to her desk and opened a drawer. Eleanor's knees trembled.

"I have some pencils here," Miss McDonald said, "that I wish you'd take up to the office and sharpen for me. I have an appointment, and I'm afraid I haven't time to stop."

Eleanor took the pencils, but still had a queer, shaky feeling. Did Miss McDonald know? She couldn't. Still her conscience pricked her. During the walk home a little voice kept telling her to right the wrong she had committed. But Eleanor would not give in.

That night, in bed, the tiny voice persisted. Her heart grew heavy and her burden seemed too great to carry.

The next morning Eleanor crept out of bed at a quarter past seven, dressed, had her breakfast, and set out for school. She copied her test over and had just finished as her teacher came in.

"Miss McDonald, have you corrected the test papers yet?" she asked in a very small voice.

"No," she answered, "I hadn't time last night."

"Well, will you tear up my first paper and correct this one instead?"

Miss McDonald was puzzled. She met Eleanor's honest look. Did Eleanor copy yesterday? Then she remembered the frightened actions of the afternoon before. Yes, Eleanor did copy, but her conscience had gotten the best of her.

"Well," she said slowly, "It isn't just usual, but I think that it can be arranged, all right," and she took the paper.

At recess Miss McDonald went over the two Arithmetic papers. Just as she suspected, the first one had every example correct, and the second the majority wrong. She smiled as she thought of Eleanor on the day before. She remembered the pale face and shaky voice. Still, how many of her girls would have done their papers over?

Much as she disliked the copying, she knew that Eleanor Moore was stronger for the incident, and that she would not need another lesson.

Margaret White, '35,
Loretto Academy,
Sault Ste. Marie, Mich.

AN INCIDENT OF VACATION.

There were four of us, an ideal number for a trip. We had gone over very carefully in the guide-book, all the points of interest of Quebec, but because none of us had ever before been to that interesting city, we were not quite sure of what to leave out or what not to leave out, for we had only one day to spend there. We left Montreal at seven o'clock on Saturday night on the SS. St. Lawrence. We passed the evening on board, uneventfully, going to bed at a reasonable hour, knowing that a tiring day was before us. I was awakened quite early by a loud signal from the ship and hastened to get ready to see the arrival from deck, because I had been told it was a memorable sight. The old fortress stood out before us, and the Chateau Frontenac, like a European castle, loomed in the foreground. A church-spire was distinguishable on a hill and because of the impressive spire, I decided—for it was Sunday—that I would like to go to that church for Mass.

We left the boat and hurried to find the church, and on our way were stopped by a tour conductor, who insisted on our buying bus-tickets for Ste. Anne de Beaupré. He showed us the way to the church, which, we learned, was the Basilica of Notre Dame. Not wishing to do anything out of place, we immediately walked to the front to discover if we could sit anywhere, or whether the pews were rented. The first pew belonged to "A. Louer," so we went to the next one. We found, however, that "A Louer" seemed to own a great many pews (perhaps he was the father of one of those large French-Canadian families)—and were quite lost until somebody suddenly discovered that "A Louer" meant "for rent"! After Mass, we boarded the bus for Ste. Anne de Beaupré, and on our way up, we saw the oldest everything in Canada, even travelling by the oldest road. We found Ste. Anne's as wonderful as we expected, and we spent about an hour there. On the way back we stopped at Montmorency Falls, which are higher than Niagara, and quite as beautiful in a less awe-inspiring way. Arriving at Quebec again, we decided to go to the Chateau for lunch, and were delighted with its beauty. After lunch, we walked on Dufferin Terrace.

By this time we were all running short of funds, and decided to take the first street-car we saw. Luckily it was going by the Plains of Abraham, so we got off there. It is now a magnificent park and gives a wonderful view onto the river. The spot where Wolfe died is

marked by a monument; and it is indeed a worthy erection. We had now seen all the most important things, except the break-neck steps, so nothing would do us but we must walk down them. I might add that I discovered why they are called the break-neck steps.

It was getting late, so we headed back to the ship, and were delighted to see an ocean liner, the Duchess of Atholl, in dock. She left slightly before us, and much to our delight, we followed her up the river. We had had a lovely day, but were now hungry. However, dinner on a boat is expensive, so we had to wait until after nine o'clock, when we could dine "à la carte." When you know you cannot eat, you are always more hungry than at other times, and we thought nine o'clock would never come. But finally it did, and afterward we stayed on deck to see the last of Quebec, because we now loved the quaint old place, and felt in leaving it that we were losing an old friend.

Aileen O'Brien, Form IV.,
Loretto Abbey College School,
Brunswick Ave., Toronto

NOSTALGIA.

The step from graduation as an eighth-grade student, to the inferior position of an insignificant member of first year high school was even worse than I expected. As graduates we were showered with flowers, honoured and respected by lower classes. We were given gifts, had new gowns; other students admired us. What a contrast now! The fourth-year girls in a superior fashion give us a condescending glance as they pass us in the hall. Third year, not quite so superior, ignore us entirely. Second year seem to have forgotten their trials of last year, and with heads in air, give us evasive answers to our timid questions. Our lengthened skirts hide our shaking knees. The teachers appreciate the softness of our voices, but they do not know the reason. As we sit trying to make x equal y, we see the eighth-grade girls playing tennis, and we long to be with them again. Things will change, no doubt, but just now give me the good old grammar-school.

Anna Jean Ripley, '35,
Loretto Academy,
Sault Ste. Marie, Mich

CONVENT LIFE AS IT IMPRESSES A NEWCOMER.

There is a more peaceful air about the convent than about any other place in the world. The quiet halls, the gentle footsteps, but most of all the chapel, all convey a sense of rest. The constant noiseless passing of the nuns to and fro, with the sound of the medal clinking against the beads, reminds one of a mysterious musical instrument tinkling in the distance. Sitting in the study-hall in the evening, we hear the sound of a bell down the wide corridor, then the sound of many footsteps coming from various parts of the building and meeting at the chapel door. To us in the study-hall these footsteps tell that the nuns are going to night prayers, and because we are in the house we seem to share in the harmony of many voices blending in praise and supplication. And so the livelong day, from early morn when the little bell summons us to the stir of life again, and calls us to the chapel, on through all the round of daily tasks, there is the sunshine of a smile in every heart, and a peace not found elsewhere.

Dorothy McGregor, '32,
Loretto Academy,
Sault Ste. Marie, Mich

DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON.

Much has been written of Dr. Johnson, and his biographer's works are widely known, but few read the works of Johnson himself. An editorial which recently appeared in a Toronto paper, states:

"For one stray student who wades through 'The Rambler' or 'Rasselas' which Johnson wrote himself, there are a hundred people who delightfully enjoy what Boswell wrote about Johnson."

Johnson's stories are undeniably dull both in style and subject matter, but his "Lives of the Poets" is unequalled, and this book, coupled with his "Dictionary," made him famous to the English people before Boswell or Macaulay began their celebrated biographies.

It is strange to reflect that the same "Rasselas" which we consider almost unreadable was so popular when an obscure London book seller first printed it, that the story had to be rushed through a second edition.

Many stories are related of Johnson's affected manners when in society, of his stream and ugly, almost repulsive, exterior, but Johnson's personality evidently over-shadowed these. From his college days, he was a pious man who dealt mercilessly with his own shortcomings and deplored his ease-loving nature to such a degree that he became morbid. This state was in no wise helped by the ravaging of a deadly disease, the scrofula, from which he had suffered from infancy. Considering the trying circumstances under which he acquired fame, his courage and perseverance are remarkable.

From his school days he seldom had enough for bare sustenance. Hunted by poverty and suffering from lack of food, it was often that he spent the night wandering through the streets of London. It was during the years that he spent in the slums of the metropolis that Johnson wrote his lofty poem, "London," and his only drama, the tragedy "Irene."

He contracted to compile a dictionary for several London booksellers. For this he received a considerable sum, but, unfortunately, the money was almost gone before he finished his dictionary, and he was again in dire poverty. At this time also his wife, whom he loved dearly, died, and a few years later his aged mother passed away. This left an indelible mark on his failing health. His poverty was relieved by a pension from the King, and with this he bought a house in which he supported, with great generosity, several friends who were in distressing financial circumstances. At this house he finished the dictionary and the "Lives of the Poets," which ended his literary labours.

Being now seventy-two years old, he suffered a deep-seated pain from his disease, which was now at an advanced stage, and from which many other complications developed. His morbid mind conceived a terrible fear of the death awaiting him. This fear was increased when one of his dependants, a blind woman, died. As his suffering grew day by day, his faith reasserted itself, and when he was at last confined to his deathbed he held firmly to an humble and pious hope of mercy.

Johnson's works, although written in the style of nearly two centuries ago, possess a profound philosophy of life, and his wide spread knowledge of human character creates a deep interest for them in modern readers.

Margaret A. Ferguson,
Lee to Avenue Road Second,
Brunswick Ave., Toronto.

AN IMPORTANT INDUSTRY IN MY CITY— MEAT-PACKING.

(This essay won first prize in a contest in the "Young Catholic Messenger").

Chicago's fame as one of the great cities of the world rests on a firm foundation of achievement and supremacy in many different lines, but it is safe to say that meat-packing is approximately the most important stone of that foundation. We know that Chicago's position as a railroad center contributed to her upbuilding as a packing center, but it seems equally logical to say that the packing business was a big factor in building up Chicago's railroad importance, if we consider the fact that railroad success depends upon business.

At first the several stock yards were situated in various sections of the city, but the inconvenience of driving live-stock from one yard to another, caused John Sherman, with a group of associates, in 1865, to purchase the square mile of land on which stand to-day the Union Stock Yards.

A typical day in the Chicago Stock Yards sees thousands of cattle, hogs, and sheep unloaded from early trains, and offered to buyers of the various packing-plants. After the packers acquire ownership of the live-stock, the animals are driven to the killing departments, where they are dispatched most humanely. The carcasses are "dressed" and placed in chill-rooms, where wholesome meat is stamped and directly removed into the cannery or the refrigerator cars for shipment.

There was a time when the only items of value derived from livestock were meats, hides, lard, and tallow. To-day in the large packing plants every inedible scrap is put to some use. It is because Chicago's great packing firms have thus taken the lead in developing ever-growing efficiency, as well as because their products are favorably known, that Chicago and its Packingtown have won world-wide fame—such fame that almost every visitor to the city insists on seeing the "Yards."

Elsie Felix, II A.
Loretto Academy, Woodlawn, Chicago.

A SAULT GIRL'S VACATION.

Sitting on a projecting rock of Steer's Island, I drank deeply of the peaceful beauty of the surroundings. Never, I think, did the St. Mary's look so calm and beautiful before, as I watch a small ferry plying its way across the river. My calm revery is momentarily broken by the shriek of a speed-boat. Soon it passes, causing little swells to come up against the rocks. Then as suddenly as the sound came, it dies down to a murmur and the water again gently laps the shores. Over in the inlets of another island the little house-boats are bobbing up and down on the gentle waves. The low music of the water makes an organ accompaniment for the twitter of the birds as they go from tree to tree, or the rustle of leaves disturbed by some passing squirrels.

As I sit here musing and enjoying the dreamy quiet, the faint peal of a distant church-bell comes wafted on the breeze, reminding me of the Sault: two miles up the river, where two weeks from today the busy hum of the class-room will make dream shadows and murmuring waters a mere memory.

Adele Brunet, '32.
Loretto Academy,
Sault Ste. Marie, Mich.

"THERE'S NO MUSIC LIKE A LITTLE RIVER; IT TAKES THE MIND OUT OF DOORS."

Oh, what dreariness in those long winter days when the little river is frozen over! One waits longingly for Spring. Is it just to see the warm sun, the singing birds and the pretty flowers? Perhaps it is for some, but for a person with a river at her door, it is to see the breaking up of the ice and to hear the first music of the river.

During the long winter an open fire, the odour of the burning pine, a story-book, make many otherwise cheerless evenings pleasant ones for me, but nothing quite compensates for the beauty, peace and music of my favourite haunt by the river.

At last comes a Spring morning when I am awakened by a low rumble. From my window I can see the river through the bare trees. The "rumble" is caused by large pieces of ice falling over the small falls half-way down the stream. Each Spring I have waited for this day, as long as I can remember. Then, in a few days, the river is cleared of ice, and I hear again the old familiar song of the brook as it rushes and tumbles down over the boulders, busy as little birds that have just come back, and are hurrying about, building their nests, chirping and singing happily all the time.

I know I shall always recall a certain summer night, whenever I hear the fairy music of the brook—a night when I sauntered down to the stream. As I stepped from behind some tall bushes, I stood transfixed. The full moon made the river a silver stream; the drooping willows on the banks made fantastic shapes on the water and the music of the brook was that of a laughing fairy, which altogether made this spot a fairy realm set apart from everything else.

It was beautiful, and for the first time in my life, beauty appeared as something more than itself. The words of a writer came into my mind with wondrous clearness. "It seems to me that beauty is a gateway unto God. The thrilling, moving, tremendous thing about it is not the especial aspect under which it appears, not the tree, the flower, the bird-note at dusk, but the occasional sense of 'otherwhereness' that the beauty half reveals. It is this overpowering Something hidden in the mists of beauty, that moves one so exquisitely, tears the heart out, and almost terrifies at times by its nearness."

Only at that moment did the significence of those words become clear to me, and I had a feeling of gratitude to the writer for this sublime thought which, for the future, was to cause me to push beyond the mere Beauty of my "little river."

Avilla McAuley, Form II.
Loretto Academy, Stratford, Ont.
June, 1931.

DOROTHY ARNOLD'S DECISION.

"Oh, Dorothy! I have the most wonderful news to tell you!" exclaimed Peggy Hartnett, enthusiastically, as she hurried up the steps of her chum's house. Dorothy had been studying her religion, for a week from tomorrow a no less important event than her confirmation was to occur.

As Peggy Hartnett seated herself and tried rather unsuccessfully to regain her breadth and tell the "wonderful news" in short uneven gasps, Dorothy immediately became interested.

"O Dot! What do you think! Mother has promised to let me have a house-party up at the 'Willows,' and you and Nancy and Loretta and

Joanne are invited! It is a perfect plan," announced Peggy.

"How lovely!" exclaimed Dorothy. "When are we going?"

"A week from to-day, and we will stay until the following Monday. Only three days, but what a lot of fun we can have in three days!"

The light of pleasure faded from Dorothy's radiant little face.

"Oh," she said disappointedly, "I'm sorry. I cannot come. Next Sunday I am to be confirmed, so I cannot be absent on that day. No, I cannot come."

Peggy, too, was disappointed.

"O Dorothy! You know there wouldn't be any party without you!" she wailed. "You must come!" She broke off there and began to reason. At last she said:

"See here, Dorothy . . . you've gotten on for fourteen years without being confirmed, so of course you can go just one more year. Please say that you will come."

Now, Dorothy Arnold, though very sweet and amiable, had not the strongest of characters. She was true and affectionate, but somewhat timorous and easily led. After a great deal of considering, hoping and doubting, she exclaimed:

"I'll go! I'd be delighted. You are right as usual, Peg. I can wait another year. Besides, I'll be better prepared by that time, anyhow. Tell your mother to expect me at the "Willows" next Saturday night."

"That's lovely," remarked Peggy, in a satisfied tone. When she said that, it probably sounded very much like a great general after having won a very difficult battle. "Well," she added, "Good-bye, I'm off to Nancy's." And down the steps she danced.

* * * * *

At dinner that night, Dorothy announced to her father that she was going away next week to a party at the "Willows."

"But my dear," argued her father, "I thought you were to be confirmed!"

"No, dad, I am not going to be confirmed this year. Next year I will be better prepared, so I shall wait until then."

Doctor Arnold said no more. That seemed strange, of course, but whatever his adored motherless daughter deemed right, seemed quite the proper thing to Doctor Arnold, too.

During the week that followed, Dorothy continued with her religious instructions. She thought it would be wise to do this and then, at the next meeting, after confirmation, she could explain to her teacher that she had been suddenly called out of town. But somehow, Dorothy felt uneasy, something deep down in her heart seemed to whisper: "Dorothy, you are doing wrong. Do not yield to temptation."

Dorothy, however, was too foolish to listen to this small voice. It followed in her shadow, it haunted her, but still she would not change her decision.

To silly little Dorothy it seemed that she was performing nobly, that she was making quite a sacrifice by not remaining in Sunnyville to be confirmed. Still that voice kept repeating, "Do not yield to temptation."

At last that long week ended and Saturday arrived. Now the voice that had seemed so gentle was fairly shouting to her. Dorothy would not listen. She descended the stairs and was greeted by her father just returning for lunch.

After a hasty meal the doctor prepared to take Nancy and Dorothy to the station. As they were leaving the house Dorothy stopped suddenly when her eyes fell upon a picture of the Sacred Heart. Her eyes filled with tears when she realized how shamefully she had behaved.

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"O Daddy!" she cried, "I cannot go! I must stay here and be confirmed instead of going to the silly party!"

"Why, Dorothy, dear!" exclaimed her father, "you said that you intended to wait until next Spring—that you would be better prepared then."

"I know, Daddy, but I did not realize what I was doing. I was yielding to temptation! O Daddy . . . . . ."

"There, there, Dorothy. Poor child!" said her father.

* * * * *

Sunday morning arrived. As Dorothy marched serenely up the aisle of the Church of the Sacred Heart, she was surprised to see, seated very near the front of the church, Peggy, Nancy, Joanne, Loretta, and Mrs. Hartnett. The last mentioned said to herself: "What a noble girl she is! A little saint!"

Dorothy's face wore a new expression, a strength and dignity added to its wonted sweetness. Never had her heart felt so light and happy, happiness in the strength of the Sacrament she was receiving, and in the thought of the goodness of God who had saved her from her own weakness.

Rosemary Welsh, Grade III.,
St. Bride School, Chicago

June, 1931.

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Won't better things at all.
Don't spoil the long, bright summer
Worrying about the fall
So far as I can see
There's no use getting blue
Let's take the cloudy weather
Let it rain till it gets through.

Cecilia Forrest, '34.
Loretto Academy, Sault Ste. Marie, Mich.

THE BEACH.

How pretty the beach is at mid-day with the waves pounding upon it and rushing in to meet the smaller waves rolling back to sea! I have seen the beach of Wilmington, North Carolina, at each season of the year, but I think it is at its prettiest in the summer months, and especially in the month of June.

The water is a beautiful blue green, and all along the beach for miles the white spray can be seen as the waves rise and break upon the sand. On the dry sand up near the shore the millions of little shells glisten in the sunlight like so many diamonds or precious stones. As you walk along the beach your eyes naturally are riveted to the sand and you stoop now and then to pick up an unusually attractive shell. If you are lucky you may find a pretty star fish. Sometimes the little sandpipers run along the edge of the waves, picking up a minnow or other small fish riding in on a wave. They run along for hours so quickly that you can hardly distinguish their legs, and yet never seem to tire.

Then it brings the most restful feeling to lie in a beach-chair and listen to the thunder of the waves. Just after dark, on the edge of the horizon, a dim light is first seen, and then appears an edge of the brilliant moon which gradually rises, casting a stream of golden light across the dancing little waves. How beautiful, then, is the beach in the friendly light of the beautiful full moon!

Miriam Wolf, '34.
Loretto Academy,
Sault Ste. Marie, Mich.

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ALUMNAE NOTES

LORETTO ALUMNAE ASSOCIATION
LORETTO ABBEY, TORONTO.

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Stratford, Ont.	MISS JANE MEGAN. [illegible]
Englewood, Chicago	MISS MARY COLLINS. [illegible]
Sault Ste Marie, Mich	MISS IDA RANSOM
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Joliet, Ill. (St Mary's Academy)	MISS WINIFRED BANNON.
Woodlawn, Chicago	MISS OLIVE SMITH. [illegible]
New York, N Y	MISS FORDE
Detroit, Mich.	MISS VERA REAUME
Buffalo, N.Y.	MISS MARY MAXWELL.
Graduates' Club, Loretto Abbey College School, Toronto	MISS NORAH LATCHFORD. [illegible]

The regular quarterly meeting of the L.A.A will be held at Loretto Abbey, Armour Heights, on October 27th.

*

Congratulations are offered to Mother M Fabronie, I.B.V.M., on the golden jubilee of her religious life, by the many friends, especially of the Abbey, Niagara Falls and Hamilton, whom her kindly interest and sympathy have won for her.

Congratulations to Miss Ramona Coffey, alumna of Loretto Academy, Niagara Falls, on her appointment by the Montreal Catholic School Board as exchange teacher to Liverpool, England, where she is on the staff of St. Mary's Demonstration Academy, Mount Pleasant College, conducted by the Sisters of Notre Dame de Namur. Miss Coffey is the daughter of Mr and Mrs. J. Coffey, Montreal. Mrs. Coffey, whose picture appears in this issue, is also an alumna of Loretto, and active in the Catholic Women's League. Other daughters, Miss Fanny Coffey and Mrs. F. Ryan (Rita Coffey), secretary of the Loretto, Niagara, Alumnae, are graduates of Loretto Academy, Niagara Falls, and Miss Agnes Coffey, B.A., is also a former pupil

The Alumnae Association of Loretto High School, Englewood, Chicago, celebrated its Silver Jubilee on Sept. 20th, when Mother M. Athanasia, I.B.V.M., Mother St. Anthony, I.B.V.M., Mother M. St. Roque, I.B.V.M., and Mother M. Syncleta, I.B.V.M., all former teachers of the Academy, were the guests of honour. By a happy coincidence that gave a two-fold reason for the celebration, Mother Athanasia's jubilee of religious life coincided with the Silver Jubilee of the Alumnae.

Weddings.

Miss Mary Elizabeth Harkins, B.A., graduate of Loretto Abbey College, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John A. Harkins, to Mr. Wilfred D. Brown, B.A., Sc., on Saturday, Oct. 10th. Reverend Father Oliver, C.S.B., performed the ceremony.

Miss Louise Dell, alumna of Loretto Academy, Hamilton, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Dell, to Mr. James Robertson, on Aug. 3rd.

Miss Louise Mary Ciceri, graduate of Loretto Abbey College School, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Paul Ciceri, to Mr. John Patrick Sheedy, on Aug. 8th, at the Church of St. Vincent de Paul, Toronto. Reverend G. J. Kirby performed the ceremony.

Miss Pauline Pigeon, a graduate of Loretto Academy, Stratford, daughter of Mrs. Pigeon and the late Michael Pigeon, Stratford, to Mr. Frederick Pessl, on Sept. 19th.

Miss Irene Hannam, a former pupil of Loretto Academy, Guelph, daughter of Mrs. Hannam and the late Richard J. Hannam, to Mr. Charles Morrison, P.E.I., on October 12th.

Miss Cynthia O'Donnell, alumna of Loretto Academy, Sault Ste Marie, Mich., to Mr Edward O'Connell, on October 10th.

Miss Marian Bowker, alumna of Loretto Academy, Stratford, to Dr Louis Dill, on September 22nd.

Miss Louise Pauline Schmidt, alumna of Loretto Academy, Niagara Falls, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Robert Schmidt, Elmira, N.Y., to Mr. Elmer Day Hessenmueller, on September 1st. Mr. and Mrs. Hessenmueller will be at home after September 30th at 703 Princeton Blvd., Wilkinsburg, Pa.

Miss Edith Goetter, graduate of Loretto Academy, Niagara Falls, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry W. Goetter, Buffalo, N.Y., to Mr. Blood, on June 24th.

Miss Alma Marguerite Rudell, alumna of Loretto Academy, Guelph, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. Rudell, Hespeler, Ont., to Mr. L. G. Montezombert, on August 15th.

Congratulations to

Mr. and Mrs. O. J. Fatum (Zita Goodrow), Ottoville, Ohio, on the birth of a daughter on September 5th.

Mr. and Mrs. Claude Halloran, 68 Chatsworth Drive, Toronto, on the birth of a son.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Latontaine (Bernice Bedford, former pupil of Loretto Academy, Guelph) on the birth of a daughter.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Coghlan (Ann Henry, B.A.), Fort William, Ont., on the birth of a daughter.

Mr. and Mrs. F. McKelvey (Anne Clawsey, a former pupil of Loretto Academy, Hamilton), on the birth of a daughter.

Mr. and Mrs. Denis Feehely (Annie F. Smyth, former pupil of Loretto Abbey, Toronto), on the birth of a daughter.

Mr. and Mrs. William J. Coogan (Loretto Rivard, graduate of Loretto Academy, Niagara Falls), 165 Main Street, Niagara Falls, N.Y., on the birth of a son, on July 8th.

Mr. and Mrs. Burr Price (Madeleine Coffey, B.A.), 16 Barry Road, Scarsdale, N.Y., on the birth of a daughter.

Mr. and Mrs. Cyril Traynor (Margaret Hayes, former pupil of Loretto Abbey), Sudbury, Ont., on the birth of a daughter.

Mr. and Mrs. Austin A. Forhan (Vivian Spence, graduate of Loretto Academy, Niagara Falls), on the birth of a daughter.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Berrigan (Florence Glynn, graduate of Loretto Academy, Niagara Falls), on the birth of a son.

Loretto Offers Deepest Sympathy to

Mother M. Ignatia, I.B.V.M., Miss Margaret Gallaher, Mr. John Gallaher, and other members of the family, on the death of her mother, Mrs. Michael Gallaher, Guelph, Ontario.

Mother M. Mildred, I.B.V.M., Mother M. Francis de Sales, I.B.V.M., and the Misses Hanahoe, on the death of their sister, Miss Addie Hanahoe.

Mother M. Consilio, I.B.V.M., Mother M. Norberta, I.B.V.M., Miss Davis, Mrs. R. J. McGahey, Toronto, Mrs. R. J. Connolly, Oshawa, and Mrs. Hennessy, Emmetsburg, Iowa, on the death of their sister, Miss Margaret Davis.

Mrs. Patrick Foley, Arthur, Ont., her daughter, Sister M. Audrey, I.B.V.M., and other members of the family, on the death of Mr. Foley.

Mr. and Mrs. John Townsend and family, 105 Spadina Avenue, Hamilton, on the death of their son, Mr. John W. Townsend.

Mr. Johnson and family, Joliet, Illinois, on the death of his son, Mr. Arthur Johnson.

Mrs. E. J. Mudd, and family, on the death of Mr. Mudd. The late Sister M. Catalda Mudd, I.B.V.M., was a daughter.

Reverend Father C. W. James, Vice-President of the Catholic Church Extension Society of Canada, his sisters, Mrs. E. James, Mrs. Annie James and Miss Veronica James, and his brother, Mr. Walter James, on the deaths of their father and their mother, Mr. and Mrs. W. E. James.

Mr. Frank O'Connor, and family, Toronto, on the death of his wife (Ellen Hayes).

Mrs. Murdoch (Eleanor E. Cosgrave), and family, 154 Douglas Drive, Toronto, on the death of her husband, Major Arthur E. Murdoch.

Mrs. J. Liggett, on the death of her mother, Mrs. K. A. O'Leary (Catherine Cassidy), daughter of the late Dr. Cassidy, Toronto.

Mr. William T. Corcoran, 17 North Seventh Street, Shamokin, Pa., and his daughter, Miss Teresa Corcoran, ex '32 Loretto Abbey College, on the death of Mrs. Corcoran.

Mr. James Murphy, and family, on the death of his wife (Mary Bowen, alumna of Loretto Academy, Niagara Falls), and to Mr. and Mrs. Bowen, her parents, Reverend Francis E. Bowen, S.J., a brother, and other members of the family.

Mrs. McConkey (Geraldine Schmuck), on the death of her husband.

Mr. and Mrs. Gage (Lilia Kouber, former pupil of Loretto Academy, Hamilton), on the death of their son, Mr. Wilfred Gage.

Mr. Frank E. Walker, Hamilton, and his daughter, Miss Margaret Walker, a pupil of Loretto Academy, Hamilton, on the death of Mrs. Walker.

Miss Margaret Moriarty, graduate of Loretto Academy, Stratford, on the death of her father, Mr. Edward Moriarty.

Dr. Martin Lamey and family, on the death of his wife (Marie Blanchard, alumna of Loretto Academy, Hamilton).

Mrs. T. D. Galligan, Eganville, Ont., on the death of her daughter, Miss Helen Galligan, graduate of Loretto Abbey College, and to Mrs. Justin Blanchfield (Frances Galligan), her sister.

Mr. and Mrs. James Alfred Burns (Doris McGovern, a graduate of Loretto Academy, Sault Ste. Marie, Mich.), on the death of their little daughter, Catherine, a pupil of Loretto Academy.

Miss Kate Macdonell, Mrs. Young, Mrs. Verey, and other members of the family, on the death of their sister, Miss Ella Macdonell, a former pupil of Loretto Abbey.

Miss Margaret Mulligan, Guelph, Ont., on the death of her sister, Miss Sara Mulligan.

Miss Minnie Frank, Mr. Albert Frank, Mrs. Dempsey and Mrs. George Hurley, on the death of their sister, Miss Matilda Frank, Guelph, Ont.

Mrs. Keating, 50 Oxford Street, Hamilton, Ont., on the death of her daughter, Miss Mary Agnes Keating, alumna of Loretto Academy, Hamilton, and to Mrs. O. Oliver, a sister.

Mr. and Mrs. G. O. McConkey (Lilian Seitz), 22 Austin Crescent, Toronto, on the death of their infant son.

Mr. A. Schumacher (Genevieve Rosa), and other members of the family, on the death of her husband.

Mr. William B. O'Connor and family, Whitby, Ont., on the death of his wife.

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COLLEGE NOTES AND SCHOOL CHRONICLES

Loretto Abbey College.

Sept. 29th—Opening Day! Greeting old friends and welcoming the new, hearing of each one's activities during the summer and eagerly discussing plans for the coming year. Most of last year's Seniors return for O.C.E., and other post-graduate courses.

Sept. 30th. Opening Mass at St. Michael's College. Sermon by Reverend Father Bellish in which he wished us every success during the coming year and urged each student to make use of his, or her, time, particularly during the first three months.

Oct. 1st—Lectures, work in earnest, and everyone now feeling completely at home.

Oct. 1st—The Freshmen are put on probation or, in common parlance, initiation begins. Freshmen lead the sample life, and serve their elders until such time as the ban is lifted by their performance of "Snowwhite" the initiation play.

Oct. 3rd—First teadance of the year at Newman Club, voted by everyone a splendid success. All who were present at the teadance met the new Chaplain of the club, Reverend Father McGarrity, who comes to us from New York City.

Oct. 5th—Resuming of four o'clock tea in the Common Room. Opening tea a gala event and delightfully arranged under the management of two fourth year girls.

Oct. 8th. Reverend Father McGrath, one of the four missionaries leaving this month for China, paid a visit to the College, and spent the evening with the girls in the Common Room. All promised to pray for him, and he promised to remember us in his prayers and labours.

Oct. 10th. Opening Mass in the College Chapel, the Missa Recitata. Afterwards there was a reception, when the students were presented to Reverend Mother General and the members of the faculty.

Oct. 12th. O.C.E. students of 3T0 solved the knotty problem of remaining as a united group with their Alma Mater, even when her list of undergraduates was complete, by establishing themselves in cosy apartments at the Casa, where Thanksgiving visitors found the quartette in high spirits.

Oct. 13th. Freshmen play "Snowdrop and the Seven Dwarfs," which was well portrayed by the first-year girls. Following the play a banquet was given by the Sophs, after which the Freshmen felt as if they were a real part of our student body.

Oct. 14th—Freshette tea at Newman Club.

Margaret Unger, 3T3.

Loretto Abbey, Armour Heights, Toronto.

Sept. 8th—School days are here once more! After two months of silence the sheltering Abbey walls again look down upon scenes of joyous recognition and welcome new faces, and familiar ones, each with a brand-new coat of tan and every heart filled with enthusiasm, and every head with plans for the coming year.

Sept. 12th. It was planned that we should go for a "hike" into the country, taking our lunch with us. The weather was so warm, however, that we betook ourselves off to our shady ravine and had our luncheon under the trees and enjoyed it as only a picnic in such a spot can be enjoyed.

Sept. 13th-14th. During these two days, the [illegible] Lady [illegible] Society [illegible] Room and Music Group

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Kent, each with her band of supporters, held a very interesting election campaign. Competition between the two parties was keen, and the vote which was taken after a platform speech by each of the candidates, was a close one. We offer congratulations to Miss Katharine Roche our new Prefect.

Sept. 18th—This proved an ideal day for the basketball game between the new girls and the "old" girls. All the players entered into the game with the best of spirits, and it was a hard fought battle with a score of 22-18 in favour of the old team. Cheer up new girls! You have the makings of a fine team, and a year from now . . . . !

Sept.-9th—The greater part of the afternoon was spent in a treasure hunt. The school was divided into groups, which set out separately, following clues which were cleverly concealed under the bark of trees, on gate posts, stumps, etc. After much searching the treasure (marshmallows) was brought back by the successful group and all shared the glory of a marshmallow roast, and around the glowing embers of the dying fire "a good time was had by all"

Sept. 23rd—A most interesting and instructive lecture was delivered to us by Reverend Father Alan Kennedy, director of the Canadian Catholic Students' Mission Crusade. Father Kennedy explained to us the aim of the C. C. S.M.C., and gave us full details of the coming Crusade convention.

Sept. 24th—Votes were cast for the officers of the athletic association. Nominations were held and the outcome of the election was Miss Lilian Barnabé for President, and Miss Irene Coulson for Secretary-Treasurer, and we are assured of an active athletic year.

Oct. 2nd—We attend the meetings of the inspiring Mission Crusade Convention, during which we enjoyed being hostesses to the charming delegates from our sister Loretto-schools of Niagara Falls, Hamilton and Guelph.

Isabel Kerwin.

Loretto Abbey College School, Brunswick Avenue, Toronto.

Sept. 8th—Back to school once more! And the halls hum with chatter as old friends meet.

Sept. 17th—To-day we had our class elections with results as follows: Presidents: Form V.—Miss Catherine Ballard; Form IV—Miss Marie McKinnon; Form IIIA—Miss Margaret Heavener; Form IIIB—Miss Marie Piccinnini, Form IIA—Miss Theresa Byrne; Form IIB—Miss Margaret Valey; Form IA—Miss Mary Barbeau; Form IB—Miss Norma Middleton; Form IC—Miss Helen Raison. Class Vice-Presidents: Form V—Miss Mary McConvey, Form IV—Miss Ruth Barker; Form IIIA—Miss Rita McGarvey; Form IIIB—Miss Evelyn Murphy; Form IIA—Miss Noreen Cummins; Form IIB—Miss Teneie Miller; Form IA—Miss Helen Dobson; Form IB—Miss Mary McDermott; Form IC—Miss Kathleen Shanks.

Sept. 18th—The school assembled in the auditorium this afternoon for the important task of selecting Crusade and Athletic officers. The Crusade elections resulted as follows: President—Miss Marywinn Slipper; Vice-President—Miss Aileen O'Brien; Secretary—Miss Clare Colgan, Treasurer—Miss Doris March. The Athletic officers are: President—Miss Catherine Macklin; Vice-President—Miss Kathleen Fitzpatrick, Secretary—Miss Jean Downs, Treasurer—Miss Patricia Flood.

Sept. 21st—Each class elected a Crusade and an Athletic representative to-day. They are, Crusade: Form V—Miss Marywinn Slipper; Form IV—Miss Helen Gayheart, Form IIIA—Miss Eleanor Cheer, Form IIIB—Miss Violet Pegg, Form IIA—Miss Teresa Blackburn, Form IIB—Miss Nora Pegg, Form IA

SENIORS' CLUB ROOM—LORETTO ABBEY, ARMOUR HEIGHTS, TORONTO.

Miss Helen Collins; Form IB—Miss Rita Lee; Form IC—Miss Myrtle Williams. Athletic: FormV—Miss Catherine Macklin; Form IV—Miss Mary McCarthy; Form IIIA.—Miss Ruth Fremes; Form IIIB—Miss Ruth Baird; Form IIA—Miss Marjorie Dault; Form IIB—Miss Patricia McSherry. Form IA—Miss Madeline Conderan; Form IB—Miss Cecil Hayes; Form IC—Miss Betty Witham.

Sept. 25th—Reverend Father Kelly spoke to us about the approaching Crusade convention. He has us interested, and we are enthusiastically waiting for the great days.

Oct. 2nd, 3rd and 4th—During these three days zealous Crusaders attended many fine meetings and heard some inspiring sermons by well-known Crusade leaders. On Sunday afternoon the Convention sponsored a Crusade Rally, at which our unit was well represented by almost the whole school in trim uniforms, and carrying banners and pennants, and making such a pleasing impression that a picture of our unit appeared in the daily papers. As a result of the convention we are all more interested in the Crusade work, and have great plans for the coming year.

Mary McConvey.

Loretto High School, Englewood, Chicago.

Sept. 8th—Our brand-new Freshmen were received and entertained by the Seniors.

Sept. 9th—General Learning triumphed today over General Vocation. The prisoners were several hundred high-school girls.

Sept. 21st—Reverend Father Wm. Cousins said the Mass of the Holy Ghost for us in our chapel to-day, and we had a half-holiday in the afternoon.

Sept. 28th to Oct. 2nd—Freshmen Week. Being a Sophomore, I deeply sympathize with those green-hair-bowed Freshmen, burdened with Seniors' books. But the Freshmen seem to think it all worth-while in order eventually to "belong."

Congratulations to the winners of Scholarships:

Scholarships from Loretto were to Miss Kathleen Brown for St. Xavier's; Miss Virginia Cheevers for St. Xavier's; Miss Catherine Cognac for St. Xavier's; Miss Villa Sharpe for DePaul University; and Miss Marie Louise Zeriga for DePaul University.

Scholarships to Loretto: Misses Helen Shean

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and Lillian Wilson from St. Bernard's and Miss Florence Godfrey from St. Adrian's were each awarded a one year scholarship.

Ruth Bryce, 2A.

Loretto Academy, Hamilton, Ont.

The first Crusade meeting of the Hamilton Unit was held on September 9th. The speaker, Reverend Father R. McKenna, better known to the readers of "The Crusader" as Caleb Clark, was introduced by Miss Irene Hanenburg. His presence created quite a sensation as, until then, very few were aware of the identity of this gifted writer.

A brief address delivered in his inimitable way aroused anew the spirit of zeal in his youthful listeners.

Miss Helen Goodrow then moved a vote of thanks for the spiritual treat enjoyed.

The October meeting of the Mission Crusade was made unusually interesting by the enthusiasm of the delegates to the Convention in Toronto, October 2nd and 4th. Our President, Miss Margaret Goodrow, in a brief outline of the leading events of the Convention, gave us a vivid impression of all that took place. From the opening Mass at St. Basil's Church, through business meetings, Mass at St. Michael's Cathedral, visits to the China Mission Seminary and to St. Augustine's, to the grand rally of about three thousand Crusaders on St. Michael's College campus, the interest of the delegates never flagged. The closing event of the Convention was described by Miss Doris Clancy. This was the touching departure ceremony held in the Cathedral to bid farewell and God-speed to four young priests who a few hours later would set out for China. Our prayers will follow those heroic missionaries that they may win many souls for God.

Mary Hennessy, Form IV.

Loretto Academy, Niagara Falls, Ont.

Sept. 8th. All aboard for Loretto, Niagara! We find the M. T. W. ready and at work. Each proud member wears a badge cleverly designed by our Margaret Perry. And [illegible] girls welcome with all the enthusiasm possible to "old" Loretto girls. What a splendid group of new girls they are. It looks a fine year ahead.

Sept. 11th. Our chapel is filled to overflowing. Every Loretto student is there for the Mass in honour of the Holy Ghost, invoking success of our school-year.

Sept. 12th. Our annual picnic at Brock's Monument. [illegible] attended the meeting of [illegible] squaws. [illegible] climbed the monument, wrote postals and ate. The M. T. W. still at work.

Sept. 16th. At a short meeting [illegible] President for the year [illegible] Miss [illegible] Cecilia [illegible] was elected.

Sept. 16th. At a [illegible] elections, Miss Mary Dunnigan is voted Vice-President, Miss [illegible] Miss M. [illegible].

Sept. 17th. The President of the Athletic As-

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sociation, Miss Edwine Whitney, holds elections for the remaining officers of the organization. Miss Mary Beaver is Vice-President; Miss Gayle Hancock, Secretary; and Miss Kathleen Mayes, Treasurer.

Sept. 18th—A dance for the new girls, with the club-initiates supplying splendid entertainment in the form of impersonations of various celebrities.

Sept. 20th—Our first Sodality meeting. All are happy to be together again in our Sodality classroom, where with memories of past meetings, present ones cannot be otherwise than successful. According to our plans this Sodality year is to be finer and more inspirational than any that have gone before. Why not?

Sept. 20th-26th—"Queen's Work" Drive, and the result—100% subscription list. We are proud of our increase in subscription for you know there is—depression.

Sept. 25th—The night of our club initiation. All the initiates show themselves to be fine sports and incidently very clever speech-makers.

Sept. 24th—Thursday brings the first of our religious instructions. Reverend Father Gabriel, O.Carm., introduces himself and we hear what the year has in store for us—a course in Mariology. We are most enthusiastic and are looking forward to an exceptionally splendid series of lectures.

Julia Geiger.

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Loretto Academy, Sault Ste. Marie, Mich.

Sept. 1st—School opened with Mass in the church, in honour of the Holy Ghost. Later the student body, from our tiny first graders to the fourth year high school, assembled in our little chapel which was crowded to capacity, to consecrate the school year to Our Blessed Mother.

Sept. 2nd—Our initial meeting of the Children of Mary was held. Elections resulted as follows: President, Miss Jean Dagenais; Vice-President, Miss Eleanor Oremus; Secretary, Miss Mary O'Connor; Treasurer, Miss Georgiana Burdeno.

Sept. 3rd—Enthusiastic Crusaders met for the first time. We're hoping their enthusiasm will last.

Sept. 4th—Meeting of St. Theresa's Literary Association. Purpose: to elect officers.

Sept. 7th—Class elections.

Sept. 11th—The Feast of the Holy Name of Mary was anticipated.

Sept. 16th—St. Theresa's Literary Association was entertained with a Longfellow programme by the Freshman class. Among the selections were: "The Arrow and the Song," given by Miss Claudina Reinhard, "A Sketch of the Life of Longfellow," by Miss Eunice Pazet, and "Psalm of Life," by the class.

At this meeting the introduction of the new plan for the "Rainbow" was discussed and enthusiastically hailed. The Editorial Staff was appointed as follows: Chronicle, Miss Mary O'Connor, Business Manager, Miss Kathleen White; Prose, Miss Hazel Taylor; Poetry, Miss Jean McEachern.

We are convinced that this plan will inspire and help to produce a high grade of literary articles for the "Rainbow." Girls! This requires 100% cooperation.

Mary O'Connor, '27.

Loretto Academy, Woodlawn, Chicago.

Sept. 14th—A milestone on the path to knowledge. The theme song for the week is "School Days," and while we speak regretfully of vacation, we are all secretly delighted with the reopening of school. The halls are alive with girls eager to become members of the intelligentsia. May their ambitions be always thus!

Sept. 23rd—No debutante has such a programme of social events as the present Freshman Class. A bridge-party given by the Seniors opened the season. It was held in the cheerful club-room, and the souvenirs took the form of school equipment—pudgy "eversharps."

Sept. 24th—A hasty glance at the bulletin board tells us that the Sophomores are giving a Baby Party—to the Freshmen, of course. Both classes are eagerly looking forward to "the event" of the coming week.

Sept. 25th—A gay garden-tea was planned by the Juniors, but an improvident weatherman sent a deluge. The affair was held indoors, and it is doubtful if a more enjoyable afternoon could have been spent on the campus.

Sept. 25th—"Yes, madam, this is Loretto Woodlawn, but no masquerade is in progress." This is not an excerpt from actual conversation, but it might well have been so. A cloud-burst, coming inconveniently just as the I.C. deposited its usual multitude of Loretto-ites at Sixty-third Street, made dry clothing in order when we got within-doors. The motley array of make-shift contributions, from team aspirants, against an ideal background, suggested a street-scene in carnival-time in picturesque Venice. Yes, the lower hall was flooded.

Sept. 30th—To-day being the patronal feast-day of our dear Superior, a spiritual bouquet and a beautiful crucifix were presented to Mother Jerome, by Miss Loretto McIntyre and Miss Margaret Carney, Senior President and Vice-President, in the name of the student body. Mother Jerome kindly granted a half-holiday, and strangely enough no one objected.

Frances Dunne.

Lorettc Academy, Stratford, Ont.

Sept. 1st—School again! We welcome a number of new teachers as well as the new pupils.

Sept. 15th—Elections for the editorial staff of the "Rainbow," with results as follows: Miss Josephine Pigeon (editor), Miss Monica Gaunt (business manager), Miss Eunice Le Souder and Miss Irene Burns.

Sept. 23rd—Stratford Fair-Day brings a half holiday for us all.

Sept. 28th—The basketball teams are organized. The results of our music examinations are:

Junior Piano: Honours, Miss Edna Near and Miss Yvonne Mahony; Pass, Miss Calista Heilbuck. Primary Piano: Honours, Miss Mary

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McNamara, Miss Celine O'Donoghue, Miss Catherine McNamara. Elementary Piano: First Class Honours, Miss Jean Gossman; Honours, Miss Doris Chiera, Miss Helen Pigeon; Pass, Miss Margaret Hammer. Introductory Piano: Honours, Miss Eileen Bannon, Miss Shirley Holmes, Miss Mary Anderson, Master Edward May, Master James McCardle, Master Joseph Killoran; Pass, Miss Armila Rumig. Junior History: Miss Mabel Levy, and Miss Yvonne Mahony. Primary Theory: First Class Honours, Miss Yvonne Mahony, Miss Edna Near, Miss Mary McNamara; Honours, Miss Celine O'Donoghue.

Josephine Pigeon.

Sedley, Saskatchewan.

July 18th—The second annual Alumni entertainment was held in the auditorium of Loretto Academy. About fifteen new members were registered, and an enjoyable, informal evening was spent.

July 31st—The results of the mid-summer examinations were announced: the seven Grade eleven students and two Grade twelve students were successful. Congratulations to both teachers and pupils. All feel repaid for their year's hard wark.

Sept. 1st—School re-opened. Education in Sedley is advancing! The High School enrolment this year is greater than ever before. We now number forty-one.

Sept. 12th—Feast of the Holy Name of Mary. The boarders enjoyed the first party of the term. A programme and various games comprised the evening's entertainment. Prizes were given to those who won the most games.

Sept. 29th—The Senior High School pupils have organized a Shakespearian Dramatic Club!

Alma Eberl, Grade XII.

Loretto Convent, Sioux Lookout, Ont.

Sept. 1st—School re-opened with the Mass of the Holy Ghost, at which the children sang, for the success of the school-year. Sioux Lookout is growing. The increased number of pupils necessitated the opening of an extra classroom.

We surprised our teachers pleasantly by both our entrance and music examination results. The medal, donated each year by Reverend Father Bellevance, was won this year by Miss Tranquilla Favot, for highest honour standing in the Entrance Class.

Prizes for Christian Doctrine were [illegible]

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to Misses Zobenda Vechaes, Rita Furlane, Margaret Carroll, Gen Baker, D'Arcy Legros and Kenneth Bower.

The pupils who distinguished themselves in the Toronto Conservatory of Music examinations are: Junior School Piano: Miss Grace Wye, Miss Hazel Lyustrom.

Primary School Piano: Miss Gladys Laidley (Honours), Miss Mary Bruce, (Honours), Miss Edna Wye, and Miss Patricia Bell.

Elementary Piano: Miss Irma Masotta, Master George Herbert.

Elementary School Piano: Miss Frances Donnelly.

Introductory School Piano: Miss Charlotte Day. Miss Gladys Laidley merited the gold piece for highest honour standing.

Mr. Farmer, the music examiner from the Toronto Conservatory, gave us a delightful musicale in the evening after the tests were over. The parents were present. He entertained us with many of his own compositions.

Sept. 20th—The Crusade officers were elected for the year.

Sept. 24th.—The Sanctuary Boys were given a delightful surprise this afternoon. Much to the delight of the boys, Reverend Father Bellevance interrupted class at half past two in the afternoon and took them all out for a drive, followed by a weiner-roast, for which everything had been arranged by our thoughtful pastor and parents. The best of it all was the secrecy with which it was planned.

Sept. 25th.—The members of the Little Flower Guild met in the convent this evening to make articles for the coming bazaar. The first meeting of the school year opened with Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament.

Oct. 4th.—Forty Hours' Devotion in the church. All were most faithful to their hours of adoration. It was better attended this year than any so far.

Our two delegates to the C.C.S.M.C., Miss Maisie Morant and Miss Phyllis Paolucci, have returned full of enthusiasm from their trip to Toronto. They experienced also tumbling down the ravine at the Abbey and picking real apples from a real apple-tree, a thing unheard of in the north.

Oct. 8th.—The fidelity of the choir girls was rewarded by a delightful picnic in the woods. O, the glory of such an outing in our northern woods! The kind parents left nothing undone

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to make the day a most enjoyable one for all of us.

Oct. 16th. A Crusad meeting. Our regular monthly meeting was postponed until our delegates returned. They entertained us with a minute and interesting account of the activities of the convention in Toronto.

Bernadette George.

St. Joseph's School, Saskatoon, Sask.

May 3rd. Schedule arranged for a Soft ball League among the pupils of the Separate Schools and the Convent of Sion. It was announced that the School Board had purchased silver cups, one for senior boys, one for girls, and one for junior boys, also a shield to be presented to the school winning the most points in athletics on Field Day.

June 8th. Results of League published as follows: Senior Boys' Cup, won by St. Joseph's, Girls' Cup, by St. Mary's, Junior Boys' Cup, by St. Paul's.

June 10th. Annual field meet for the Separate schools. The children assembled at the various schools and were conveyed to the Exhibition Grounds in cars by generous members of the parishes. At the close of the sports we were glad to learn that St. Jospeh's had secured the shield, winning over St. Mary's by 28 points.

June 23rd. Mr. McEachran, a member of the school Board, accompanied by Mr. J. P. Smyth, President of St. Joseph's Athletic Association, presented the cup and the shield in the presence of all the pupils assembled on the grounds.

August 26th. Announcement made that William Frantz carried off the gold medal in the recent Grade VIII. Examinations. This medal is presented each year by the Knights of Columbus to the pupil obtaining highest marks in the Separate Schools. We are quite proud of the

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record of our school. A pupil of St. Joseph's has won this medal each year for the past three years.

Mary Dooley.

Loretto Academy, Guelph, Ont.

Sept. 1st.—School reopened. A special Mass for the students was celebrated at eight o'clock in order to bring a blessing on their year's work.

Sept. 5th.—Reverend Father Bradley, S.J., delivered a parting exhortation to about eight hundred students of all the Catholic schools assembled in the Church. This was followed by Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament.

Sept. 11th.—The girls were surprised by a delightful visit from two of our new priests, Reverend Father Slea and Reverend Father Warren.

Sept. 22nd.—We appointed a delegate, Miss Grace O'Brien, to attend the C.C.S.M.C. Convention.

On Oct. 2nd, 3rd and 4th several girls from Guelph attended the Crusade Convention in Toronto, and we were delighted to hear on their return that one of our representatives, Miss Grace O'Brien, was chosen for the Executive Board of the National Council.

Oct. 17th.—This afternoon we held a meeting at which we elected our officers for the Mission Club: Miss Rose Jamieson, President; Miss Rita Schuett, Vice-President; Mr. Edward Heffernan, Secretary-Treasurer.

Oct. 19th.—We were privileged in having Reverend Father McGrath and Reverend Father Macdonald, as our first missionary visitors. They are travelling to British Columbia in the Mission Car, the "St. George," which is to be used by the Sisters of Service for missionary work in the Canadian West. Father McGrath and Father Macdonald are going to China, whither our prayers and good wishes follow them.

Grace O'Brien.

The Honour List of pupils whose contributions for this number of the Rainbow, were worthy of publication, was incomplete at the time of going to press, and will be published in full in our January number.

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